WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1928

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A Weekly for Everybody

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THE 14th, 15th AND 18th AMENDMENTS *by* SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

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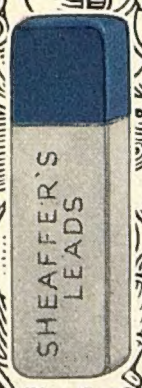

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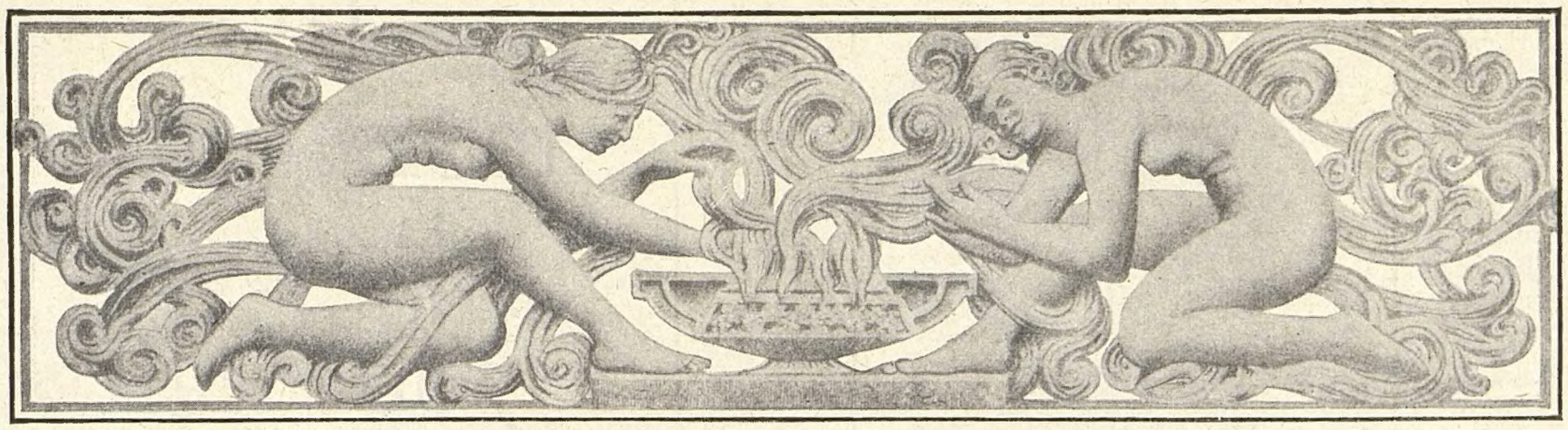

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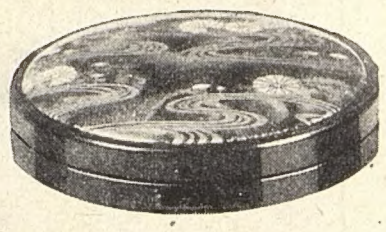

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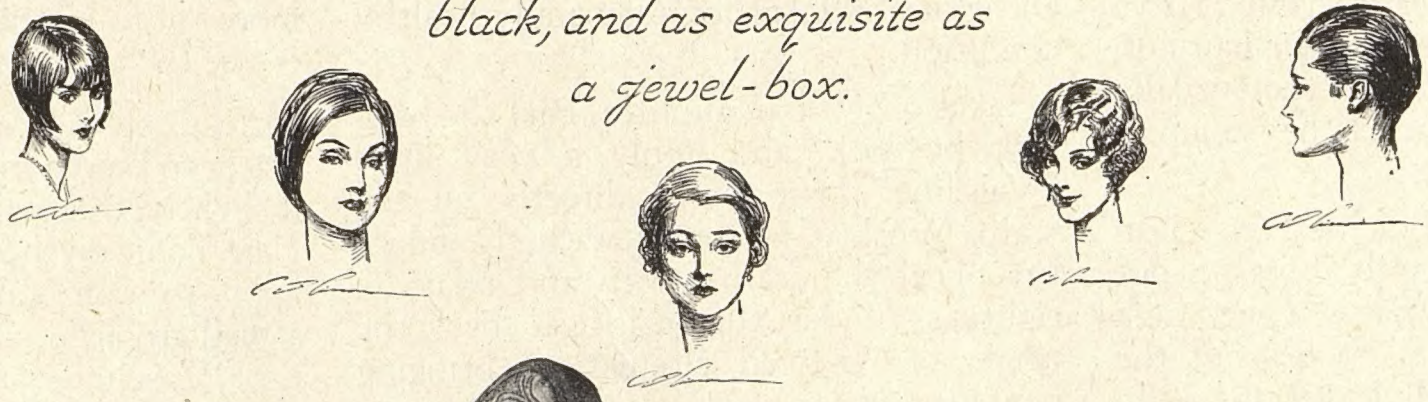

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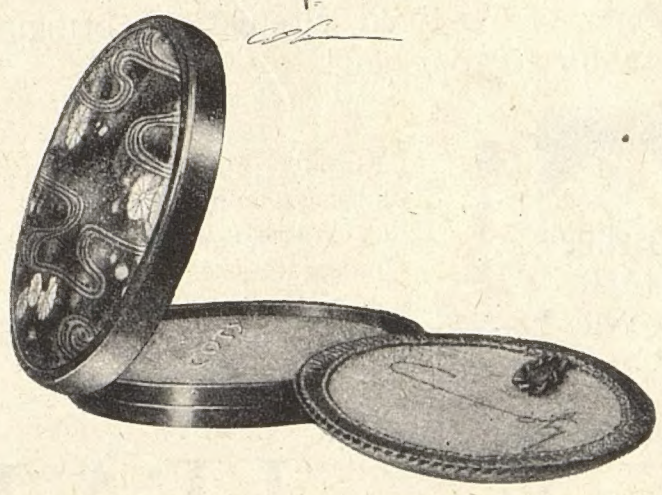

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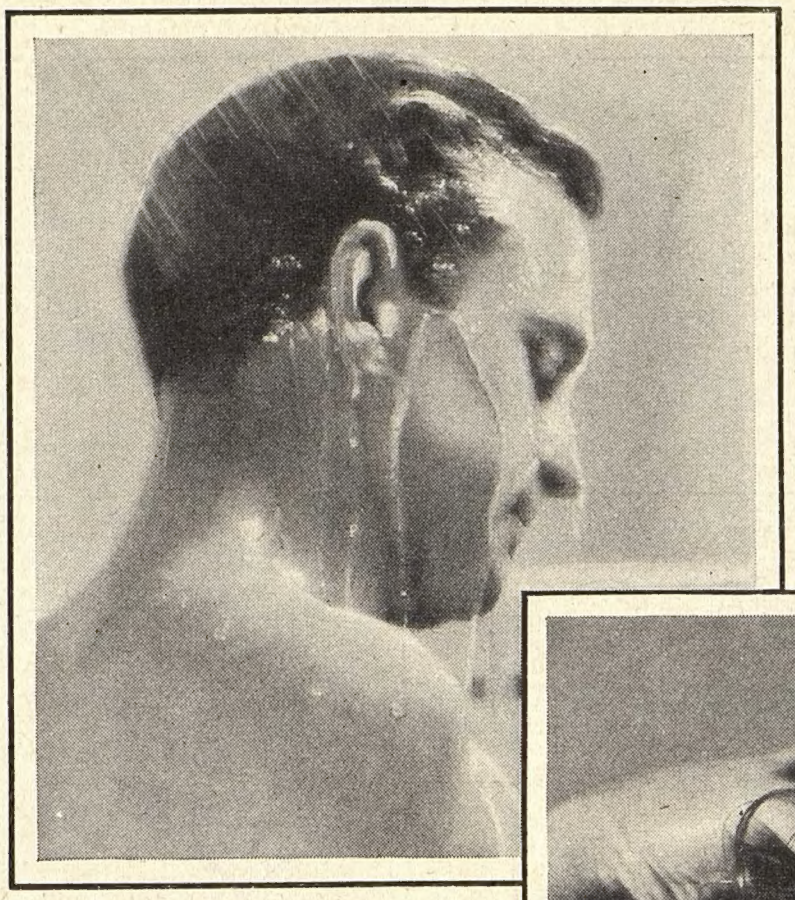
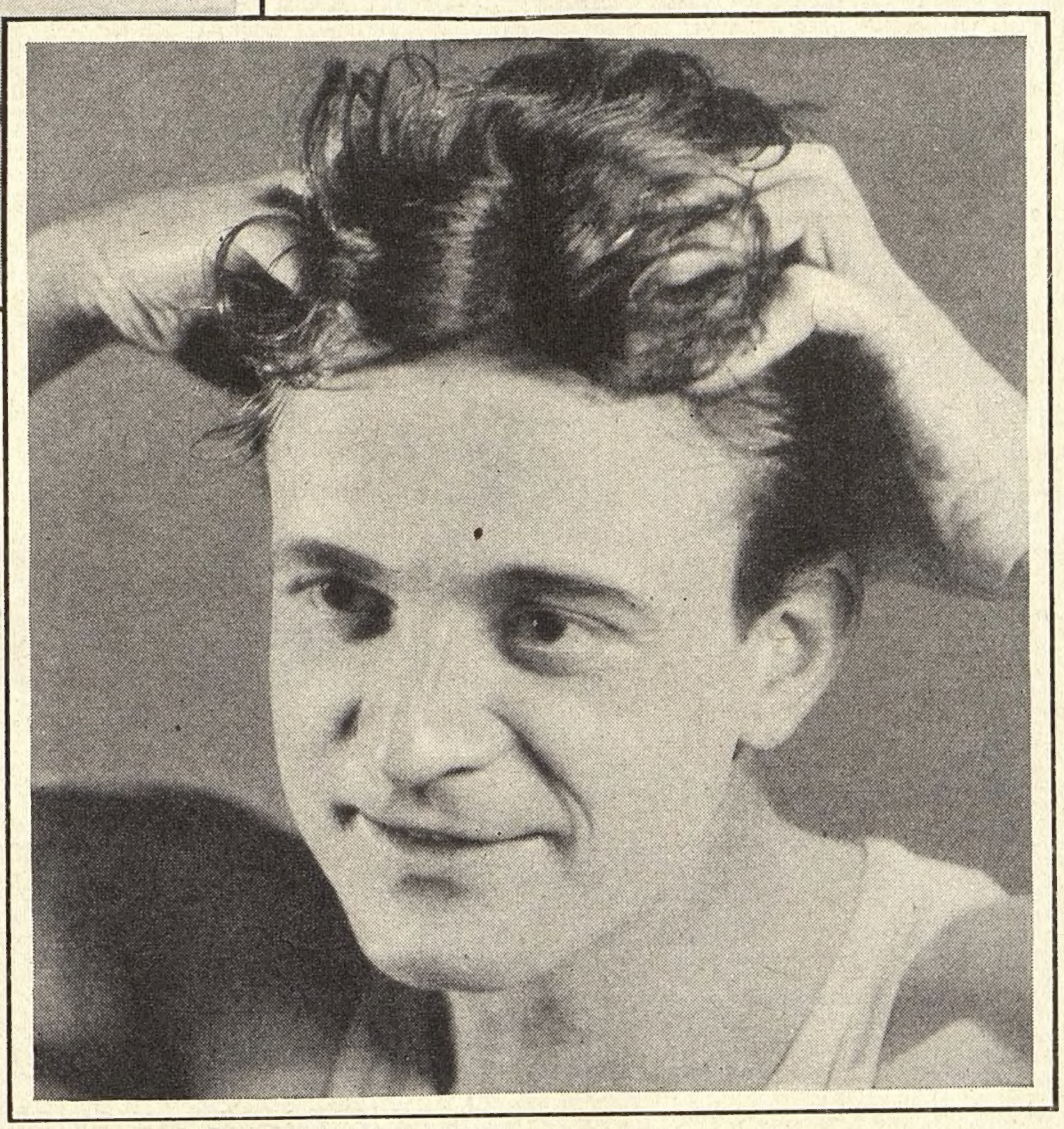


The more often you *wash* your hair



The more you need this *dry* scalp treatment

THERE'S no hard and fast rule about how often you should wash your hair. Individuals vary. Most men like to let the shower run over their heads every morning. Then they get a regular shampoo from the barber when they have their hair cut, every two weeks. In addition they usually dampen their hair whenever they comb it, to make it stay in place.

All this water makes your head feel clean and fresh. But unfortunately it washes out most of the natural oils that you need for a healthy head of hair. It washes out the very life of your hair. It leaves the scalp dry and tight. It doesn't get rid of dandruff.

No wonder three-fourths of all men complain of dry, thin hair!

Whenever you wash your hair, include a treatment with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. This famous preparation supplies valuable oils to replace those that are washed out. It lubricates the scalp. Keeps the hair soft and glossy. Makes for a generally healthy condition.

It takes only a few minutes. Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a very little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly on the scalp. Work it in gently with the finger tips. Feel the scalp loosen and relax its tightness under this massage! Feel the tingle of renewed circulation, bringing new life to your hair!

Give yourself this simple treatment either before or after your shampoo. If your hair is excessively dry, you'll prefer to do it *after* washing. If it's inclined to be oily—more apt to be true with women than men—use the tonic before shampooing.

Instead of just slicking your hair with water to keep it in shape, try this. Dampen it slightly, then rub a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic on the palms of your hands and apply to your hair. It will give your head a well-groomed, sleek look. Women, too, use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to shape their smart close bobs and help hold the wave.

Don't delude yourself that washing the hair is all you need. Buy a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and use it as regularly as you use water on your head.

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HAIR TONIC

APRIL 21, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 16

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HORSE RACING, ETC.

For very many years—centuries certainly; perhaps eons—the back of a horse was the swiftest vehicle man knew. It was the best thing he had for conquering time and space.

Those were the days when, we are told, Richard of England offered his kingdom for a horse. In later times an American Richard said, "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost."

All of which might literally have happened.

We read how Alexander conquered not only nations, but also his horse, Bucephalus.

When flights into the sky were imagined, a winged horse—Pegasus, wasn't it?—carried the soaring passengers.

We still see pictures of generals—Washington and Wellington and the rest—charging into smoke on their favorite fiery steeds.

The last word in glory was the horse.

So anything that would improve the breed has been a valid contribution to the advance of civilization.

We have developed Percherons for heavy hauling and Hambletonian trotters for speed wagons.

And then, for a touch of cocktail, the race horse. To keep the thoroughbred pure and fast has been deemed an important and worth-while enterprise.

But now what do we have?

The fastest horse has run a mile in about 95 seconds. A railway train has covered the distance in 30 seconds. An automobile has done it in 16 seconds, and an airplane in 11 seconds.

After centuries of supremacy, the speed king has been displaced by many swifter and more powerful vehicles. The saddle horse remains, but he has become a toy and a gambling machine.

Don't think we are moralizing about this.

We know there is a deep-seated gambling instinct in most people. We gamble over bridge and the stock market, over health and happiness. We take joy rides in airplanes and start wars for excitement. The urge to take a chance is practically universal.

Personally, the present writer thinks going to races a waste of time. But here is where we come to the point of this editorial.

We admit and agree that there is no particular benefit in horse racing except the stimulus of color and fun. The sleek coats of the horses, the vivid hues of the jockeys' uniforms, the smart women in the stands, and all the pageantry are most exhilarating—as exhilarating as two or three cocktails—and that is about all it amounts to.

But we think it very fortunate that there is no Federal law or amendment which prohibits horse racing in all parts of the United States.

Some parts of the country don't want it, and we understand and in some degree share their feeling. We don't especially want it ourselves.

But we think the tyranny of preventing New York and Maryland and Kentucky from having races because Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa don't want them would be worse than the worst kind of racing.

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Josef Israels II

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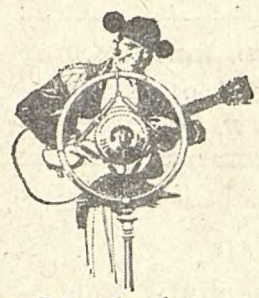

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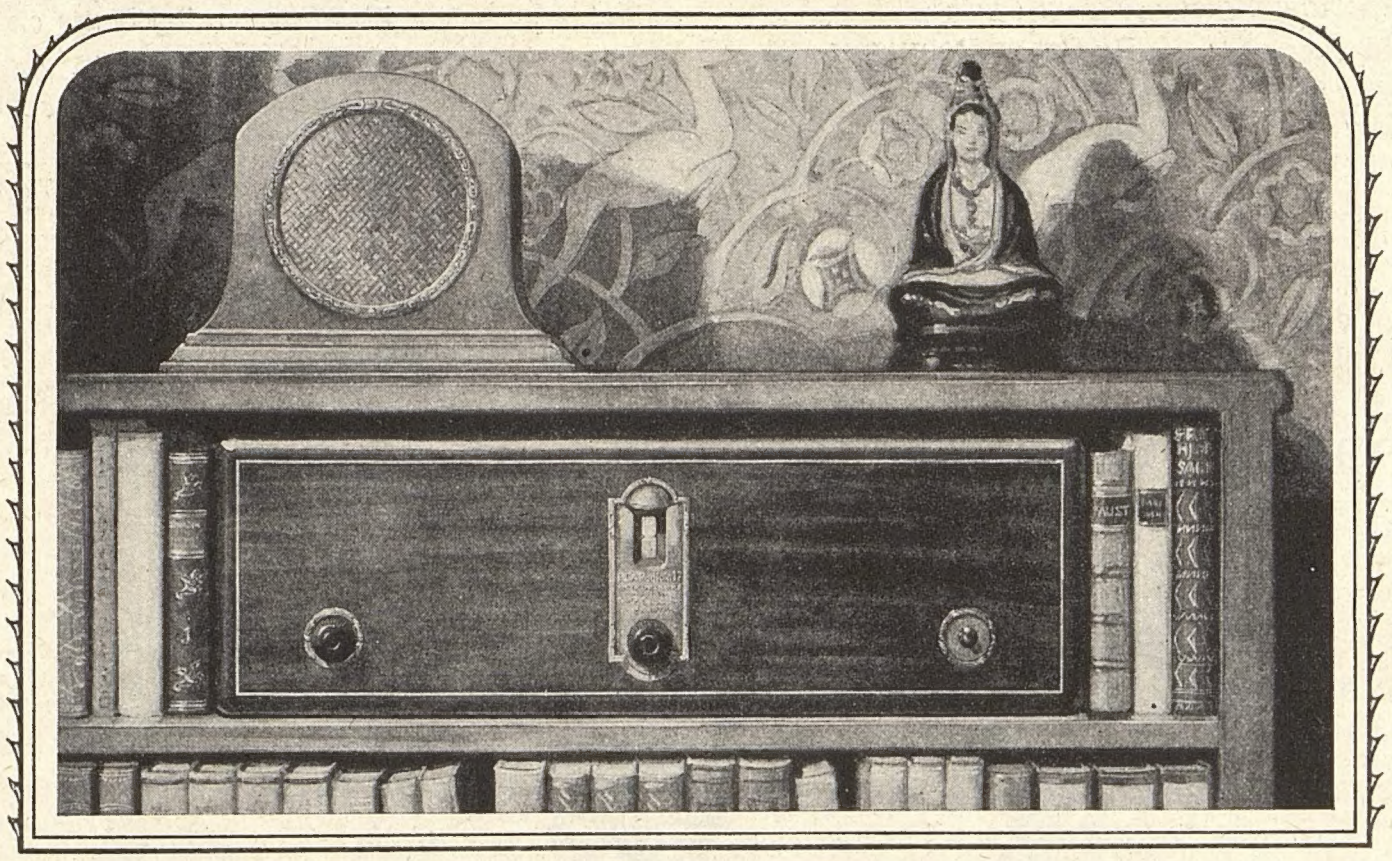

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The 14th 15th and 18th AMENDMENTS

How the First Two Have Fared in the South, with an Explanation by Southern Statesmen

An Article by

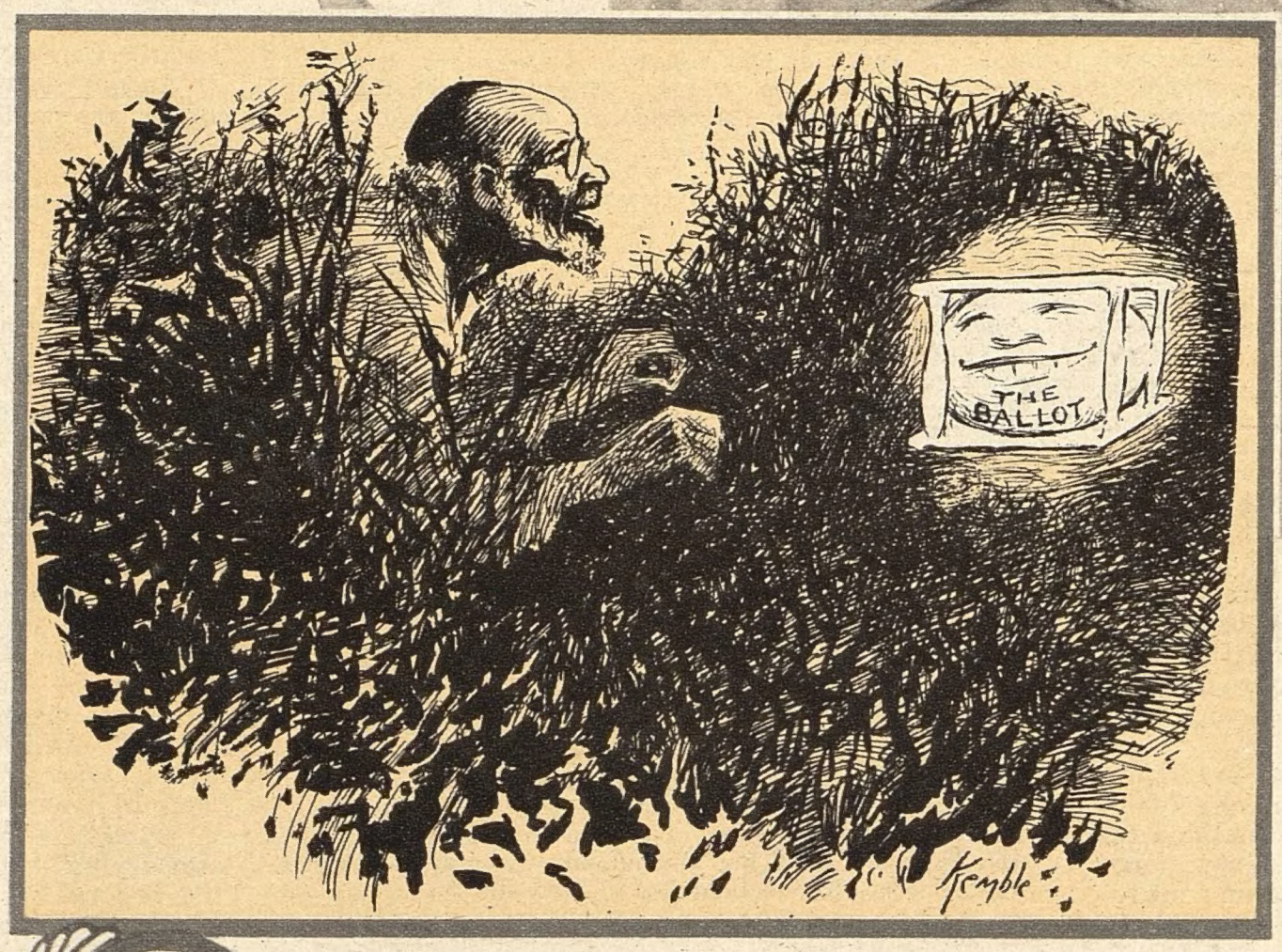
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

(Reading time: 20 minutes 52 seconds.)

OPPONENTS of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act have insisted of late that those sections of the country which are unquestionably wet have ample justification for disobeying the Prohibition Amendment, because the Southern States have made a dead letter of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments.

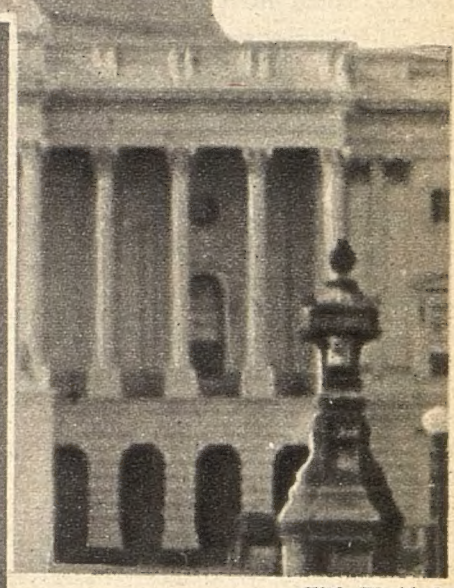
It may be interesting, therefore, to examine in precisely what way the South has deprived Negroes of the life, liberty, and property rights bestowed by the Fourteenth Amendment, and the right of suffrage commonly believed to have been conferred on the colored citizen by the Fifteenth Amendment.

It were manifestly an *ex-parte* proceeding, and undeniably unfair, to recite the record of Dixie without permitting Dixie to comment thereon. To find the South's record was not difficult; merely tedious. That is, it required prolonged research along the shelves of a law library. But to accept as illustrative the decisions of Southern courts in cases where the Negro has appeared with his plea for equal rights would have been enlightening but not conclusive.



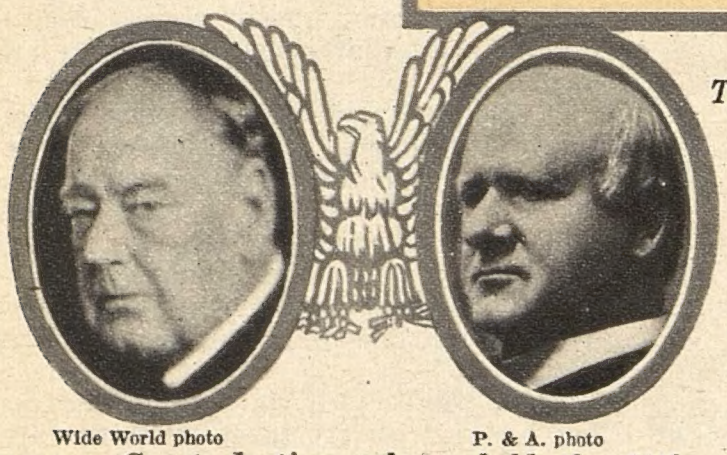
Picture by E. W. Kemble

The Will-o'-the-Wisp—or how this business of enjoying suffrage (as per Amendment 15) looks to the Negro in Dixie.



Wide World photo

The National Capitol—where all Constitutional amendments are created "free and equal."



Wide World photo P. & A. photo

Supreme Court Justices who upheld the 14th Amendment—E. D. White (left) and J. M. Harlan.

It was desirable to discover in just what way the actions of the South have been upheld by the tribunal of last resort—the Supreme Court of the United States. So, only the verdicts of that bench are referred to in these articles, and those verdicts only which are sufficiently typical and important to rank as precedents for succeeding decisions are incorporated herein.

These unappealable decisions show an almost invariable tendency on the part of the highest court to support the white South's purpose in reference to the Negro question.

In the long struggle of the Negro to enjoy legal equality in the matter of life, liberty, property, and the franchise, he has found his fight a losing one. Beaten in the State courts, he has carried his problem to the highest Federal tribune—and there found scant, if any, relief.

And yet, Southern statesmen have carefully explained that the rights of the Negro have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE 14th, 15th, and 18th AMENDMENTS Continued from Page Seven]

never been illegally invaded; that if apparent injustice has been wreaked it has been done within the letter of the law, and that in not one case has anything but the spirit of the statute been affronted.

Armed with a list of these interesting Supreme Court opinions, I debated within myself as to what distinguished Southerners I should approach for an exegesis on the premises. I thought of two outstanding men, two whose erudition and experience and years and unimpeachable character would entitle them to comment on such court decisions as I wanted explained.

For Dixie's views in the matter of Negro suffrage, I resolved to beseech Senator Carter Glass of Virginia for an audience.

The Fourteenth Amendment guarantees equality in questions affecting life, liberty, and property, and provides punishment for States discriminating against these rights. For a Southern jurist's remarks on Supreme Court decisions affecting the Negro's rights under this amendment, I decided to see Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, for five years a member of the Supreme Court of Georgia, and recognized throughout the nation as one of the country's brightest legal lights.

Both Senators generously responded, and their contentions are hereinafter set forth. Senator George was patient enough to voice, in language suitable for lay understanding, why the courts of Dixie had made certain decisions and why the United States Supreme Court was compelled to uphold those decisions.

Since the Fourteenth Amendment precedes the Fifteenth, and first took care of the rights and privileges which must be enjoyed before the right to vote referred to in the Fifteenth Amendment could be exercised, I shall now proceed to set down certain interesting cases brought to a test under the Fourteenth Amendment, and give Senator George's explanation of them.

In a succeeding article, the far more important matter of the right to vote, as it is—or is not—enjoyed by the Negro in the South, will be discussed, with Senator Glass' comments thereon.

IN 1892 John Gibson, a Negro, killed a white man named Robert Stinson in Mississippi. He was indicted and convicted by white jurors, and sentenced to hang. The Revised Statutes of May 30, 1871 (which constitute the enabling act whereby the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments are given force, just as the Volstead act breathes life into the Eighteenth Amendment), give a Negro the right to ask that his trial be transferred from a State court to a Federal circuit court, if he be denied justice in the former. This privilege was often resorted to by terrified Negro defendants, and almost invariably denied by the Supreme Court.

Gibson appealed on a writ of error, on the ground that, although there were 7,000 Negroes and 1,500 white men qualified to act as jurors in Washington County, none of the former was summoned—and up to 1892 none ever had served on a grand or petit jury.

In Gibson *vs.* Mississippi (162 U. S. 580) the United States Supreme Court held that the State did not have to pick colored jurors as long as the jurors it did pick were qualified under the State laws.

Justice Harlan further said that "mere error in administering the criminal law of a State or in the conduct of a criminal trial, no Federal right being invaded or denied, is beyond the revisory power of the court."

Senator George's remarks on the above case applied to the following, which is given as indicative of the slimness of the Negro's chances in a criminal proceeding:

In 1878 two young colored boys killed a white man in Patrick County, Virginia. They demanded that the venire, all white, should be modified to allow one-third of the jurors to be Negroes.

This was denied by the Supreme Court on the ground that "the violation of a colored man's rights by a State tribunal generally will be committed *after* a trial has commenced.

"Nor can the defendant know that the equal protection of the law will not be extended to him. Certainly, until then he cannot affirm that it is denied. . . . When he has only an apprehension, he cannot affirm that his rights will be withheld. . . .

"And once the trial starts in the State court, it cannot be transferred. . . . The Federal statute gives the right of removal only to a person who is denied or cannot enforce, in the judicial tribunals, his civil rights. And this is to appear *before* trial."

"A Negro," said Senator George, "has no more right, in law or otherwise, to ask that a certain proportion of the jury to try him shall be colored than Sacco and Vanzetti had in Massachusetts to demand that certain jurors trying them should be Italians.

"The three colored men you refer to may have apprehended that the juries were packed against them. They could not prove it. The law is clear as to what conditions must exist before the colored defendant can *know* that justice will be denied him. Apprehension is felt in every trial by every defendant.

"If the line is not drawn somewhere, a prisoner might demand that only his relatives, if otherwise qualified, should try his case. I cannot see that these cases show the South any more unfair than any other section of the country."

A warrant based on an alleged violation of an "agricultural contract" (another name for peonage in South Carolina at that time) was carried by a white constable who forcibly entered his home to arrest Pink Franklin, a Negro. Franklin killed him, and was found guilty of murder.

Franklin's lawyers got the case before the highest court on the ground that the grand jury was disqualified because Negroes were excluded by the jury commissioners, who declined to call qualified Negroes to the panel.

Franklin also claimed that the constable's warrant was null and void because the "agricultural contract" was unconstitutional, and consequently the constable was merely *breaking in* unlawfully.

THE Supreme Court upheld the jury commissioners, and ignored the warrant claim as "not pertinent," deciding that the only point that interested the bench was whether the State court had erred in denying the defense motion to direct an acquittal.

"I am not as well acquainted with South Carolina's procedure in the matter of jury qualifications as I am with Georgia's," said Senator George.

"In my State the jury revisers in each county are named by our Superior Court, elsewhere called circuit courts. The revisers must select a certain percentage of qualified jurors for a trial list, and from this list must select the grand and petit jurors.

"The lists are made up of citizens who must be upright and intelligent. Age is a qualification. Certain felonies and misdemeanors, such as moral turpitude in various manifestations, exclude a citizen from jury service or the right to vote.

"But Negroes often sit on both grand and petit juries in Georgia, and we have found such jurors all right in every respect."

"But," I inquired, "hasn't Georgia made it easy for the jury revisers to exclude Negroes from such juries as it didn't want them on, by letting these revisers be the judges of what constitutes an *intelligent* citizen? And hasn't that *moral turpitude* and *certain misdemeanors* requirement a catch in it somewhere?"

"Well," responded the Southern Senator dryly, "the laws of Georgia are within the Federal Constitution to the last letter. If Negroes cannot qualify under certain circumstances, that is hardly the fault of Georgia.

"If the exact spirit of the Federal Constitution is infringed, it is because, in the South's wisdom, it has seen fit to prevent any domination of white society by the blacks; because it does not choose to have white civilization destroyed by an Ethiopian state.

"I shall have more to say about that phase of Southern conditions when you have finished questioning me."

A Southern Negro's life thus being regarded, let us see how his liberty fared when he faced a judge, charged with a crime identical to that of his white neighbor.

AMENDMENT XIV

SECTION 1. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Apportionment—Right to Vote

SECTION 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

(Submitted to the then thirty-seven States by Congress on June 16, 1866, and declared ratified on July 23, 1868. It was rejected by Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Texas. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia first rejected and later ratified it.)

AMENDMENT XV

SECTION 1. The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

(Submitted to the then thirty-eight States by Congress on February 27, 1869, and proclaimed ratified on March 30, 1870. It was rejected by California, Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, Oregon, and Tennessee.)

AMENDMENT XVIII

SECTION 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

(Submitted to the forty-eight States by Congress on December 18, 1917, and proclaimed ratified on January 29, 1919. All the Southern States, which were so reluctant about ratifying the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, were prompt to ratify the Eighteenth. This amendment was rejected by Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey.)

In Alabama's criminal code are Sections 4184 and 4189. The former imposes a $100 fine and six months at hard labor on persons living in a state of adultery or fornication. Section 4189 provides " if any white person and Negro, or descendant of any Negro to the third generation, inclusive, though one ancestor of each generation be a white person, intermarry or live in adultery or fornication with each other, each of them must, on conviction, be imprisoned in the penitentiary or sentenced to hard labor for the county for not less than two nor more than seven years."

In November, 1881, Tony Pace, a Negro, and Mary Cox, a white woman, were sentenced to two years in prison for this offense. The State Supreme Court affirmed the verdict, and it was appealed to the United States Supreme Court on January 29, 1883, in Tony Pace *vs.* State of Alabama (106 U. S. 583), with Mr. Justice Field finding that the defect in the plaintiff's argument was that there was any discrimination when the crime was committed by a Negro and when committed by a white.

" The two sections of the code," reads the decision, " are entirely consistent. The one prescribes punishment for an offense committed between persons of different sexes; the other punishes an offense which can only be committed where the two sexes are of different races. There is in neither section any discrimination against either race.

" Section 4184 equally includes the offense, whether persons of the two sexes are both white or both black.

" Section 4189 applies the same punishment to both offenders, the white and the black.

" Indeed, punishment for the latter offense must include both races. Whatever discrimination is made in the punishment is directed against the offense designated, and not against the person of any particular race or color. The punishment of each offending person, white or black, is identical."

" It seems to me," said Senator George, " that two things are obvious in connection with this case. First, that no colored rights are violated by this purely police measure, which is well within any State rights; and, second, that the object sought by the second section is manifestly desirable.

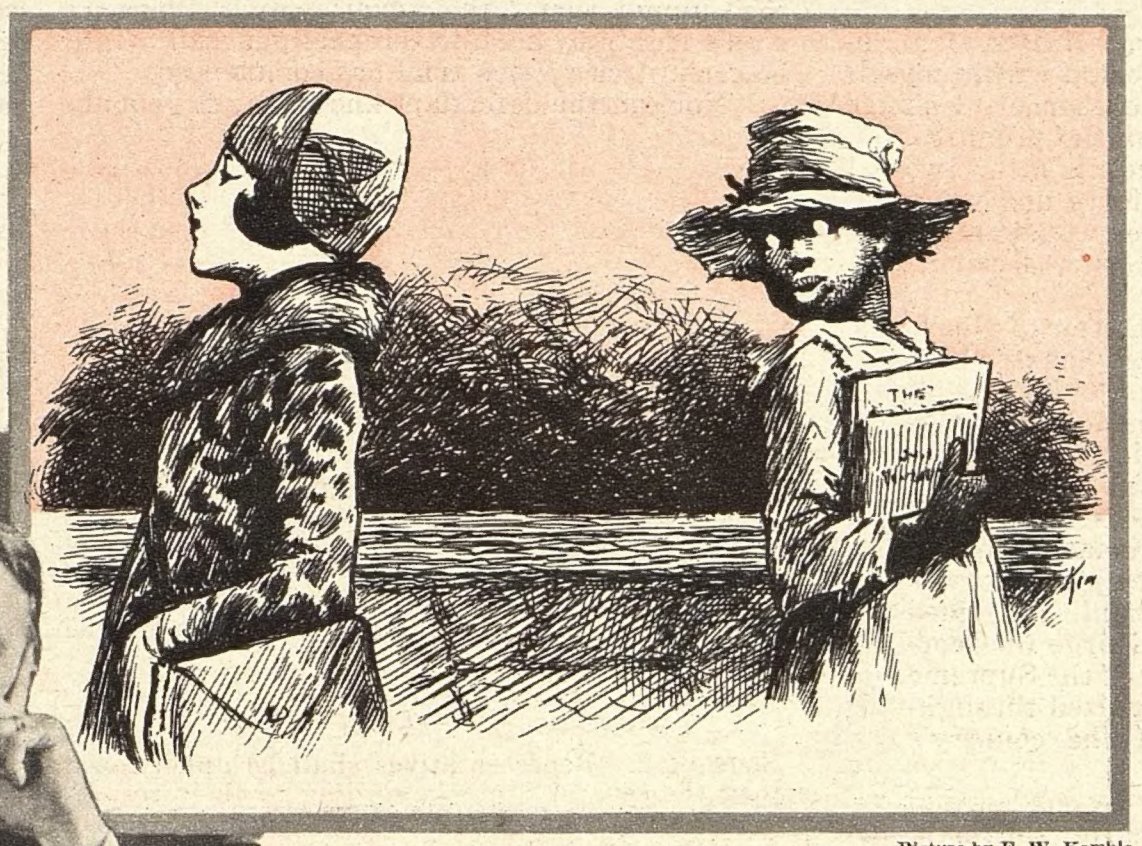
" It is an effort to keep the Caucasian blood stream unsullied by the infusion of black. As such, the statute conduces to law and order, and nowhere discriminates against the colored citizen."

Senator Walter F. George of Georgia, who sees no honest analogy between the 14th and 15th amendments and the 18th.

AS to a colored man's property rights in the South, as provided for by the Fourteenth Amendment, the following cases are of interest.

Colored taxpayers in Georgia complained that the Richmond County Board of Education used funds, collected by taxing, to maintain a high school for white children without providing one for colored pupils. They asked an injunction. The Georgia court felt that the suspension of the colored high school was no reason for closing the white institution.

On December 18, 1899, in Cumming *vs.* Richmond County (Georgia) Board of Education (175 U. S. 545), Mr. Justice Harlan found that education in schools maintained by State taxes is a matter belonging to the respective States, and that the use of a high school for white girls is no more a discrimination against colored girls than it is a discrimination against a taxpayer who has a family of boys and no girls.



Picture by E. W. Kemble

The Matter of Education—wherein Dixie finds it impracticable to distribute taxes equally, and its decision is not overruled.

In any event, said his honor, the closing of a high school, which sixty colored girls had attended, was not so important as keeping open the colored primary school for 300 pupils. And the Georgia Supreme Court decision that " it is impracticable to distribute taxes equally " was not overruled.

Senator George found nothing in this high opinion to criticize, and spoke interestingly and at length on Georgia's present-day educational system for its colored citizens.

But the Senator found more material for comment in the two cases set forth below, and in the brief comment I made on the second one for the sole purpose of learning Mr. George's opinion on the views of those who would nullify the Eighteenth Amendment because they deem the Fourteenth and Fifteenth nullified by Dixie.

Not long after the Civil War a Mrs. De Cuir, Negress, got on a Mississippi River steamer at New Orleans. She had paid cabin fare to her plantation at Hermitage, Louisiana. The captain ejected her from the quarters allotted to white passengers and told her to take a bunk in the cabin below reserved for colored folk. She declined, and slept in a chair on the lower deck.

She then sued the captain, whose name was Hall, for $75,000, and was awarded $1,000. In Hall *vs.* De Cuir (95 U. S. 504), Chief Justice E. D. White of the United States Supreme Court reversed the Louisiana Supreme Court, which had decided that the act of the Louisiana General Assembly of February 23, 1869, was constitutional.

That act required those engaged in the transportation of passengers " among the States " to give all persons equal rights and privileges in all parts of the vessel, without distinction on account of race or color.

Would it not seem that both the Louisiana Legislature and the Louisiana Supreme Court and the district court which awarded Mrs. de Cuir $1,000 damages were trying to sustain the policy and intent of the Fourteenth Amendment?

Yet they were overruled, on the ground that the statute was an effort to regulate inter-State commerce — because one of the vessel's ports was Vicksburg, Mississippi. That is to say, a State cannot legislate on inter-State commerce: while, in the following case, the United States Supreme Court cannot interfere in intra-State transportation — with the Negro being defeated both ways!

Plessy, baptismal name not given, boarded a train at New Orleans with a ticket to Covington, Louisiana. He took a vacant seat in the white coach. The conductor told him to go into the coach reserved for blacks. He protested, and was kicked off the train, thrown into jail, and accused of violating the law.

Now, Plessy was seven-eighths Caucasian and one-eighth African. At no time did he admit he was colored. He was charged with violating the Statute of Louisiana, Acts of 1890, No. 111, which required railroads to provide equal, but separate, accommodations for white and colored persons, by furnishing two or more passenger coaches on each train, or by dividing coaches by a partition.

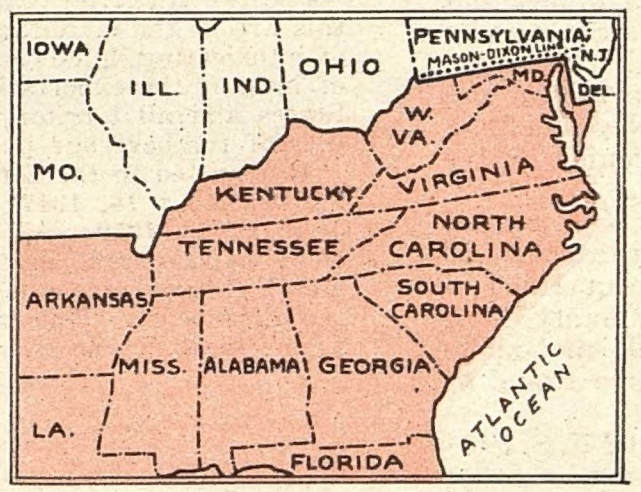
IT also provided that nobody could occupy a seat except in the space assigned him on account of the race he belonged to—surely a pronouncement that might be construed as a bald defiance of the " discrimination " forbidden in the Fourteenth Amendment. The law further required train officers to assign each passenger, and imposed penalties on recalcitrant passengers.

Denied relief in Louisiana courts, Plessy moved to the Supreme Court, on the ground that the Thirteenth and Fourteenth amendments had been violated. Presently the august tribune spake through the mouth of Mr. Justice Brown as follows:

" The Thirteenth Amendment clearly is not violated, because that forbade slavery and involuntary servitude, a state of bondage, the ownership of mankind as a chattel.

" The owner of an inn, public conveyance, or place of amusement refusing accommodation to colored people cannot justly be regarded as imposing any badge of slavery or servitude, but only as involving an ordinary civil injury properly recognizable by State laws and presumably subject to redress by those laws.

" A statute which implies merely a legal distinction between the white and colored races . . . has no tendency to destroy the legal equality of the two.



South o' the Mason-Dixon Line—where Amendments 14 and 15, involving the Negro's right to vote, have fallen short. In these States, Senator George admits, the letter of the Constitution is carefully observed, even if the spirit is violated.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE 14th, 15th, and 18th AMENDMENTS Continued from Page Nine]

"As to the Fourteenth Amendment: its object was undoubtedly to enforce the absolute equality of the two races before the law; but, in the nature of things, it could not have been intended to include distinctions based upon color or to enforce social equality or a commingling of the two races upon terms unsatisfactory to either.

"Laws forbidding the intermarriage of the two races may be said in a technical sense to interfere with the freedom of contract; and yet these have been universally recognized as within the police power of the States.

"In the Civil Rights case 109 U. S. 3 it was held that an act of Congress entitling all persons to the free and equal enjoyment of . . . inns, public conveyances, theaters, and other places of public amusement, and made applicable to citizens of every race and color, was unconstitutional and void because the Fourteenth Amendment was prohibitory upon the States only, and the legislation . . . to enforce it . . . was corrective legislation, such as might be necessary or proper for counteracting or redressing the effect of such laws and acts.

"In delivering the court's opinion, Mr. Justice Bradley observed that the Fourteenth Amendment 'does not invest Congress with power to legislate upon subjects that are within the domain of State legislatures . . . or to create a code of municipal law for the regulation of private rights.'

"In the present case, the power to assign to a particular coach obviously implies the power to determine to which race the passenger belongs, as well as the power to determine, under the laws of the particular State, who is to be deemed a white and who a colored person.

"As to property rights, if a white man is assigned to a colored coach, he may have his action for damages against the company for being deprived of his so-called property.

"Upon the other hand, if he be a colored man and be so assigned, he has been deprived of no property, since he is not lawfully entitled to the reputation of a white man.

"WE consider the underlying fallacy of plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction on it. . . .

"The argument also assumes that social prejudices may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights cannot be secured to the Negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races.

"We cannot accept this proposition. . . . Legislation is powerless to eradicate racial instincts, or to abolish distinctions based on physical differences. . . . If the civil and political rights of both races be equal, one cannot be inferior to the other, civilly and politically. If one race be inferior to the other socially, the Constitution of the United States cannot put them on the same plane."

J. Common Citizen, standing on the corner, might be excused, then, I remarked to Senator George, if he wonders whether social habits which he does not deem evil *per se*, even though he admit that evil lies in their abuse—such as drinking liquor—can be altered by legislation.

And if the Supreme Court declined to compel white people to commingle with people whose color they regard as that of an inferior race, why should Congress and the court chain the vast majority of temperate citizens to that inferior minority that cannot be moderate in the matter of alcoholic beverages?

"All these cases come under the commonly accepted name of Jim Crow laws," said Senator George. "With us they are the result and the expression of long years of experience, and they are the exercise of every State's inherent right to pass such police statutes as to it seem proper.

"THE South has found that by separating the whites and blacks, so far as can be done, peace and order are best preserved.

"We have no intention of ever admitting the colored man as our social equal, and we can keep him in his place—his inferior social station—by keeping away from him.

"The whole situation in the South, my friend, reverts to and is based on the ground of racial necessity. We may be wrong in the methods we have followed to preserve our Caucasian integrity, but we have proceeded as it has been given us to see the light. No statutory law, no organic law, no military law, supersedes the law of racial necessity and social identity.

"Why apologize or evade? We have been very careful to obey the letter of the Federal Constitution—but we have been very diligent and astute in violating the spirit of such amendments and such statutes as would lead the Negro to believe himself the equal of a white man. And we shall continue to conduct ourselves in that way.

"As to the implications of all these cases you have assembled and read to me, and the new fashionable claim of the anti-prohibitionists that they should be allowed to wreck the Eighteenth Amendment because they fancy the South is disobeying the other two, let me tell you a few things I have not yet seen made clear in any pro-liquor newspaper, either North or South.

"The only possible excuse for violating the Volstead act is to put liquor in a man's belly. It is catering to a habit, an appetite. It is not a legitimate argument, nor is it logic, to oppose the dry amendment simply because the law of self-preservation in another section of the country required the practical nullification of the spirit of two other amendments.

"Until the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted, the people of America had never given the United States police powers. All the States had within themselves the right to regulate their citizens and their affairs. Nowhere could the Federal government step in, except in such originally conceded spheres as counterfeiting, customs duties, and general licensing.

"The State could forbid the sale of liquor, of tobacco, or the playing of billiards, of Sunday theater performances—and the United States could not interfere.

"But with the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment the people for the first time definitely and specifically conferred on the Federal government police powers they had previously reserved for themselves. They authorized and commanded the Federal authorities to stop the sale, possession, and transfer of intoxicating liquors—whether any State liked it or not. They gave Uncle Sam a star and a policeman's club, and ordered him to stop drinking in the United States.

"There is, consequently, no honest analogy between the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments and the Eighteenth. In the former certain rights were specified, and no duties placed on anybody to enforce them. In the latter amendment specific duties were set forth, and the Volstead act passed to describe the manner in which these duties were to be carried out.

"How, then, can even the most rabid wet object to the enforcement of prohibition by Federal officials, when thirty-six State legislatures adopted an amendment to the Federal Constitution and commanded its enforcement?

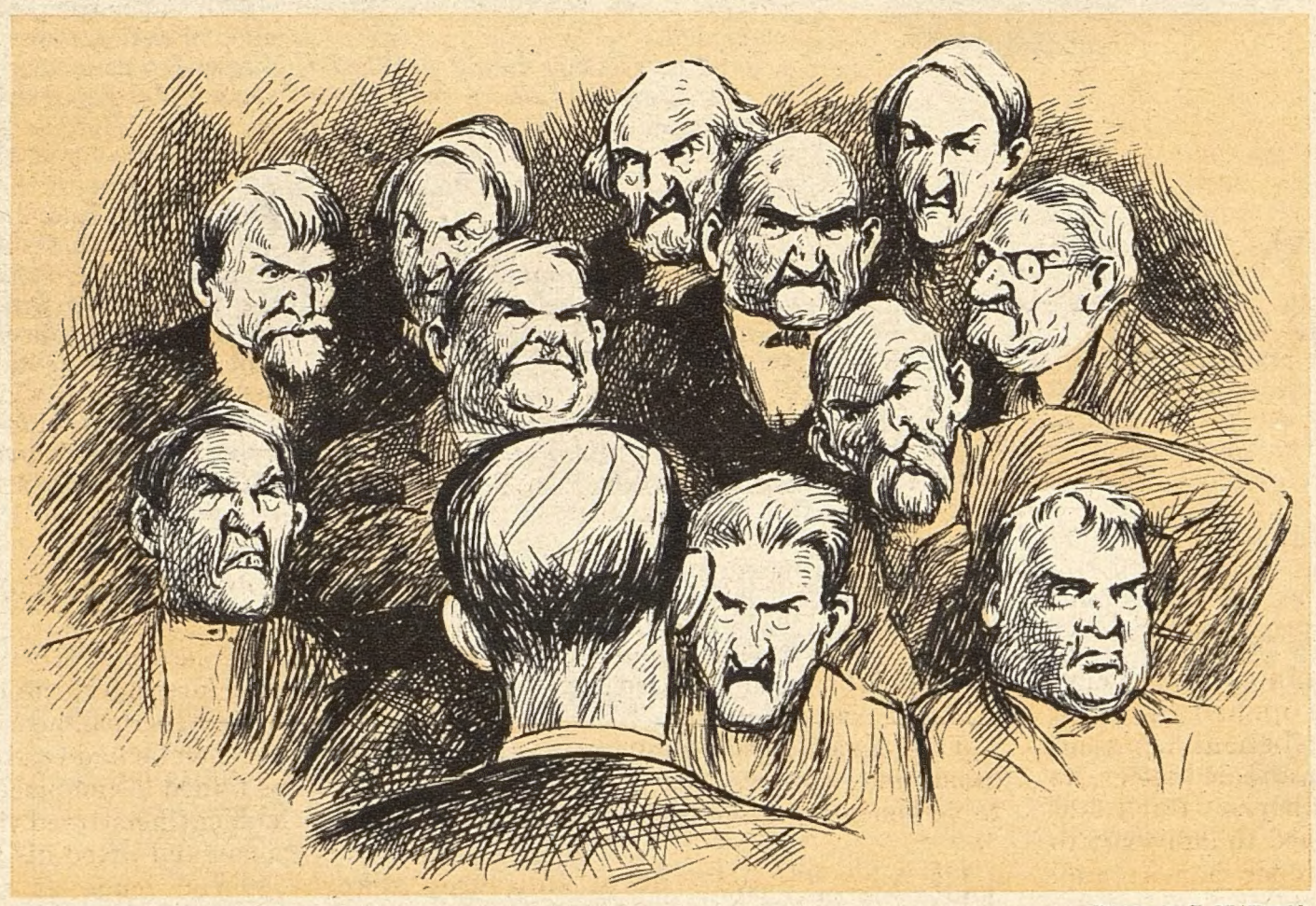
"It is a simple thing to kill the Eighteenth Amendment. All the wets have to do is to elect a House of Representatives and a Senate to repeal the Volstead act and refuse to pass any enforcing measure in its place. There will then be no way of compelling obedience to the Eighteenth Amendment.

"Personally, I am a dry. But I have the deepest sympathy with the impatience of the wets. I think it is not at all within the spirit and genius of our system of government to give the United States government the power to intrude itself in premises and on matters which ought to be solely within a citizen's private judgment.

"I THINK the wets have every right, legal and moral, to oppose the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead act, and to do all within their lawful power to repeal either or both of them, and take the Federal government out of a domain it has no business in—the regulation of a man's private habits and wishes.

"But, so long as the amendment and the Volstead act are not repealed, it is the duty and obligation of the Federal authorities to exercise the rights and perform the duties vested in them by express command of the country's citizenship.

"And the enforcement or repeal of the dry statutes has nothing to do with what the South does under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments."



Picture by E. W. Kemble

"A prisoner might demand that only his relatives should try his case."

How has Dixie observed the Fifteenth Amendment? What price Negro suffrage? From a personal tour, Supreme Court rulings, and comments by Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, Mr. Sutherland, in next week's Liberty, estimates prevailing conditions.

The Garden of Eden

A Tale of Doomed Pirates and A Girl's Joke on Death

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

In the last cell on my left I discovered Mary Read, seated upon a truss of trampled straw.

(Reading time: 22 minutes 15 seconds.)

I KNOCKED. A servant in yellow livery, turned up with purple, opened the door a little way. When he beheld what he supposed was a boy carrying a sealed letter, he offered to take it out of my fingers. But I told him politely that I was pledged to deliver it to Governor Eden, into his proper hands; and, after a sharp dispute, he let me in, and left me standing alone in an elegant hall full of fine pictures in golden frames, and beautiful polished tables and chairs of walnut with very slender spiral legs.

When he came again he bade me follow him, and led me through the hall to the rear, where pillars framed a view of a most lovely garden. O heavenly angels! What a fountain of clear water was a-playing there amid such flowers as I had glimpsed only in Charles-Town, where I wandered, a motherless, fatherless girl and a starving castaway.

I heard the servant say to somebody: "If it please His Excellency, here is the boy from Topsail Inlet with a sealed letter for the Governor of North Carolina."

Then I saw a pale gentleman with haggard, handsome features, seated at breakfast by a table beneath a huge live-oak tree.

HE wore a laced coat of thin grey silk; breeches and stockings of the same; with a waistcoat of ivory satin delicately embroidered in pink rosebuds. And clasped across the filmy blond lace at his collar was a pin set with a great jewel that took the sun like a giant dewdrop.

"Well, boy?" he inquired gently.

"Sir," said I, "are you the Honourable Charles Eden, Governor of North Carolina?"

"Yes," said he, with a faint smile.

So I bowed and offered my letter from Tom Cocklyn; and he broke the seal and read it, bringing it up very close to his worn-out, handsome eyes.

As he read, tracing the scrawled lines with thin forefinger, the little colour in his face was fading to a pallour.

When he had read Tom Cocklyn's letter again, he folded it and placed it in his pocket. After a moment he stirred the bowl of chocolate with a spoon and lifted his haunted eyes to mine.

"You lodge at the Eden Arms," he said pleasantly.

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"Lieutenant Ross waited upon me last evening after putting you to bed," said he, smiling.

I blushed hotly: "Did he say that, sir?"

The Governor laughed in his gentle way.

"You are too tall a lad to be put to bed by anybody," said he. "Well, no: he said that you had behaved very gallantly aboard The Moth when she was locked with the pirate Israel Hornygold. I think you are a young, frail lad to show such determination and courage in action."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GARDEN OF EDEN
Continued from Page Eleven]

I did not know what to say, and stood restless and abashed upon the soft carpet of English grass.

Said he: "Mr. Ross tells me that your father was Captain Topsfield of The Fancy Nancy."

"Yes, sir."

"A sad affair," says he kindly. "Israel Hornygold murdered your parents and burned them in The Fancy Nancy."

"Yes, sir."

"And what became of you?" he asked.

"Hornygold's mate, Dick Greensnarl, noticing there were sharks about us, lashed me to a spar and towed me astern for sport."

"My God!"

"I got my legs free, and then my arms; and I gnawed through the towrope. . . . They fired muskets at me until I had drifted out o' shot behind their wake. . . . And so, toward sunset, was discovered afloat by a ship and carried into Charles-Town. . . . And there, being destitute and very hungry, sold myself for redemption to Tom Cocklyn. And am indented servant to him in his taproom at Topsail Inlet."

"He uses you cruelly?"

"Not very gently, sir."

"You do not love Tom Cocklyn?"

"No, sir."

"Then—would you lay information against him?"

I reddened at that. "No, sir."

"Why not?"

I shook my head and said that I could not do that merely because he sometimes abused me.

"Yet you are secret and active against any sea-rogue," insisted the Governor, watching me.

"That is not private vengeance alone, sir, but in behalf of all innocent folk who live in dread of these wicked men."

HE considered me out of his weary eyes; then the kind smile lighted them, and he bade me seat myself upon a settle where lay his spectacles and an open book.

When I had done so, he made me eat, filling a bowl with chocolate and bidding me satisfy my hunger.

"For," says he, "all boys are always hungry, and I make no exception of so slim and pretty a lad as you who have behaved so well in combat."

So I ate bread with golden butter on it, and spread it with honey, too. And there was a salad of palm tops, and cold fowl, and a dish of sugared cakes, and another of white mulberries —which Mr. Eden told me to drench with cream.

O holy angels, never had I so banqueted in all my life before! And ate until I could not hold another mouthful.

"What is your name?" said His Excellency, looking up at me through his spectacles, and closing the book he had been reading.

"I have taken my father's name, sir, which was Annan Topsfield."

"Annan," he repeated. "Am I to call you Nan?"

That startled me; but I saw he had no suspicion of my true name and sex.

"Usually," said I, "people call me Freckles."

"That will do very well," said he, smiling. "So, Freckles, I shall send you back to Tom Cocklyn with a small leather bag in which are tied several pieces of minted Spanish gold worth a hundred pounds. And with this I send to Tom Cocklyn a letter saying that I desire to purchase of him your articles of indenture and take you for my servant and page. . . . Does it suit you, Freckles?"

I could scarcely speak, and was terrified lest tears betray my sex and weakness.

"Yes, sir," I gulped—"I would serve Your Excellency very faithfully—and die very happily in your service—"

I could not go on, so turned my head to look across the garden, which seemed to swim like a tinted dream through my tears.

"Well," said he, "go you and stroll about the lawn under the pleasant trees, and presently I shall think what I am to write to Tom Cocklyn, and compose a letter for you to carry to him when again Mr. Ross sails into Edenton anchorage."

"Has Mr. Ross sailed, sir?"

"In company of Mr. Rhett in his sloop to take Charles Vane, the pirate, who is said to have passed in the Virginia Capes."

"Another sea battle!" I faltered, thinking of Mr. Ross.

But the Governor did not understand my concern, for he smiled and said:

"Hornygold's ship, The Happy Parrot, should make of Mr. Ross a wealthy man and enrich all his crew when the Court of Admiralty sits. And if Mr. Ross and Mr. Rhett take Charles Vane, they may find him as rich as Hornygold. . . . Now go and wander where you will, Freckles; your bed and board are paid for at the Eden Arms Tavern until such time as Mr. Ross returns."

So I made him a bow, and then drew on my new beaver hat and walked for a while among the flowers.

By hedges of oleander and pink and white and crimson hibiscus I passed, watching many little birds flying about the silver mosses trailing from the great oaks —and saw jewelled humming birds darting from bloom to bloom, and green and golden lizards panting on the garden wall.

Not for years had I roamed in so fair and sweet a land which was so unlike our sands and woods and sounds and salty barrens at Topsail Inlet, where bayberry and harsh grasses grew, and the endless forest of high black pines walled us in to the ocean's edge.

I went out the garden gate and walked about the town of Edenton—a pretty place of some seventy houses or less, and no church, but ordinaries a-plenty by the river. Everywhere tall glossy magnolia trees and oaks and sweet gums, and the scented air heavy with jasmine, white and golden. Everywhere birds—mockers singing loudly, and wrens, and blackbirds with crimson epaulettes chattering among the river reeds.

Few folk abroad; many blacks hauling tobacco and naval stores; and a lad fishing on a wharf where was a gallows, and a corpse hanging there a-sun-drying in irons.

I ventured to ask a woman who it was.

"Oh," says she, "yonder hangs Captain Blue-Jaws, who once was mate aboard John Quelch, and has dangled and sun-dried there these ten years. And, praise God," says she, "we are like to hang a row of wretches there this very day to keep him company; and others we shall hang a month hence when Judge Trot tries these rogues taken from The Happy Parrot."

"Have you pirates in jail here?" I inquired.

"Six, and all condemned. Judge Trot departed yesterday; and six of Jack Rackham's rogues are to hang. You shall see a rare sight, my lad, twixt high water and low this pleasant afternoon."

I shuddered and went on along Fish Street, and then by Charles Street and Princess Lane. Beyond lay Carteret Road, and I could see the jail there near the woods.

So then to the Eden Arms, by Rosebud Lane, where it stands pleasantly above the river, with water stairs and a fleet of shallops, pinnaces, and dories below.

IN the tavern taproom there was not a soul, save the boy asleep behind the till spindles, and a puny youth sprawling by the window, his death-white visage framed in both hands and staring up at the sky like a lost soul in the pit gazing out toward God.

I know not whether it was that my heart was very sore and lonely because Mr. Ross had gone

One young man kicked th

tattered shoes from his feet and marched on barefoot, stepping high and playing the clown.

again into battle that this sickly young fellow's white and tragic face stirred me to curiosity and pity.

As was customary, I bade him good day when I came in; and he started and looked at me with so hopeless a gaze that I walked to where he sat and asked him kindly if he were ill.

"Ill at ease," he said.

"I am sorry, sir."

But he covered his face with both hands and remained silent.

Twice I spoke to him gently; and my voice is somewhat soft and girlish, and I think the tone of it stirred his desperate and overwrought senses to the breaking; for he lifted his tear-marred features in a panting, pitiful manner.

"Oh, God!" says he in a dreadful whisper, "I cannot bear it longer and be dumb and silent and with no pitying soul to listen. . . . Boy—such sorrow is mine—such terror—and God abandons me—"

A sob shook his bony frame. I took his trembling hand and covered it with both of mine.

"Sir," said I, "you may speak fearlessly to me who never have betrayed any creature that trusted me; and have, this day, a sad and sore and very suffering heart of my own."

"Are you also unhappy?" he asked, lifting his head from his arms.

"Deeply."

"Why?"

"Because," said I, "the only being on earth whom I dearly love is in danger of death at sea."

"BOY," said he hoarsely, "you seem tender and merciful, and I must speak—I must! This loneliness and silence is slaying me with each choking breath I draw!"

"Can I help, sir?"

"Oh, God, no—no! Only—"

I waited.

"Boy," said he, "they hang six of Jack Rackham's company an hour before sundown. . . . Do you swear secrecy?"

"God hears me swear it."

"Then—*I* was of that company!"

"You! A pirate!"

"No; and never was. And thus it befell me, and the others:

"A month ago Jack Rackham, flying a bloody jack and a black ensign, took a sloop off Ocracoke. Then he put me and six others of his company into the pinnace prize and sent us ashore inside Hatteras for to fill our water casks.

"Boy, I was pressed aboard Rackham, and for three years awaited opportunity to escape.

"So, when we were to arrive inside Hatteras at the springs by The Cedars on the main, I and a comrade had planned to escape.

"But it was not to be, because Mr. Rhett in his sloop saw us, and chased us, and took all in the pinnace excepting me, who had gone into the woods to look for the springs.

"And today," says he wildly, "all six are to hang! And among them my comrade, who is guiltless and was pressed as I was, and is dearer to me than life—"

He made a desperate gesture and got up out of his chair. But I pulled him back with all my strength, whispering that he should have a care lest the sleeping lad behind the till notice him and listen and inform against him.

"What is your name, then," said I, "who sail aboard Calico Jack and are no willing rogue?"

He gave me a look; then: "I am carpenter aboard Captain Rackham—and my name is Paul West."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE GARDEN OF EDEN
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"Paul West?" said I. "Where have I heard that name? . . . Where—from whose lips—"

Suddenly I knew that Mary Read, who was called the Female Pirate, had told me of her lover. And this was that same man!

"Paul," said I in a frightened voice, "answer me on your life and truthfully before God. Is Mary Read among those taken?"

"Yes."

"You mean—you mean that my pretty Mary Read is to *hang?*" I whispered.

"God pity us," he breathed, "she was found guilty with the rest, and must hang with the others this day betwixt high tide and low on Eden sands—"

As he spoke there was a noise in the entry, and there came into the taproom a heavy, red-faced, vulgar fellow wearing a very dirty neck-cloth and dangling some keys on an iron ring.

"Noah Gullet, the provost marshall," whispered poor West.

The marshall went to the till and awoke the boy.

"Matt Sallam, our clerk, is taken with the fever," said he, "and I desire to have my bill made out, if there is anybody in this tavern who knows how to write and figure with an inked pen."

The tap boy knew of nobody. The marshall turned and looked at Paul West and at me.

"If you can write my bill for me," says he, "there's a shilling for you, young man. Can either of you write and cipher?"

"I can," said I.

So he bade the tap boy fetch ink, sand, and paper, and mend a pen for me. Then he went to the door and called out:

"Come in, Jack Ketch!"

THERE came then, out of the dark entry, a little man enveloped in a long black cloak, who wore a sun mask of black velvet tied over his features. And we knew we were looking upon the executioner.

The marshall said to him:

"I have a lad here who shall make out your bill and mine. Are you satisfied?"

The executioner said he was, in a low, husky voice which he seemed trying to disguise.

"Well," said Mr. Gullet, "here are the jail keys"; and handed them to the masked creature. "Will you go and look over your prisoners now?" he added.

The executioner murmured that he desired to sleep first for an hour, because he was very weary from his long journey.

The marshall nodded. "To turn off five men and a woman," said he, "is no easy job; and if you have come a-horse from Virginia and have travelled all night, you had best bespeak a bedchamber and sleep until I summon you."

The tap boy came with materials for writing; and the marshall asked him where the executioner might find a bed for an hour's repose.

Instantly it came into my mind to contrive some way of using this dreadful fellow, yet had no clear purpose in my thought when I offered the executioner my own chamber and my own bed to lie on if he would pay me sixpence in silver.

As I spoke I rested my hand on Paul West's knee and pinched it hard.

"Here," said Mr. Gullet, "is a silver sixpence, and a silver shilling in advance for your writing." And he laid the money before me, and I put it in my pocket.

So the tap boy took the executioner away and up the stairs to my chamber, whilst I made ready to write what Mr. Gullet might wish. And this is what I wrote for him as he spoke it:

Bill of Noah Gullet

The Propriatory of North Carolina to Noah Gullet, Marshall, for sundrys by him expended by order of a special Court of Admiralty, for the execution of six pirates; viz.:—

To the making of the chains for Pedro Sangsue, William Hope, James Cutler, Tom Gryme, Edmund Cawley, and Mary Read	£	18	10 9
To the executioner for his services	£	20	00 0
To Uriah Ropes for cordage	£	3	6 6
To setting gibbets	£	1	9 10
To digging three graves (Hope, Gryme, and Sangsue to rot where they hang)	£	1	6 0
To tavern expenses for Provost, sheriff, constables, after the execution (allowed)	£	6	0 0

When I had written this I added the total account and offered the ink-wet sheet to Mr. Gullet.

So he sanded it and took it away with him to show to the Governor.

Now, no sooner had he gone out of the tavern than I whispered to Paul West what plan I had designed while writing; and bade him go instantly to the mews and there hire two saddle horses, and pay for them, and ride one—leading the other—to the edge of the oak woods behind the jail.

"For, by the martyrdom of my blessed Saviour," said I, in a white heat of excitement, "I mean to take from the executioner his keys, though God only knows how it is to be accomplished!"

Paul West was trembling so he could scarce stand; but I pushed him out the door, then ran back and sped past the till, where the fat tap boy was again asleep, and so up the stairs, catfoot, and stole swiftly to my chamber door, and pried it open without a sound.

On my bed lay a little old withered man, asleep in his shirt and breeches; and his crooked, naked feet sprawled across the blanket.

He snored and snored, lying flat upon his back; and he did not stir when I took his great black cloak and his mask and the keys which lay upon a stool.

The next instant I was out o' the room, and had tied the mask over my face, dragged down my beaver, wrapped me in the cloak, and, carrying the ring with its iron keys, hastened down the stairs.

The jail stood on Carteret Road. To gain it I passed by Rosebud Lane, by Princess Lane, by Charles Street, and into the jail road, where were only two houses and some barns besides the jail.

The few folk I met abroad shrank away from me in my dark cloak and vizard; but it was in the heat o' the day, and people remained indoors for the most.

However, I met two soldiers going toward the jail, who stared at me with lively curiosity; and I heard them jesting after I passed them, and wondering aloud who Jack Ketch might really be.

THE jail was small and built of peeled logs smeared with blue clay. It seemed no stronger than one of those log forts which are built by the poor folk who venture to make homes for themselves in the Indian country on our unexplored frontiers.

The jailor, with a musket on his knee, sat in the shadow of the front door, which was open to the breeze. A blanket divided the hallway midway between the front door and the transverse corridor.

When the jailor saw me, he took his clay pipe from his mouth, laid the musket aside, bade me good day, and inquired how he could serve me best.

"By minding your own business," said I in a gruff and altered voice; and went into the jail, flourishing and clanking my keys and twirling them on the iron ring.

The cell corridor, which ran east and west across the hallway, was, as I say, divided from the front door by a dirty blanket, which hung there, so that the jailor could not see the rear door from where he sat on guard.

There were ten cells in the corridor, the doors of which were barred high up, so that I had to stand on tiptoe to see into each cell as I passed along. And, in the last cell on my left I discovered Mary Read, seated upon a truss of trampled straw.

She wore no longer her gay scarlet vest and breeches, and her chains and kerchief and silken sash with its pistols and daggers. She wore a poor woman's dress of blue cotton cloth. Her pretty hair fell thick about her face, which was calm but very colourless. Upon her feet were Indian moccasins.

When she heard me trying the lock with several keys ere I chanced upon the right one, her face altered and flushed; and she stood up quickly in her cell, staring at my masked visage through the bars.

The other pirates—who, when I entered, had been very silent in their cells—now began to stir in their straw and stand up, hearing the noise of keys, and I heard them calling to one another by name to inquire what was to do, and if their hour had arrived.

When, at last, I unlocked and unbarred the door, I stepped swiftly into the little cell.

"Mary Read," I whispered.

At that she gave me a wild look; and I lifted my mask a moment, then tied it fast again.

"Paul waits among the live oaks with horses," I whispered. "So get you to the woods, in God's name. . . . And carry with you in your heart the love of a young girl who always will pray for you and the man you love!"

Even then, where she stood at the very door of death, she revealed her true and generous

The next instant I was out o' the room, and had tied the mask over my face.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

SOUP
with the tomato's sunniest smile

Just the golden goodness of the full-ripe tomato! All else is discarded by Campbell's. The pure tonic juices, the luscious tomato meat in a rich puree, with fresh country butter adding its food and its flavor, and with that delicate seasoning for which Campbell's chefs are so famous.

Here is a sparkling blend that revives even the drooping appetite and imparts a glow to the whole meal. Richer still served as a Cream of Tomato Soup according to the simple directions on the label.

Your grocer has, or will get for you any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Campbells' SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

31 million

it must be good

eaten every day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

self; for she took me into her arms and looked at me out of her beautiful brown eyes.

"And shall you come to harm for this, my pretty?" she asked. "For I will not take my life of you and injure yours."

I told her I was secured, and drew her to the rear door, where, on the wood's edge, I could see two horses standing under the live oaks, and a man astride one o' them.

Then she turned and clasped me to her breast, and kissed and kissed me, uttering not a word. And so left me, and ran toward the trees, where in a moment more she vanished.

Until I saw her mounted upon a horse and galloping northward beside her lover, I did not stir.

Then I went swiftly and opened wide her cell door, while a dreadful stillness reigned among those lost men in their barred cells—all listening in breathless silence to learn if their doom already were upon them.

"Jailor!" I shouted, as harshly as I could force a voice which naturally is low and soft.

And when he came a-clumping, and, pushing aside the blanket, discovered me, I made him a sign for silence. Then, taking him by the sleeve, I drew him to Mary Read's cell.

"The five men are here," said I. "Where is the woman?"

HE gaped at the empty cell like the dumb gaby he was; then stared at me out of round and frightened eyes, and his toothless jaws sagged wide.

"Where is your turnkey?" I whispered.

"Asleep in his quarters. . . . Oh, my God!"

I placed my mouth at his ear:

"She's gone!" said I. "And, lest there be a general jail delivery planned at this hour, make no noise, but rouse your fellow and stand guard by these cells until I come again with the provost marshall, Noah Gullet. Do you understand?"

He nodded, unable to utter a word.

So, leaving him, I went out again by the front door, and hastened through a cow lane into an alley which presently fetched me to the tavern mews, and so, by the rear door, into the Eden Arms.

Not a sound in the tavern; all was deathly still, and the tap boy asleep behind the spindles.

Catfoot I mounted the stairs. The door of my bedchamber stood open. The hangman lay upon my bed as I had left him, unstirring in the deep stupor of his sleep.

I laid his cloak and vizard and keys where I had found them; then, on tiptoe, crept out, closed the door noiselessly behind me, and descended to the taproom and sat down by the table in the corner where I had sat but a little while before with the despairing lover of Mary Read.

And now, finally, I began to be frightened, and fell a-shivering where I sat, striving to consider what was to happen when the flight of Mary Read had been discovered.

The stillness in the tavern began to terrify me.

I know not how long I lay there upon my chair before I became conscious that, outside the tavern, the town of Edenton was waking up.

First, distantly, I heard the noise of an iron bell, not very loud, but it sounded sadly, and at long intervals, and was tolling as though for a passing soul.

Presently there were voices in the street and along the water front; horsemen trotted past; folk spoke loudly; women called to one another; a noise of hammering came from the wharf below the water stairs.

Now, as I sat there, I heard men coming into the entry, and the sound of many voices and of heavy boots.

Presently into the taproom stepped Noah Gullet, the provost, and with him a large, fierce fellow and three others. These, I learned, were the sheriff of Albemarle and his constables, for, when Mr. Gullet awoke the fat tap boy, he so addressed them.

"Now, my fat and porky lad," says Gullet, rubbing his large, flabby hands, "go you up and awake old Jack Ketch," says he, "for, dammy and curse my lights and liver!" says he, "there is to be a very pretty hanging holden up on Eden sands this lovely summer day!" And, seeing me, he winked upon me.

"Oh," says she, "yonder hangs Captain Blue-Jaws, who once was mate aboard John Quelch."

So the tap boy went away upstairs to awaken the executioner; and, when he came back, Mr. Gullet commanded a bowl of punch for all, and, while it was a-brewing, a can of flip to stay the company.

To me he said: "You sleepy young rogue, you gouged a shilling and sixpence out o' me; and you shall pay for what you guzzle, and be damned to you!"

"Be damned to yourself," said I, "and take your money to buy you a little schooling—you letterless lout!"

"Why, you impudent pup!" he roared—but I threw his money upon the sanded floor, and got up and went out the door.

On the sill, pausing to listen, I heard the executioner a-coming with his keys, *clink, clink,* down the stairs. It was time for me to go if I wished to avoid what must come very quickly.

AS I stepped into the street I heard a drum beating, and saw, in Princess Lane, a company of soldiers wearing red coats, white breeches, and black gaiters, and led by a drummer and an officer.

Everywhere, from every street, lane, and alley, people were now coming in flocks, all moving toward the river front, whence came a steady and loud sound of hammering. Children crowded about the troops, running alongside the moving ranks and following the rear of the column, where a small body of horse rode with their gorgets, spurs, and naked swords shining in the rosy light of the declining sun.

As I went out and mingled with the increasing throngs, I saw the provost marshall, the sheriff, and the constables come from the tavern, all a-wiping of their lips and chins and smacking their tongues.

These fell in behind the horsemen. Then, *dub-dub-rub-dub-dub!* rattled the long, painted drum, and the procession set out of Princess Lane toward the jail.

Some people followed; but the majority hurried to the river, where they took places above and all around the Execution Dock, where carpenters were still working upon the gallows.

As for me, I had no stomach left to endure so horrid a sight. To see living men turned off—even those bloody sea-rogues—was more than I could stand.

So, not knowing what to do—and yet fearful of inviting suspicion—I followed the throng that was marching to the jail.

It had already arrived there when I came up; and instantly I saw there was a commotion at the jail, and heard loud voices in anger and dispute. For the jailor was swearing *sacrement* that the hangman had already been there that very day, and that he had discovered the delivery of the female pirate, Mary Read, and had ordered the jailor and the turnkey to stand guard over the other pirates until he returned.

To which the masked hangman gave him the lie in an astonished voice, and swore that he had slept at the Eden Arms upon a bed, and had never waked until the tap boy summoned him half an hour ago.

EVERY instant the uproar increased, what with the angry bawling of the provost, who threatened everybody with the Governor's displeasure, and the profane abuse of the sheriff cursing the provost, the jailor, the turnkey, and his own constables.

There seemed to be no clergyman there, only a kind of dissenting minister, who strove to quiet the tumult, and who went in, presently, to the condemned men, followed by the cursing turnkey and the constables.

The prisoners were led out with their hands tied behind their backs; which, I heard people saying to one another, was unusual, and that their hands should be tied before them.

God knows why it mattered; but one of the condemned men shouted to the sheriff that he stood upon his rights and desired to be hanged fashionably.

At which a dreadful laughter arose; and the pirates, as they passed under guard, jested horridly with the crowds, so utterly hardened and unrepentant were these sea-wolves of Captain Rackham's company.

One young man shouted out that he had been warned that he would one day die in his boots.

"A cursed lie!" he cried, "as all may witness!"—and kicked the two tattered shoes from his feet and marched on barefoot, stepping high and playing the clown to the solemn tap of the drum.

As for the minister, they derided him and would have none of him; and the poor man trudged along, trying to read aloud the prayers for the dying, while these five sea-rogues mocked and mimicked him and jested foully among themselves.

I stood and watched that shocking and contemptible procession pass; and saw it winding on far away in the red sunset light, and heard the distant throb of the drum timing that grotesque death march.

Then, all alone, past houses emptied of their curious inmates, past silent lane and empty alley and still, deserted streets, I moved until I came to Eden Hall.

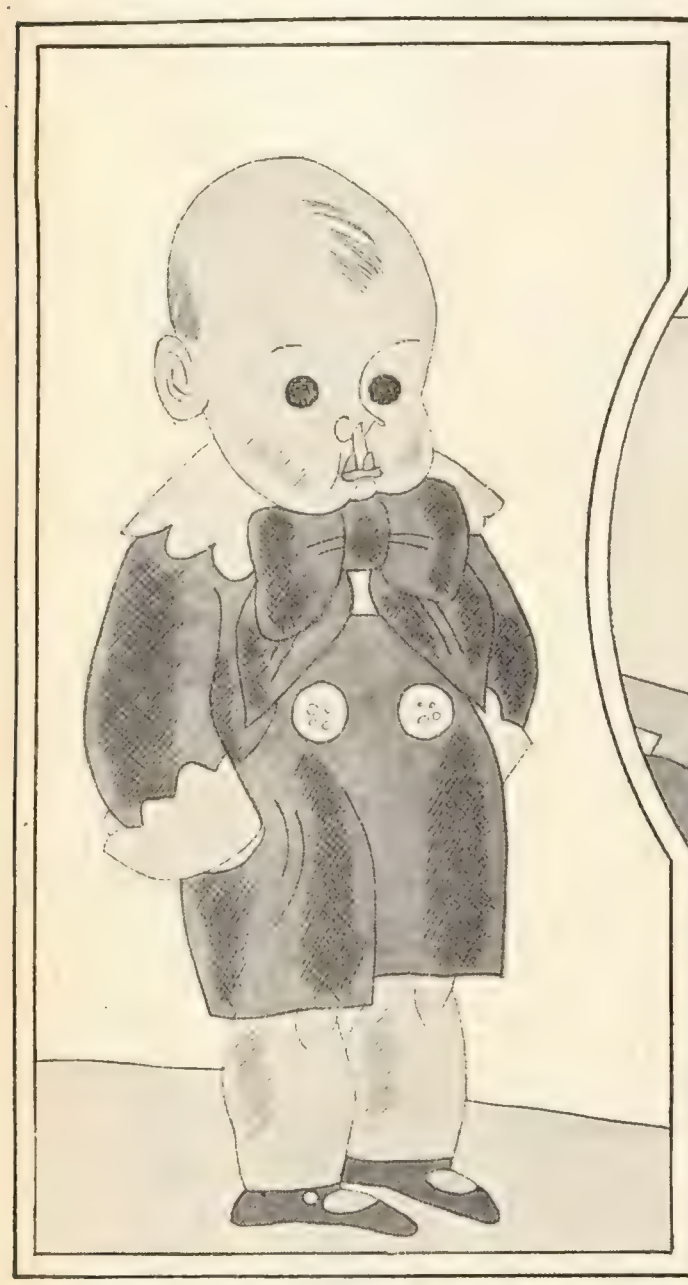
And there, by the rear garden gate, went in, and stood among the flowers, silent, weary, wondering concerning God and the strange mystery of His purpose with men and with the sons of men.

Black-Beard—the wickedest, cruelest, boldest pirate who ever harried the Carolinas! Read how Nancy stumbled on his most audacious scheme, in next week's story, All Flags!

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

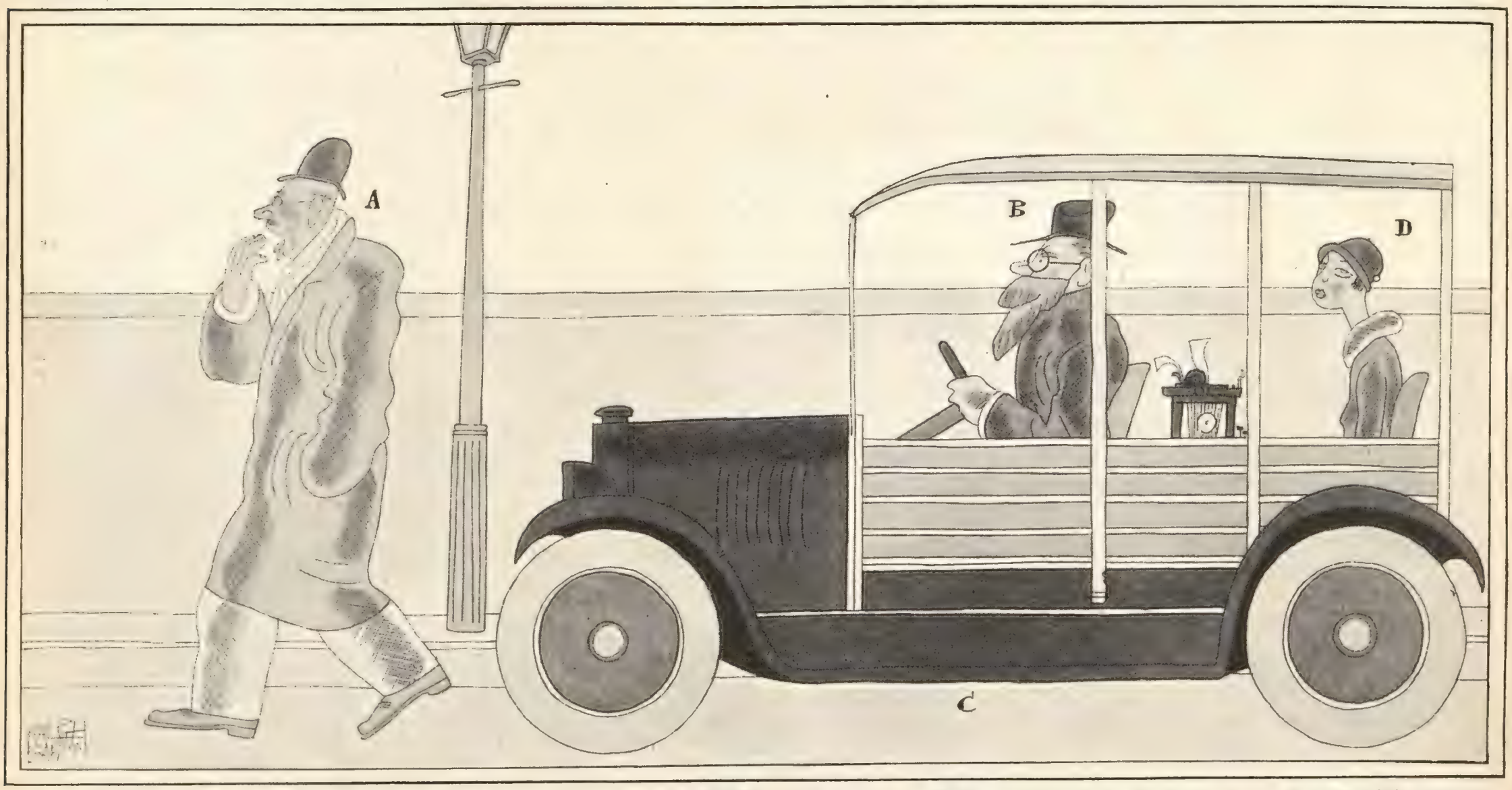
By RALPH BARTON



OSWALD, our four-year-old secretary, says it doesn't matter to him so much *how* words are pronounced on the radio as *what* words are pronounced.

UNSUNG HEROES OF A PRESIDENTIAL YEAR: A corner of one of the vast studios connected with the National Republican and Democratic Party Headquarters, where three shifts of experts retouch and beautify photographs of candidates for publication in the press.

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED FROM MARS BY RADIO showing curious atmospheric disturbances on the earth (top) during the war and (bottom) during the resulting peace parleys.



EDUCATIONAL FILM SHOWING HOW BOOB LISTS ARE COMPILED. Prospect (A) suffering with cold is tracked to his home by agent (B) of Boob List Bureau in rolling office (C). Prospect's address is taken down by secretary (D). The address is then sold to the Cough Drop Trust, and prospect receives 10,500 pieces of direct-by-mail advertising in the next day's mail.

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THE spirit and sparkle and lilt that Sparton captures in dance music makes this wonder instrument as much a favorite with young people as it is with the more sedate, who thrill to its stately rendition of the music of the symphony orchestra or choir. The universal appeal of its deep, resonant voice has made Sparton a favorite—everywhere.

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Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind

SPARTON RADIO

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American Blower has declared war on bad air in business. Users of American Blower air conditioning equipment—electric ventilating, heating and air washing devices—are freed from one of the major causes of inefficiency, inaccuracy and under-production.

Actual savings, far out of proportion to the cost, stand to the credit of American Blower equipment.

For industrial work where duct systems of ventilation are required or advisable, Sirocco Blowers delivering as high as 200,000 cubic feet of air per minute are being specified.

For working areas that do not require a duct system, Ventura Ventilators are installed in walls, windows or transoms, which bring in or carry away as much as 70,000 cubic feet of air per minute.

For areas that require heated air as well as fresh air, the Venturafin Method of Unit Heating ventilates as it heats at a lower cost than just the price of heating equipment alone.

Write today for your copy of Ventilation News, the American Blower Corporation's new rotogravure magazine illustrating the many benefits of proper air conditioning.

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Offices	5 to 10 minutes
Bakeries	3 minutes
Laboratories	3 to 10 minutes
Ship Holds	10 minutes
Kitchens (Home)	2 to 3 minutes
Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
Retail Stores	5 to 15 minutes

*This table is based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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American Blower reversible, noiseless ventilators for home and office carry away the stale air, smoke, cooking odors and grease, and bring in pure, fresh air of outdoors. No cutting of glass or alterations. Make the air in your kitchen or office fresh and healthful for a few cents a day.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ALL TYPES OF AIR HANDLING EQUIPMENT SINCE 1881

The Rocky Road to SECRETARIAL Success

It's Not the Gay Career It Seems, Says One Who Knows

An Article by
GRACE ROBINSON
Pictures by FLETCHER WHITE

(Reading time: 18 minutes 27 seconds.)

A LOT of girls go into secretarial work because they think it is dignified and sheltered and, oh, so refined. A kind of white-collar job for the female who would otherwise have to work with grimy little children in a classroom. Or who, as a newspaper reporter, would have to sleuth around in smelly tenements and write her story in a city room where editors smoked the air blue and worked with their hats on and their coats off, even in the presence of ladies.

The vision of an office with mahogany desks and oil paintings has lured many a girl into the field of the amanuensis, to discover later that her glittering position at times involved the menial tasks of buying socks and emptying ash trays for her employer.

"What? The profession of being a secretary? Why, woman, I'm a day laborer!" exclaimed one member of this guild when I asked her to relate the story of her struggle to success.

She is private secretary to one of the members of a nationally known law firm. She has one of those velvet-padded offices that young girls in business schools crave. And she wonders whether life wouldn't be easier, after all, if she had a nice soft job in a laundry!

The private secretary has been well dubbed the "office wife." And, like a wife, she must put up with the private frailties and bad temper of an employer who to the world may seem a model of graciousness and poise.

The secretary, more than the woman in any other profession, is the victim of the tremendous demands men make on women. A man insists that his secretary must anticipate his every want. She must have brains as well as intuitiveness. She must get him to his appointments, protect him from unwelcome visitors, do for him a thousand and one things that he is incapable of doing for himself. As if this were not enough, he wants her to be fairly good looking, so that he can rest his eyes now and then by observing her.

And—hear the greedy beast—he insists that she shall be well dressed, even though her salary is a modest one. He wants his secretary to appear prosperous in order to impress his business friends. Impelled by the same vanity, or business acumen, he hangs a chinchilla coat and diamonds on his wife.

His secretary is part of the office scenery, like the Italian-marble fireplace and the oil paintings. She must be decorative as well as useful.

In short, if Aphrodite and Athena were rolled into one, outfitted in the Rue de la Paix, and given a thorough course in stenography, the result might be a perfect secretary. Except that the American business man would find the ideal figure of antiquity too buxom for his flapperized optic nerve.

On the other hand, secretaries will tell you that their work is satisfying—that it is an inspiration to watch the mental processes of a man whom the world calls great—that a per-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The secretary must protect her employer from unwelcome visitors.

N. Lazarnick photo

Miss Rose M. Brophy, who tells the secrets of her profession.

Her Comb is Her Beauty Secret

TOWSLED HAIR, all curls and curves, is bright and glowing—radiant. Every morning she carefully combs out the snarls and tangles and jauntily sets the wave with a large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb. Then, for all hours of the day, her Ace Pocket Comb keeps her hair in perfect placement, restoring the gloss. Her secret is out.

Ace Hard Rubber Combs, because they have smooth, sanitary moulded teeth are a perfect protection against broken strands and injured scalp.

Every girl, who conscientiously uses Ace Combs, may have lovely hair, too.

ACE COMBS

A GENUINE Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING".

{Tear Off Here}

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
Dept L 5, 11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for book, "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above Please send them to

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[THE ROCKY ROAD TO SECRETARIAL SUCCESS
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

sonal word of appreciation for hard work well done will make a secretary swear away her life in an ecstasy of loyalty.

There is probably no woman in New York whose experiences and conclusions on secretarial work are more valuable than those of Rose M. Brophy of West 180th Street.

Miss Brophy, for years, was secretary to Frank A. Munsey, late owner of the New York *Sun* and other newspapers and magazines. Munsey is dead now, but he still remains the mystery man of journalism in America. Few knew him well. Miss Brophy probably knew him better than anyone except William T. Dewart. Dewart was general manager of the Munsey interests, and is president of the *Sun* now.

After her long term of service with Munsey, Miss Brophy held a similar position with Barron G. Collier, the famous father of the street-car ad, a man of tremendous energy and ability.

HAVING been a successful and highly paid stenographer and secretary herself, Miss Brophy has broken away from the ball and chain known as a job, and is associated with her brother and sister-in-law in a New York employment bureau for office help.

Miss Brophy is trying to show young women seekers for pink-chiffon positions how rocky the way of the successful secretary really is, and how essential hard work and self-denial are to big-salary achievement.

"Girls come to me just out of high school, looking for secretarial jobs," says Miss Brophy. "They announce glibly that they want at least twenty-five dollars a week, with hours nine to five, and that the position must be within a certain radius of their home.

"They have no idea, it seems, of the tremendous effort required to make a good private secretary.

"These girls expect the responsibilities and financial rewards of a secretary immediately.

"They are entirely lacking in the get-at-ive faculty which develops only with experience and heartaches.

"How can a young girl without office training have any idea of how to anticipate a man's needs? For that is the chief requirement of a good secretary—being able to anticipate her employer's needs. I figure it takes two years in the hard stenographic mill to make a good secretary."

In telling about Rose Brophy, we will begin, not with her birth, but with her hair. It is red—and with her slim, patrician face and delicate hands and feet, you wonder whether it is Minnie Maddern Fiske or Mrs. Leslie Carter, restored to youth, who stands before you.

The red hair has not been a drawback in her profession, Miss Brophy insists. Secretaries simply do not have tempers. If any successful secretary ever had one, she had it cleanly amputated the first time she lifted a pencil to write, "Dear Sir, Yours of the 14th inst. at hand," etc., etc., etc. A temper, even a slight predisposition to irritability, is the first thing the good stenographic worker parks in the emotional ash heap.

The reason for this is that there can't be two tempers in an office, and the man one works for has, more than likely, a healthy, well nourished temper that all its life has been permitted to cavort about naked, untrammeled, and undisciplined.

Placing roses on his desk each morning was only a detail of Miss Brophy's work for Mr. Munsey.

Brown Bros. photo

Frank A. Munsey, the dictatorial publisher, "treated me like a society girl being entertained at dinner."

Miss Brophy was born in New York, of a mother whose forebears had lived in this country for many generations, and a father whose antecedents were Irish. She attended public school, and was graduated from Wadleigh High School.

When she was six her father died. Her brother was only a little older than Rose, and the mother was obliged to resort to outside employment for a time to eke out the little money she had.

This state of affairs did not foster plans for a college education, although the energetic girl later did take considerable work at Columbia University extension school. When high school was over, she entered a business college because stenography seemed the shortest route to a livelihood.

At this institution she studied stenography, commercial English, and kindred subjects for eight months. Her brother Jack was working for the Munsey organization, and he got Rose her first job with that concern.

She was only eighteen when she became a junior stenographer in the circulation department of *Munsey's Magazine*, the *Argosy*, and others. At that time the publisher owned several newspapers also, including the Baltimore *News* and the Washington *Times*.

"I WORKED for George Southwick, who was an unusually considerate man, but I remember how, in my inexperience, his peculiar brusqueness startled me," said Miss Brophy. "It was a routine job, chiefly dealing with complaints from newsdealers.

"I always had my eye on a better position.

"Finally Mr. Munsey took my brother to Europe. He had been working both for Mr. Munsey and his general manager, Mr. Dewart. I became Mr. Dewart's private secretary.

"Mr. Dewart kept me constantly on my toes. He is the sort of man who never destroys a scrap of paper with writing on it. By this method he can recall the business connection of a person he has not seen in fifteen or twenty years.

"I shall never forget the terror that engulfed me the first time I sat in on a long-distance telephone conversation and had to take it all in shorthand. On my nervous pothooks depended the accuracy of a record involving many thousands of dollars.

"Mr. Dewart is a man of large affairs. There were endless persons clamoring to see him. I learned the art of telling the gracious lie. This is not so easy as it sounds.

"When it is necessary to turn a caller away you must always leave him smiling. And you must never let your employer lose standing in his eyes.

"At the same time you want to be dead sure that nothing of importance is getting by you when you inform him that your employer is 'in conference.'

"The following I found to be a good formula: 'Mr. So-and-So is in conference just now. Except for that, I'm sure he would be delighted to see you. Isn't there something I can do to help you for the present?'

"It is impossible for an important man to see all callers. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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The Cadillac Motor Car Company recommends Cadillac-La Salle dealers as reliable used car merchants because it has carefully pre-determined their fitness for endorsement. The Cadillac Motor Car Company assures you that you can buy any used automobile from your Cadillac-La Salle dealer with fullest confidence.

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Writing

brings these N.I.A. students extra income

OF all the thousands of men and women who are at this moment looking for ways in which to add to their regular incomes, there is probably not more than one in every hundred who thinks of earning money by writing. Some intangible, psychological obstacle seems to hold them back and, at the same time, keep them in ignorance of the results that even modest efforts often achieve. For instance, here are results reported by two N.I.A. students, whose training began only a few months ago:

"Since sending my previous assignment (the fifth in my course) I received an acceptance of an article which I submitted to HOARD'S DAIRYMAN. So far this month I have had checks for $50.65, which includes $12.75 for my writing as correspondent for the weekly paper. I have had many compliments on the latter from people who read the paper."
—MRS. EDITH J. TILTON,
R.F.D. 2, Box 34, Ashton, Ill.

"I would like to say I won first prize in the 'biggest news of the week' contest sponsored by the 'World' for high school students. I was gratified to tell Sifton of the Sunday department that I owe much to the training furnished by your good selves. Good luck to you, and thanks!"
—FERD L. GARCIA,
215 East 73rd St., New York, N. Y.

N.I.A. Copy-Desk Method Starts and Keeps You Writing

Nearly all the new writers who are coming to the fore today come directly from newspaper experience. Fact writing is the best possible working basis for modern fiction writing. You have probably noticed for yourself how completely naturalism—realism—dominates literature, the stage and the screen.

Continuous writing from the facts of life is the basis of newspaper training. And it is likewise the basis of Newspaper Institute's New York Copy-Desk Method of writing instruction. You write, under the guidance of N.I.A. editors, just as you would if you were working for a great metropolitan daily. You benefit by the same sort of criticism, the same sort of suggestion, the same sort of editorial blue-penciling. Your training comes direct from a group of instructors who have had a total of more than 200 years' experience in metropolitan newspaper work.

The fact that Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Garcia and many others have so quickly earned extra income as a result of N.I.A. training proves not only the soundness of the course, but also that the chance to write for publication depends largely upon what the individual is willing to do about it. Clearly, one need not be a genius in order to earn extra income by writing.

A Chance to Test Yourself

The Newspaper Institute has developed a Writing Aptitude Test which helps you measure your possibilities as a writer. It will be sent you, without obligation, if you will fill out and mail the coupon.

Your test will be examined and commented upon by the same group of men who instruct Newspaper Institute students. You can depend upon a frank report—one that will give you a good close-up of the experience that produces so many acknowledged leaders in literature.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th Street

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th St., New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit as promised in LIBERTY-April 21.

Mr. }
Mrs. }.....
Miss }

Address.....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)
8D88

[THE ROCKY ROAD TO SECRETARIAL SUCCESS
Continued from Page Twenty-two]

worst pests are those with get-rich-quick schemes.

"Mr. Dewart dictated all his business and most of his family letters to me. He was meticulous about correspondence—always read everything over. In fact, a position with the Munsey organization was excellent training for a stenographer. Every piece of work was proof-read, down to the most obscure comma.

"If Mr. Dewart told me, 'Get so-and-so,' I understood that I was not to come back without it. He was a czar. He was like the city editor of a newspaper. At first I was scared to death of him, although I admired him tremendously."

Gradually Miss Brophy began taking Mr. Munsey's dictation, and finally became his secretary.

FRANK A. MUNSEY! He started life as a poor telegrapher and, when he died, left a fortune estimated between $25,000,000 and $40,000,000. The bulk of this astounding wealth went to New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In a world that has branded him as cold and calculating, his secretary rises to say that he was always kind and considerate of her. But even she admits that Mr. Munsey had as many enemies as friends.

This tall gray-haired enigma probably showed to Rose, as he called her, as much of the inner workings of his heart and mind as he ever revealed to anyone. She saw him nearly every day for five years.

And now she says: "I'm not sure that I ever really knew Mr. Munsey. I was as close to him as anybody could be, yet I couldn't fathom the secret of his solitude, his strange spiritual detachment from the world of people."

Nevertheless, Miss Brophy's account of her secretarial association with the famous publisher is probably the most illuminating and accurate record of this curious personality that has ever been given to the world. She shows us Frank Munsey in person, and incidentally also shows us herself.

"His office then was in the building at Broadway and Chambers Street. It was a magnificent apartment—large, with an open fireplace, oil paintings on the wall, Oriental rugs thrown about on the hardwood floor, and expensive mahogany furniture.

"Mr. Munsey always had American Beauties on his desk. These gorgeous red flowers placed in a silver vase were an æsthetic requirement with him. He had them renewed twice a week, and on Saturday they were given to the girls in the office.

"I always came in at eight-thirty, to put the flowers in place, open his mail, and lay on his desk the circulation reports of his various publishing ventures. Frequently I also made ready a memorandum of his appointments for the day.

"HE arrived promptly at nine-thirty.

"He often dictated his editorials to me. Occasionally I suggested a word, to round out an idea.

"His general demeanor was one of grave courtesy and kindliness. He treated me like a society girl being entertained at dinner. His acts at times might seem cold, but they were always performed with a studied politeness.

"When he reproved, there were no fireworks. Just a cold remark, which an employee felt as deeply as the outburst of temper by which another man would have expressed anger.

"His appearance seldom varied. He always seemed to me like a tall, lean greyhound. He frequently wore gray tweed suits, and always a stiff collar. He did like a touch of gayety in his ties, but it never amounted to more than a pleasing color tone.

"Color meant a lot to him. He was always appreciative when I wore new clothes.

"'That's a charming frock, Rose,' was his usual comment, or, 'I like the color.' Then he would smile under his gray mustache—a smile many people never knew existed because it was so well hidden.

"Although Mr. Munsey was generally considered adamant to the charms of women, since he never married, I can testify that the beauty of slim, graceful ankles was not lost on him. I have frequently heard him voice admiration of them.

"He appeared to take pride in feeling that he was helping to mold my mind, and often gave me advice about life. He was an exponent of early marriages.

"'Rose, the thing to do is to make yourself necessary to a man,' he often counseled. This idea amounted to an obsession with him. It has always seemed to me a great pity that he did not marry. He would have been an excellent father.

"I seldom worked at night after six or six-thirty, unless it suddenly became necessary to dash off a special editorial. However, I thought nothing of working on Sundays and holidays. If there was Sunday work to be done I generally worked short hours—from eleven, perhaps, until four. Or Mr. Munsey would telephone me at my home when he wanted me.

"I never looked on this extra work as a hardship. It was creative. I felt the spirit of what he was trying to do.

"He was extremely methodical by nature. But in my effort to make his day pass with clockwork regularity and smoothness, I frequently was obliged to remind him of appointments for the evening:

"'Remember you are dining tonight with Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Second, and going on to the opera afterward.'

"I OCCASIONALLY prodded his memory in that fashion when he seemed engrossed in work. He sometimes entertained at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton, and afterward took his guests to his box at the opera. On such occasions I was careful to see that he left the office in time. He lived at Sherry's, at Forty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, until it was torn down, and then he moved to the Ritz.

"Mr. Munsey was famous for his sudden changes of decision. Once during the war, at the Mohican Hotel in New London, Connecticut, a visitor was startled when the sunset guns boomed.

"'Oh, don't mind that,' a friend of the publisher said soothingly. 'That's just Mr. Munsey changing his mind.'

"His secretary had to be able instantly to adapt herself to a changed program without irritation or delay.

"Mr. Munsey's newspapers were his passion. Power, I believe, was his goal."

After the publisher died, much criticism was leveled at his bequest of his residuary estate, totaling many millions, to the Metropolitan Museum. Few had ever seen him there.

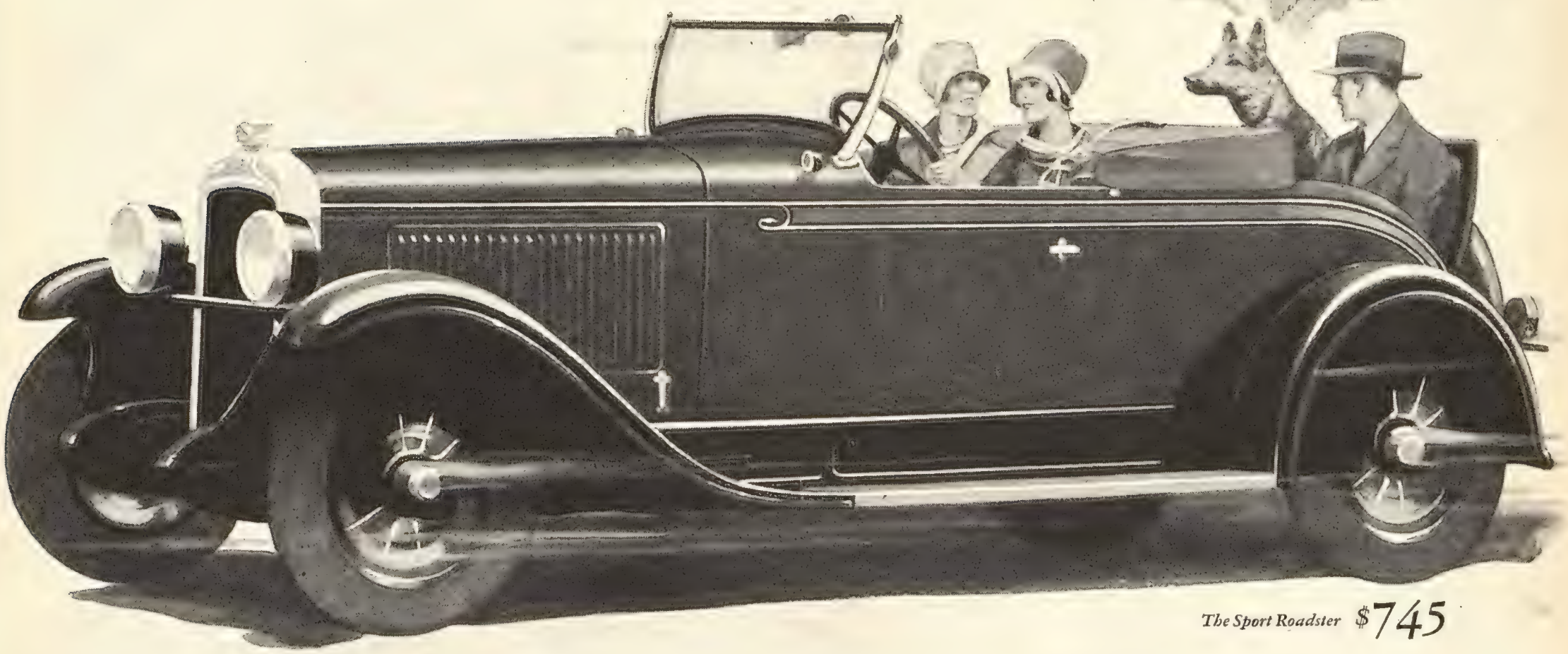
"I think he wanted a monument," ventures Miss Brophy. "A part of his craving for power."

After leaving Mr. Munsey, Miss Brophy worked for Barron G. Collier, of street-car advertising fame, who "worked without reckoning of time."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

-*a Successful Six*
now winning Even
Greater Success

A Youthful Car with everything that *Young America Admires*



The Sport Roadster $745

Here is spirited performance from a big six-cylinder engine. Here is rakishness, color and snap. Here, in the Pontiac Six Sport Roadster, is all the vivid style that upper 'teens and lower twenties demand. And it comes at a price that youth can afford to pay.

Happy as a lark—smart as a debutante—long, low and trim from end to end. Every line in the Pontiac Six Sport Roadster suggests breath-taking speed. Every detail conforms to the finest custom-built style.

And in addition to swagger appearance—in addition to thrilling snap and speed—the Pontiac Six offers a measure of reliability and long life never before provided in any low-priced six. Drive it all day as far and as fast as you please. And even though the end of your journey lies hundreds of miles away, you will never be disappointed in the performance of a Pontiac Six.

The youth of America has clearly expressed its requirements in automobiles. And here, in this New Series Pontiac Six, is everything that the younger generation admires.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICH., General Motors Products of Canada, Pontiac Division—Oshawa, Ontario

2-Door Sedan, $745; Coupe, $745; Phaeton, $775; Cabriolet, $795; 4-Door Sedan, $825; Sport Landau Sedan, $875. Oakland All-American Six, $1045 to $1265. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

PONTIAC SIX

PRODUCT OF *new series* GENERAL MOTORS

Thinning hair is *sick* or *starved!*

SICK HAIR — dandruff infected — falls out. So does starved hair—deprived of life by poor scalp circulation.

Sick hair can easily become well —starved hair quickly gain extra nourishment, new life, with this daily care —

EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This Pinaud treatment quickly destroys the dandruff germ.

Starved hair roots gain rich, new nourishment, because Pinaud's wakens up tired scalp circulation.

Almost before you know it, your hair becomes thicker, stronger, more vigorous!

But even though the improvement is quick, don't drop the Pinaud habit! Keep it up, to save your hair now and through the years to come! Pinaud's *prevents* as well as *checks* hair loss.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at any drug or department store. Always look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S

Eau de Quinine

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

[THE ROCKY ROAD TO SECRETARIAL SUCCESS
Continued from Page Twenty-four]

Miss Brophy laments that her sex prevented her going abroad with Mr. Munsey—"the only times I ever wished I was a man." On three such occasions he took her brother Jack. Convenience in traveling is the sole reason why some important men hire male secretaries.

Once, in Germany, Brophy was obliged to go into the baggage car at night, and from the mountain of luggage fish out a hot-water bottle. As he did not speak a syllable of German, young Brophy's difficulties on this nocturnal expedition may be imagined. He cites the incident as illustrative of the undignified—even humble—services that may be required of a highly paid secretary.

THE urge to get into the scenario-writing field finally took Miss Brophy to James R. Quirk, editor of *Photoplay Magazine,* as his secretary. She had not been there long when Barron G. Collier invited her to work for him.

He had known her years before, when she worked for Mr. Dewart. He offered her more money than she had ever earned in her life —so she went.

"The magnitude of his operations sounds like an Arabian Night's tale," Miss Brophy says. "One could count no hours or holidays as one's own. He worked ceaselessly and without reckoning of time. As secretary to him I never knew whether I would dine at home or suddenly find myself *en route* for Chicago with stacks of accumulated mail and matters of vital importance shrieking for attention."

Collier is one of New York's best known multimillionaires. In addition to the enormous advertising franchises he holds, he owns Luna Park, the great playground at Coney Island, large Florida properties, and tremendous interests in other fields of endeavor.

"I arrived at the office at nine A. M., but Mr. Collier never kept regular office hours," Miss Brophy continued. "He might blow in, all primed for work, at four in the afternoon, just as going-home time for me seemed near. It was not easy to get him to his appointments. Indeed, it was not easy to make them for him, since I never knew what he might decide to do.

"I kept a daily record of all telephone calls on a long sheet that sometimes held fifty calls before the day was over. On this I wrote the name of the person who called, the hour, what he said, and where he could be reached.

"Mr. Collier might arrive at four, we'll say. In five minutes possibly something of great moment was scheduled to happen. It was necessary virtually to pounce on him and drag him off to this event, before something else engaged his attention.

A man's secretary is part of the office scenery. She must be decorative as well as useful.

"He really had three secretaries —a financial secretary, a correspondence and follow-up secretary —that was I—and an executive assistant. A man of that importance is like a high-priced opera star or valuable race horse. Everything is done for him that can possibly be done. And yet he alone can do the big thing—give the final word.

"ONE of the first things I ever had to do for Mr. Collier was to take dictation for a long legal paper, covering the purchase of land at Coney Island. It was difficult and involved.

"I thought if that was to be the kind of work I was to have, I'd jump out of a high window before long. Later I decided that that had been only an incident in the great secretarial adventure.

"One minute I might be asked to whip into shape a guest list—Mr. Collier wanted to take some of his millionaire friends up the Hudson on his yacht, the Pocantico; they would visit the Boy Scout encampment. Or perhaps I must see that the electric light was turned on in his new house. There were times when we didn't dream of leaving the office before eleven or twelve at night."

Fortunately for Miss Brophy's nerves, she is not the kind to agonize over things.

"Mr. Collier is a Southerner," continued this extraordinary young woman. "His charm is famous. He is the last word in graciousness—but he has his moments. There was, for instance, his Christmas list.

"Christmas almost upon us, and no list made up. Christmas two days off—and no list ready. Mr. Collier frantic. Because of the tremendous amount of work under which he struggled, Christmas Eve might come and find him half submerged under a mountain of parcels that positively must go out that night, and feverishly working over lists still incomplete. Some of his presents had to go late. It simply couldn't be helped."

Mr. Collier paid generously, Miss Brophy says. But even more prized by his employees than salaries were the personal gifts he bestowed—often articles of great beauty and value—that said "thank you" better than words.

AFTER several years' service the desire for fuller self-expression sent Miss Brophy into employment work.

Her own extraordinary experience and her present contact with both employer and employee make her an authority on the secretarial field.

"Salaries for private secretaries range from thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars, with a few rare souls getting as much as one hundred dollars," she said. "Men have greater opportunities than women to make themselves invaluable to an employer. For a woman, secretarial work is a fine stepping-stone to other fields—for instance, personnel work in a department store, bank, or other big concern.

"Today the cry is for youth. A woman over thirty-five stands a poor chance of getting anywhere in this work.

"It may sound cruel and superficial, but it is true that employers want a secretary who is not too hard to look upon. I strongly urge girls to use any means toward a youthful appearance that is refined and dignified.

"Recently a girl of anæmic tendencies came to me for a position. She failed time after time

[CONCL'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

"Panel by MOTO METER"

The panel pictured below as well as the ammeter, oil gauge, gas gauge, motor heat indicator, is Moto Meter designed, built and assembled; a complete Moto Meter unit, representative of the world's largest manufacturer of automobile dashboard panels and instruments.

"Panel by Moto Meter" is your assurance of the utmost in design...quality...protection.

THIS, TOO, IS A BOYCE MOTOMETER

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFFICE

A Boyce Moto Meter—whether on the dash or radiator cap—means *motor protection:* appreciated the world over as the one instrument vital to the life of the car.

Many of America's leading cars are factory-equipped with "Panels by Moto Meter," Moto Meters, or BOTH:

Auburn	Dodge	Gardner	Locomobile	Packard
Chandler	Dupont	Hudson	Marmon	Paige
Chrysler	Elcar	Hupmobile	Moon	Peerless
Diana	Essex	Jordan	Nash	Reo
	Studebaker		Velie	

Panels and dashboard equipment manufactured by National Gauge & Equipment Company, La Crosse, Wis.

A Division of

The MOTO METER Company, Inc.

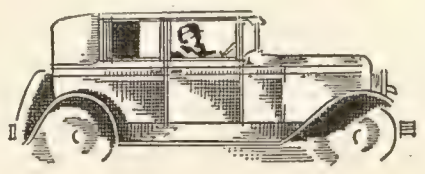
Long Island City, N. Y.

World Leaders in the Manufacture of Motor Heat Indicators of all Types

Foreign Factories:
Canada, England, Australia, France, Germany

Radiator type, **always directly in the line of vision. A simple, dependable warning signal. 12,000,000 in use today!**

$3.50 to $15.00. Illuminated models: $12.50



Dashboard type, **with new Red Ball warning signal which flashes over-heating instantly. Easily attached to any car.**

Model "L" (Illuminated).....$10.00

Model "S" (Illuminated).....$12.50
(Steering column attachment)

IN THE CASE OF

The People vs. Caffein

22,152* witnesses say...

"My nervousness vanished when I changed to Postum!"

NONE of these 22,152 men and women was seriously ill. Yet all were below their best, mentally and physically. Something was getting on their nerves—*literally*. Something that made them cross and irritable at home and at work. Something that cut down their efficiency, and cost them friends.

One by one, they decided to try a simple change in diet. They eliminated caffein from their diet for thirty days—and drank Postum instead. Before the thirty days were up, every one of the 22,152 was convinced! Nervousness had vanished. They slept better—ate better—*felt worlds better!* They became regular Postum users.

Make This Test!

Perhaps you, too, suffer from restless nights, and worried, harassed days. Perhaps you, too, find yourself fretful and short-tempered—annoyed by trifles you used to laugh at.

You may never have thought to blame caffein, the seemingly harmless stimulant you take with your meals. But make the test these others made—and see! Let Postum be your mealtime drink for thirty days. Then judge!

You'll miss nothing in enjoyment! For Postum is a delightful drink in its own right—with a full-bodied, distinctive flavor millions prefer to that of any other. Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted—no trace of any artificial stimulant in it. A drink that never keeps you awake, never frays your nerves, or causes headaches and indigestion, as caffein often does.

Carrie Blanchard, the famous food demonstrator, will help you start your 30-day test of Postum.

Carrie Blanchard's offer

"Let me send you, free, one week's supply of Postum, with my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1928, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

P.-L. 4-28

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

• • •

*This figure includes only Postum users who have written us within the last few months. Their letters, as well as thousands received previously, are in our files.

[THE ROCKY ROAD TO SECRETARIAL SUCCESS
Continued from Page Twenty-six]

to land anything. She was pale. Prospective employers said she didn't seem strong. At my suggestion she put on a touch of color, and the next day found work.

"The girls who get jobs most easily are those possessing an attractive wholesomeness. Cosmetics, if used, must be applied artistically.

"Clothes are important. I never, never wore short sleeves at work, no matter how smart they were, or how hot the weather. They seem too informal for an office. A man doesn't want to have to apologize for his secretary. I believe it is often necessary to spend more on clothes than they are really worth to your vanity, in order to present a proper appearance in business.

William T. Dewart, president of the New York Sun, and once Miss Brophy's boss.

"The austerely tailored modes are not successful: not restful enough to the eye. I also believe in spending money on manicurists and hairdressers. Good grooming helps hold a job as much as good clothes.

"The ideal secretary is not too individualistic. Often she will be obliged to take blame that really belongs to her employer. She must stand for this. On the other hand, an employer doesn't want her to be colorless, or lacking in spirit, because then he will have no reliance in her.

"The temptations are no greater than in most fields for women. If a man finds a girl is not interested in a delicate suggestion, he is not likely to pursue the subject farther. His having made an unpleasant suggestion doesn't mean necessarily that he'll be impossible to work for thereafter.

"But the bigger men in business seldom engage in this sort of thing. They generally seek their female companionship outside the office. They have too much at stake in a business sense to let cheap talk start about themselves.

"Marriage? Many firms won't take married women as secretaries. They fear the divided interest of a wife. Then, too, an employer often hopes his secretary will stay with him for the rest of her life, and a woman who is married seems less rooted to her job than a single girl.

"Personally, I feel that marriage alone doesn't unfit a woman for this endeavor, provided she is not foolish enough to try the housekeeping and maternal rôles along with her job. Unless she is well fixed financially—and what secretary is?—I think the having of children would be tremendously hard.

"For my part"—Miss Brophy's gray-blue eyes laughed for an instant—"for my part, I'm open to all marriage offers, provided the man has the proper financial, cultural, and family background. You see, the men a girl works with set up a standard in her mind.

"And I have worked with important and successful men."

The career of a show girl will be discussed by Miss Robinson in an early issue.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Eighty)

1—What does the Sixteenth Amendment provide for?

2—Of what countries are the following the capitals: Montevideo; Monrovia; Quito; Canberra?

3—What creature does a scarab represent?

4—What novel introduces the character *Rowena?*

5—What practice is known as polyandry?

6—With what sports do you associate the English towns of Wimbledon and Hurlingham?

7—What are known as the scuppers of a ship?

8—What is the origin of the word alphabet?

9—According to the Bible, where did Cain go after he had killed Abel?

10—What is the difference between hyperbola and hyperbole?

11—Do atmospheric disturbances occur in areas of high or low pressure?

12—Is Abyssinia a free state or a dependency?

13—From what is most chewing gum made?

14—What great insurrection was led by Emilio Aguinaldo?

15—What bone of the human body is called the sternum? Which is called the clavicle?

16—Who is the poet laureate of England?

17—What Roman was noted for his sumptuous feasts?

18—What is called the Land of the Rising Sun?

19—What are the two branches of calculus?

20—What two bodies of water does the Suez Canal connect?

CARRYOLA LASSIE
—a fine portable phonograph, smaller than the Carryola Master but with quality features usually found only in instruments costing far more. Comes in choice of three beautiful colors.

The Carryola Master, $25.00. (Slightly higher west of the Rockies, in Canada, and on time payments.)

The finest of music—*anytime, anywhere*

Carryola offers you Beauty without bulk Tone unsurpassed Value unequalled

When you listen to a Carryola Master—hear its faithful reproduction of fine, rich, full-toned music—you forget that it is portable. You forget that its compactness, its convenient size and shape make it lend itself to a hundred different uses. You think of it only as an instrument that produces the finest of music.

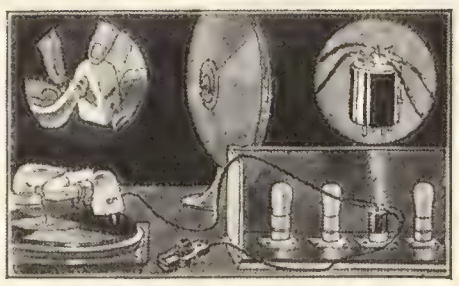
Only Carryola, with its great manufacturing organization concentrated on the building of portable phonographs, could produce such a fine instrument to sell at such a low price. Carryola's unquestioned leadership in this field is based squarely on its policy of giving you the biggest possible value for your money.

Hear the portable phonograph that bears the Carryola trade mark. Compare it, not only with others at the same price, but with those that cost more. You'll agree with us that no home need now be denied the enjoyment of fine music.

If your dealer has not yet stocked the Carryola line, write us direct, giving us his name and address. We'll see that you are supplied.

THE CARRYOLA COMPANY OF AMERICA
647 Clinton Street · Milwaukee, Wisconsin

And if you have a radio—by all means see and hear one of these marvelous attachments



Carryola Electric Pick-up

Double the enjoyment of your radio by playing records through it. Have the kind of music you want—when you want it. If you have a phonograph, the Carryola Electric Pick-up is all you need to reproduce records electrically through your radio set—with all its rich volume and tone.

If you do not have a phonograph, you can get the same results with the Carryola Porto Pick-up. It is complete with turntable and motor to operate the record. Either Electric Pick-up or Porto Pick-up can be attached or detached without tools.

You can have phonograph music one minute—radio reception the next.

If your radio dealer doesn't yet have Carryola Pick-ups, send us his name and we'll mail you illustrated booklet.

Carryola Porto Pick-up

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF PORTABLE PHONOGRAPHS

Carryola

BEYOND THIS YOU BUY FURNITURE

A PAGEANT of the Commonplace

Mr. Vidor Discovers the Average Man and a New Actor to Play Him

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 37 seconds.)

SOMEONE has said that the average man lands in his town newspaper just three times during his life: when born, when married, and when he dies. King Vidor, who directed The Big Parade, set out to film the inglorious career of this average man when he screened The Crowd.

Whatever the result, The Crowd is a film of high intent. Vidor dreamed of a Big Parade of Peace. He called in John V. A. Weaver, the Brooklyn poet who writes sonnets to L trains and subways. Metro-Goldwyn was enthusiastic.

Here was the plan of action: The Crowd would be a study of the humdrum, time-clock life of a modern *Everyman*. *John Sims* would be one of a million New York office workers. The panorama would tell of *John's* courtship, marriage, honeymoon, two babies, an eight-dollar raise in salary. Across the panorama would hang the ever-present shadow of *Everyman's* tragedy—the possible loss of a job.

Except when one baby dies, the problems would be such insidious ones as that of the bathroom door which never would stay closed. A story of tiny bickerings and little joys. It would be brutally true.

Vidor's outline was ambitious. Here would be a saga of all little boys whose proud parents thought their sons would become President.

Put this into celluloid and you have a dull gray pageant of the commonplace. It is all very well to say you will get your film out of its timeworn rut, and eliminate orgies, Park Avenue interiors, Palm Beach exteriors, ornate boudoirs, and Rolls-Royces. These are the movies' accepted symbols of gayety and success. Don't ask me what will happen to The Crowd in outlying box offices. Will audiences go to see an ironic study in monotony?

True, Vidor has done all this exceedingly well. He has gone back to his earlier directorial style, the gentle method that produced The Jackknife Man and The Turn in the Road. His film is marked with considerable human observation. And, of course, there is irony in *John Sims'* dreams that he is beyond the crowd, and in his failure to understand his own disillusionments.

I understand that the movie moguls of Metro-Goldwyn grew cold to The Crowd after almost a year of filming. It is easy to understand their panic. With all my love of art, I would rather own a one-tenth share in any scorching—and romantically false—Gilbert-Garbo cinema from this same studio than 50 per cent of what The Crowd will earn with all its honesty.

No golden award comes to *John Sims* in the end. He doesn't become vice president of his firm, with an immense residence on Long Island. (An ending like this actually was shot—and discarded.) He merely bucks up after losing his job and gets another one. Hardly an ending—and yet what ending would you have to a brutally truthful study of the everyday?

Vidor has inserted some neat tricks. For instance, his camera hunts out *John Sims* by soaring up the towering front of a skyscraper and through the window of a crowded office room.

You will like Eleanor Boardman as *John's* wife—the Mary who met her clerk and married him after high adventure at Coney Island. Here is a fine performance, the best thing Miss Boardman had done thus far.

I am not so sure that you will like James Murray as *Everyman*.

Eleanor Boardman, who offers a fine performance as Mary, the wife, in The Crowd.

Louise photo

John Sims (James Murray) and his wife Mary (Eleanor Boardman) see their baby killed by a speeding truck.

Murray is twenty-one. He was born in the Bronx. He was doorman at the Capitol Theater in New York and later house manager of the Colony Theater. Murray went West to seek fame.

Luck played a big part in his selection for *John Sims*. Murray happened to pass Vidor in a crowd of extras after a day devoted to testing hundreds of players for the rôle. "When I saw Murray," Vidor told me recently, "I knew I had my *John Sims*."

Murray faced the camera for the first time in The Crowd, although you may have noted him in other films before this. You see, the studio supervisors have been tinkering with The Crowd for a long time.

The Crowd has been previewed scores of times. The studio supervisors have cut it this way and that, adding various endings. Then they went back to Vidor's first conclusion.

I suspect that I ought to like The Crowd more. But its drabness probably will send you seeking such cheery film relief as may be found in Greta Garbo's eyes, Greta Nissen's shoulders, or even Olive Borden's knees.

Do you know that—

Adolphe Menjou and W. C. Fields are leaving Paramount Pictures? . . . Norma Shearer has a new Metro-Goldwyn contract? . . . Tom Mix's Argentine productions will be released through FBO? . . . After a year's inactivity, Raymond Griffith has been signed by Caddo Productions?

As Film Leaves Teeth Smiles Grow Bright and Sparkling

Film, too, is a cause of serious tooth and gum disorders. Dental science urges a new way to combat it.

Send coupon for 10-day tube free

In daily practice dentists are prescribing Pepsodent for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties.

Your dentist knows film and warns against it.

WHAT robs teeth of ivory brightness? What makes them more discolored one time than another?

And why, when looking their worst, do teeth decay more rapidly, gums grow sore and sensitive?

These questions dental science answers in three words—"film on teeth." What film is, how it acts, are told below.

To combat it successfully where ordinary brushing fails, a *special film-removing* dentifrice is used on dentists' advice, called Pepsodent.

Look for FILM this way

Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull and gray.

Germs by the myriad breed in film, and germs with tartar—a hardened film deposit—are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film invites the acids of decay.

And it is remembered that before this special film-removing method the prevalence of dental troubles was alarmingly on the increase.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film. Then brushing takes it off.

This is the greatest step made in a half-century's study of tooth-cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

Fights decay—firms gums

Other new-day agents in Pepsodent increase the alkalinity of saliva. They neutralize the acids which form from foods and cause decay. Its use aids in firming gums.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. That's why in 58 nations its acceptance among dentists and their patients, is virtually universal.

THREE STARS—Mae Allison, Virginia Valli and Julanne Johnson. Your smile, by daily use of Pepsodent, may become as bright as theirs when film is gone.

Give Pepsodent 10 days

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Between your dentist and Pepsodent you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

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Only one tube to a family 2762

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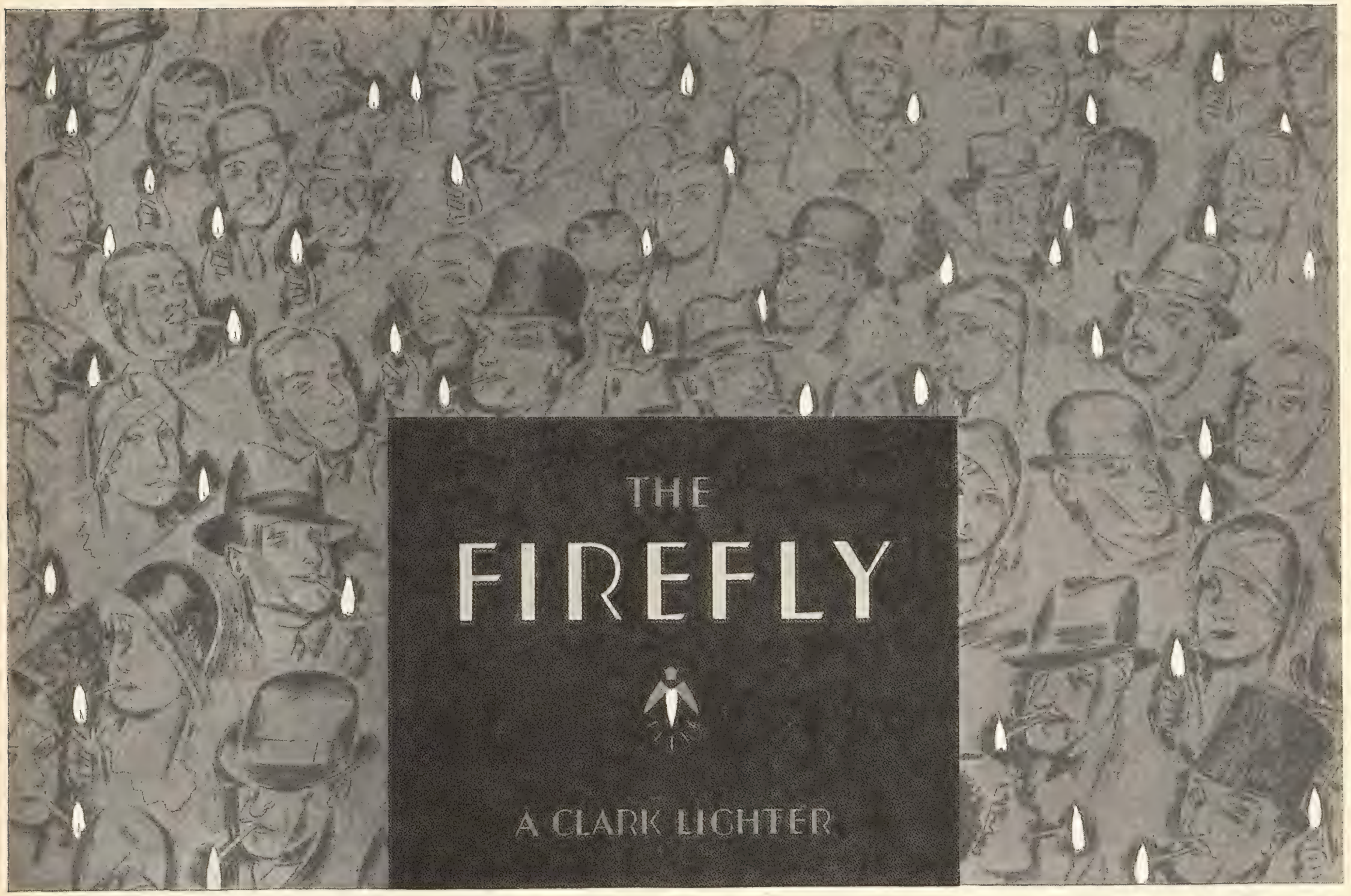
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



For you who smoke . . .

prices from $4.50

Here is the new Firefly Lighter—made by Clark the Jeweler—and the price range starts at $4.50.

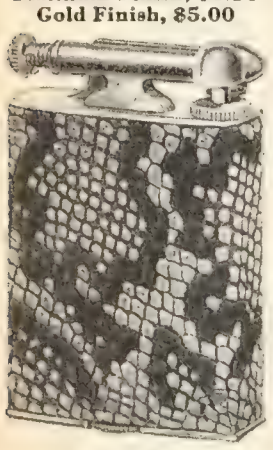
Do you know a smoker anywhere who would not like one of these Firefly Lighters? Each has every patented feature of the more expensive Clark Lighters. Each has the same jewelry finish and is just as sure, as clean and as safe to use.

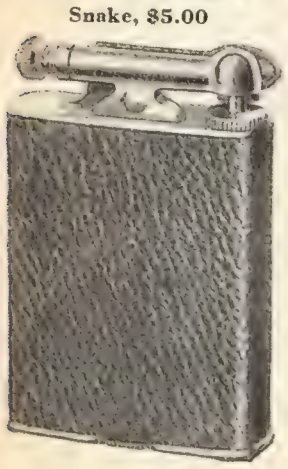
A rich man recently paid $1,750 for a Clark Lighter of engraved solid gold with diamonds inset—but it was not a better lighter than the Firefly.

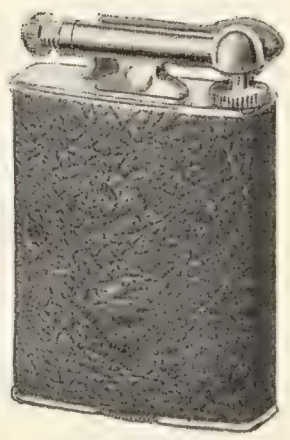
The Firefly Lighter, either plain or leather covered, is an article that any man or woman would be proud to own, to use and to give.

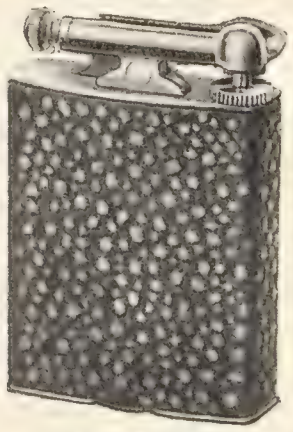
If you cannot buy a Firefly in a shop near you, write to us.

Platinum Finish, $4.50
Gold Finish, $5.00


Snake, $5.00


Black Seal, $5.00
Red or Green


Ostrich, $5.00


Pebble, $5.00
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Rib Calf, $5.00
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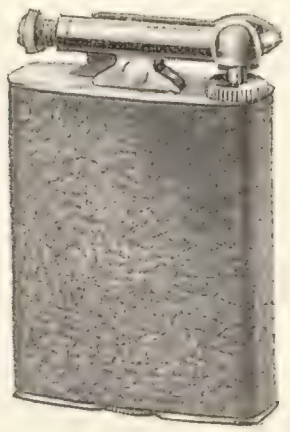
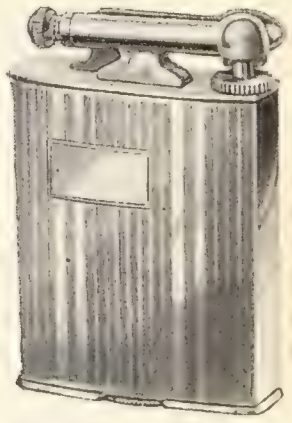
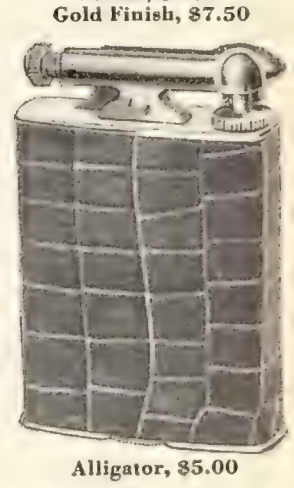

Pigskin, $5.00


Engine turned Platinum
Finish, $6.50
Gold Finish, $7.50


Alligator, $5.00

Signet, $6.50

CLARK LIGHTER CO., INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.

"Mail-Order" Morse

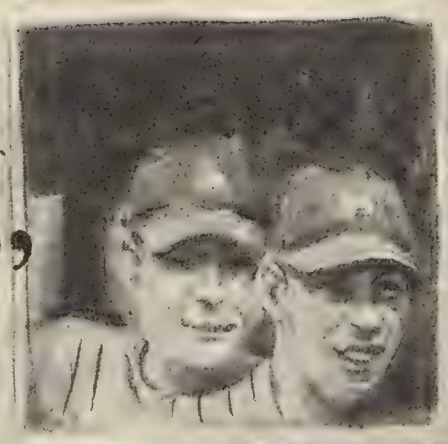
A Story of Hearts and Diamonds

By

FORD C. FRICK

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 22 minutes 33 seconds.)



SO you've been looking over the club roster, and you've seen Lefty Morse's name on the voluntarily retired list, eh? And you're wondering who this egg is, and where he came from, and why he quit the club?

Well, pull up your chair and sit in for a few hands while I deal you the face cards. Then, if you don't want to do the rest of your fly chasing down in Texas or Timbuktu or somewhere, just forget everything I'm about to tell you. There are a few things on this ball club that Huggins don't care to have discussed publicly, and Lefty is one of 'em.

Here's the low-down!

We all report for training down at St. Pete a couple of seasons ago, with a lot of pennant ideas, but needing one more good pitcher to really set us up. The first day Hug lines up his pitchers and catchers for a little game of toss to take the winter kinks out of their arms, and then retires to the dugout to smoke his pipe and kid a bit with the newspaper men. He's sitting there, watching the boys warm up, when a messenger kid comes along with a telegram and hands it to him.

Hug read the message, then he passed it over to Charley O'Leary.

"Take a squint at this," he said.

Here's what was in it:

DONT PASS UP OPPORTUNITY STOP COULD YOU USE A LEFT HANDED PITCHER WITH SPEED GOOD CURVE BALL AND CONTROL WHO KNOWS HIS ONIONS STOP REMEMBER EDDIE PLANK AND GET BUSY STOP DONT WRITE WIRE TO LEFTY MORSE ASHEVILLE N C

"Just a nut," said Hug, grinning.

"Yeh, just another nut," Charley agreed. "All them left-handers is nutty."

Hug passed the telegram to one of the newspaper men.

"Read that one and weep," he said. "That's why managers get gray hair and grouches."

And that was that.

But the next day the kid showed up with another telegram. This one said:

RUBE MARQUARD WON NINETEEN STRAIGHT STOP SO CAN I STOP WADDELL WAS PRETTY FAST BUT MY FAST ONE IS BETTER STOP YOU BETTER BE SAFE THAN SORRY STOP LOOK ME OVER STOP LEFTY MORSE ATLANTA GA

"He's gettin' closer," said Hug.

"So's th' income tax," Charley replied.

The next day two telegrams came. The first one was dated from Savannah:

WOULD YOU TRADE A COLLAR BUTTON FOR A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL STOP OF COURSE YOU WOULD STOP THEN WHY PASS UP CHANCE TO GET BEST LEFT HANDER IN THE BUSINESS STOP IT COSTS NOTHING TO LOOK

"Crazier than Bugs Raymond," Hug remarked, and tore the telegram into small bits. What was in the second wire nobody ever knew. Hug wouldn't even open it.

But the next morning he was cussing plenty when he came out to practice.

"That guy'll drive me nutty yet!" he told O'Leary.

"What guy?"

There was Lefty, holding in his arms the prettiest, niftiest, peachiest girl you ever looked at.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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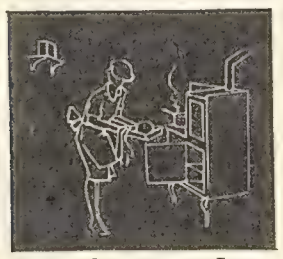
Ansonia Squareclox

Its alarm is faithful. Its time is true. You can trust the honest clockwork within this handsome case.

Your bureau has suffered under scratching stumblers long enough.



Put Squareclox on kitchen duty too . . . Let one rule your oven.

Sturdy works of brass are encased in all three sizes (see below) *Your choice* $3.50

At jewelers', hardware, drug and department stores.

SQUARECLOX
FINE ANSONIA ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS	SQUARE OWL,	SQUARE RASCAL
..Over 5 inches high, fine brass case, silver-plated dial.	about 4 in. high, fine brass case, black faced, radium dial.	...Under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 East 41st St., New York
Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated. (X the one you want.)
Square Boss ☐ Square Owl ☐ Square Rascal ☐
Name .....
Address .....

["MAIL-ORDER" MORSE
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

"That Lefty Morse. Either he's overdue at the booby hatch or he's the freshest rookie that ever asked for meal money. Know what he did? Called me up last night from Jacksonville, long-distance. Woke me up out of a sound sleep, and when I answered the phone that nut asked me what I was going to do about his contract. Said he was coming down here, and if I didn't sign him after seeing him work once he'd eat his shirt for breakfast and his shoes for lunch. Reversed the charges, too, th' son of a gun!"

"Well—?" says Charley.

"Well—?" says Hug.

"Well—?" says the newspaper men, and Hug chased 'em off the bench. But that night a lot of New York papers carried stories about the "mail-order pitcher" that was threatening to win a pennant for the Yankees.

And the next day, just before practice was over, another telegram came. Hug handed it to one of the newspaper men.

"Here, read it," he said. "I haven't got the heart."

EXPECT ME ANY TIME NOW STOP SAVE ME A UNIFORM STOP ANY ONE WILL DO STOP DONT WORRY ABOUT SIZE STOP JUST GET AN EYEFUL OF MY CURVE BALL

And that one was sent from Tampa.

Hug passed the telegram to one of the newspaper men. "Read that one and weep," he said.

THE whole gang was out to practice early the next morning, half expecting "Lefty" to show up—for by that time even the rookies knew about the telegrams. But nobody showed up. The gang even worked a half-hour overtime, sort of waiting and hoping that he might come, but finally Hug called it a day and sent 'em to the showers.

The correspondents went back to the hotel, grumbling because they had wasted a morning, and inside the clubhouse the boys started a pinochle game, trying to work up an appetite for dinner.

They had just got the game going good when the door opened and this guy Lefty busted in. Woodie, the trainer, tried to stop him. But you might as well have tried to keep Judge Landis away from the camera boys at a World's Series. He breezed past Woodie like Ty Cobb roundin' second, and pulled up in front of Hug.

"Well, well!" he announced. "Here I am, right on the dot. Boys, permit me to congratulate you on landing Lefty Morse, the best little left-hander that ever busted into the big leagues. Now, Mr. Huggins, if you'll instruct your man to give me a uniform I'll proceed to make you forget that a guy like Rube Waddell ever existed."

Hug just sat there looking at that fresh kid.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" he muttered.

"Oh, now, Mr. Huggins," this Lefty came back, "I wouldn't say that. Why, I never even would have suspected it if you hadn't told me."

I guess that wise crack is what saved him from sudden death. The boys were all laughing and Hug had to laugh too.

"You win, kid," Hug said. "If you've got half as much stuff on the ball as you have nerve, you ought to be a wonder."

Then he turned to Woodie, and he wasn't grinning, either.

"Give this kid a uniform, Woodie," he said. "And listen, boy. If you don't show me something you won't have to eat your shirt. I'll shove it down your throat. No fresh rookie can make a sucker out of me and get away with it."

The kid grinned and winked at the Babe, who was sitting over in front of his locker boning away at a couple of bats.

He wasn't a bad looking guy, this Lefty. His clothes were a bit ragged and dirty, as though he had kept his last few engagements via the brake-beam route, and he had on a tattered old cap that might have come out of some Salvation Army rummage sale.

He wasn't handsome or anything like that, but he was a good looking kid. His nose was just a wee bit off plumb and he had freckles. I've seen a lot of ball players come and go, but I never saw one with hands quite like Lefty's — long and tapering fingers, and soft as a woman's.

The Babe was the first to notice 'em. Pretty smart chap, that Big Fellow.

"Look at them mitts," he whispered to Schangie. "I bet he's a piano player, that guy."

LEFTY overheard the remark, and came back quick.

"That's right, Big Boy," he admitted. "And if you're a nice boy and learn your lessons maybe I'll play for you sometime. Listen, Big Fellow," he added, "you can hit a ball harder and faster than any man on this ball club, can't you?"

The Babe admitted that maybe he could.

"Well," says this fresh rookie, "I can throw one harder and faster than you can hit. How's that?"

All the time Lefty had been climbing into his uniform, and now, dressed, he snitched a glove out of Pennock's locker. The whole gang was sticking around, waiting for him to perform. Even the correspondents had got word of his arrival and were on tap. Lefty waved at the mob as he started for the door.

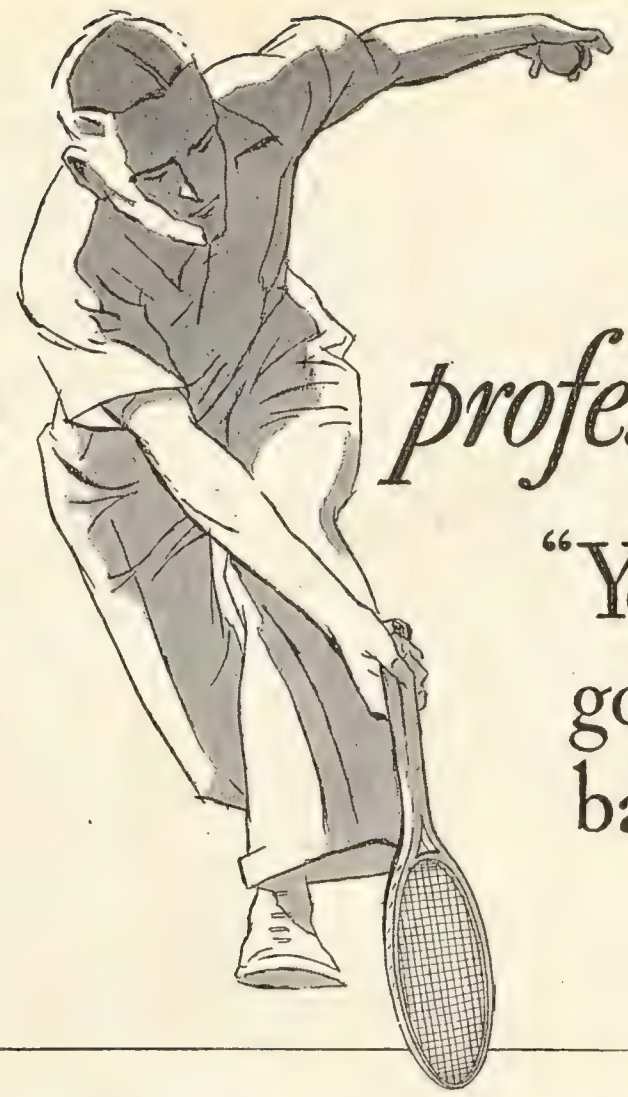
"Well, well," he laughed. "Our little army is all set and ready for the zero hour. Very well, men—fall in! Squads right! Forward, march!" And he went out the door goose-stepping like a German general, with all the gang at his heels.

The gang stood along the side lines while Krich warmed him up. For a few minutes Lefty just lobbed 'em into Krich's big mitt, getting the kinks out of his arm. Pretty soon, though, he was all warmed up and swinging 'em from his hip pocket.

"All right, kid; let's see that fast one," says Krich.

Lefty wound up and cut loose—just an easy sweeping motion, but that bloomin' baseball shot like a bullet right through the middle of the plate. Krich was all set to take

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

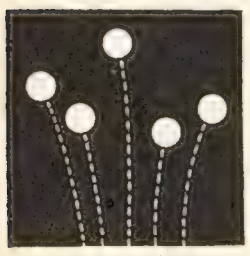


Any tennis professional will tell you..

"You can't play uniformly good tennis with tennis balls that aren't uniform"

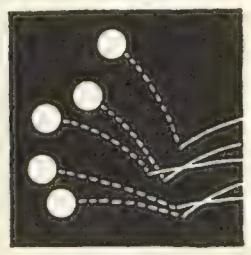
DO you know that two tennis balls of the same size and weight often vary as much as 20 pounds in compression? Obviously this variance will affect your play. One will feel light off the racket, the other heavy. What's the reason? Lack of *uniformity!*

Ordinary tennis balls are not uniform. You can't play uniformly good tennis with them. Ordinary tennis balls do not have uniform rebound, for one thing. When given the drop test, some have too much, others too little. Consequently each ball will have a different feel and action off the racket.



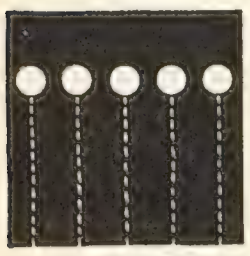
(No. 1)

Just how much this difference can throw you off your game you can see for yourself in illustration number two. Tennis balls that aren't uniform in compression and rebound *can't* be uniform in flight and action. Each ball will fly differently when stroked in the same manner. You will have to change the force and timing of your stroke to suit each ball. This lack of uniformity in tennis balls is one of the greatest handicaps a tennis player can have.



(No. 4)

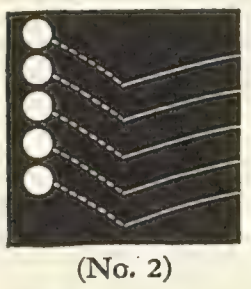
But Wright & Ditson have created a tennis ball that has none of these faults. A ball that is *absolutely uniform* in compression, rebound and action—the most uniform tennis ball ever created!



(No. 3)

Illustration number three shows what happens when Wright & Ditson balls are given the official drop test. Every ball bounds *exactly alike*—because every Wright & Ditson ball is made exactly alike in size, weight, and compression by an automatic process *that can't go wrong!*

Consequently, every Wright & Ditson ball acts alike, feels alike off the racket. You do not have to change the speed and timing of your stroke to allow for any variance. There *isn't* any variance in Wright & Ditson tennis balls. Every Wright & Ditson ball is exactly like every other Wright & Ditson ball. No other tennis ball has such amazing uniformity!



(No. 2)

THAT'S WHY THE DAVIS CUP MATCHES ARE PLAYED WITH THE WRIGHT & DITSON CHAMPIONSHIP BALL!

For 37 years the Wright & Ditson ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches played in this country since 1900. *Demand* it! 50 cents each—and always fresh, always uniform!

TWO BALLS—*play the one you prefer!*

(1) THE CHAMPIONSHIP BALL

The Wright & Ditson Championship ball is the legal, regulation ball. It has been adopted by the United States Lawn Tennis Association for championship matches. It meets every requirement of the U. S. L. T. A. and the International Federation in size, weight, rebound and quality. It is the ball champions play. It bounds the maximum legal limit—58 inches!

(2) THE EXTRA LIVELY BALL

The Wright & Ditson Extra Lively ball was made especially for players who want a higher bounding ball than a regulation ball is allowed to be. It has the same amazing uniformity as the Championship ball. But it has a higher rebound—that is the only difference. Players who feel that a livelier ball speeds up their game will welcome this new ball.

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CITY.....STATE.....

Are you being fooled by the . . .

New Blade Fallacy?

It isn't hard to believe that, because a blade is new it ought to give one a good shave. Lots of good men are fooled by that thought and thereby miss getting really fine shaves.

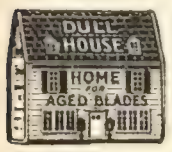
If a new blade is ready for shaving when it comes out of the wrapper, it is just pure luck. A blade may have had a bully fine edge when it left the factory, but highly tempered steel is like a temperamental child—it needs a good stropping frequently.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge. A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver.

You can now buy a Twinplex at any dealer's for as little as $2.50. It pays for itself in a few months and saves more than its cost each year thereafter. Other attractive Twinplex models at $3.50 and $5.00.



Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dull House solves the problem of disposing of old blades safely. Send 10¢ for it and we will also send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped on Twinplex, just to show you what real shaving is. Name your razor.

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1795 Locust Street, Saint Louis

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

["MAIL-ORDER" MORSE Continued from Page Thirty-four]

it, when suddenly we saw him shift his hands and the ball shot off the heel of his glove and hit him square in the stomach. He sat down sudden like, and the gang laughed. So did Lefty.

"Hey," says Krich, "give him a new ball. That one sailed on me."

Hug tossed out a new one and Lefty wiped it on his uniform a couple of times and cut loose again. Like the first pitch, the ball started straight over the plate, then jumped just before it got there. And how! Boy, if that ball wiggled at all, it jumped a good two inches, and up! You've heard guys kidding about fast balls that break upward, haven't you? Well, that guy Lefty had one! And it didn't just hop, either. It broke!

Krich called Schangie over to catch a few, and then Bengough looked 'em over for a while.

Hug walked over to Lefty.

"What's that thing you just threw?" he asked.

"The greatest pitch in the world," the kid came back. "That fast one you've just looked at is the stupendous celestial flier, defying the law of gravity as a Wall Street broker defies the Eighteenth Amendment."

HUG let the kid work awhile. His hook was no world beater, but a pretty good one that broke down and fast, like Pennock's overhand curve, though it wasn't as wide as Herbie's. He tried a side-arm curve too, and a slow one—none of them very hot. But every now and then, when the boys wanted a quiver, they'd call for that fast one, and believe me, they got an eyeful. "Big Barney" Johnson, when he was good, didn't have any more "swift" than this kid showed, and that hop at the finish was a whiz.

After he had worked for fifteen or twenty minutes Huggins called it a day.

"What?" the kid said. "Only twenty minutes' work? Believe me, I certainly am glad I let you talk me into taking a job with this outfit." And he was still grinning as he went back to the clubhouse.

O'Leary watched him go, then turned to Hug.

"Either that guy is too nutty to be human, or he's too darn smart to be a ball player," Charley observed. "What do you think?"

"Well," mused Hug—"yes—and no!"

Lefty got his tryout against hitters the next morning. For three innings he worked for the Yannigans against the Regulars. He struck out seven men, including the Big Fellow twice, and was touched for just one hit. He tried to slip a slow one past Combs, and Earl smacked it back through the box a mile a minute. Lefty just managed to get his chin out of the way and the ball rolled into center for two bases.

"I guess maybe my slow one ain't so good," he yelled across to Hug; "but watch what this next guy don't do to my fast one."

And then I'm durned if he don't cross up the batter with another slow one that was an easy pop out.

"Crazy as a loon," says Charley.

"Not so dumb, after all," Hug remarks.

THAT evening Lefty signed his contract, and he was grinning like a cat when he left Hug's office.

"Well, boys," he said, "you're all to be congratulated again. You've landed Lefty Morse, the great left-hander. Mr. Ruth, would you be so good as to lead us in three rousing cheers for the hero?"

"Well," says this fresh rookie, "I can throw one harder and faster than you can hit. How's that?"

"How'd you like to go jump in th' lake?" Babe growled.

"Well, now that you mention it, maybe a little plunge wouldn't be so bad," and he smacked Babe with a wet towel. Then, with a grin, he breezed out of the clubhouse before the Big Fellow could do him damage.

Of course Lefty was no Waddell or anything like that—and there were a lot of things about big-league pitching that he would have to learn. But he had the makings. And he was quick to pick up the tricks of the business, too.

Besides all that, he was a great guy, even if he was cocky. All the waitresses in the dining room were crazy about him, and the little girl at the cigar counter asked him to take her to the movies. Every single man on the club had been trying to get a smile from this gal, and she wouldn't even give 'em a tumble. But she fell for Lefty all right—and Lefty let her lay where she fell.

Of course the newspaper boys went for him big. "Mail-Order" Morse, they called him, on account of the telegrams he had sent to Hug.

Lefty used to look at the papers and grin, and once or twice, when the write-ups were especially big, he clipped 'em and pasted 'em in Babe's locker.

"Big Boy," he said, "if you had my brains and your hitting power you'd get advertising like that, too."

Babe grabbed a bat and chased him out of the clubhouse.

BUT two things Lefty wouldn't do: He wouldn't have anything to do with girls, and he wouldn't talk about himself.

"I'm the great What-Is-It, the Man of Mystery," he'd tell the reporters. "The Mysterious Mail-Order Morse. That's the stuff for a story, and I don't want to spoil your fun. Tell 'em I'm from Borneo, or Kankakee, or Timbuktu. Tell 'em I was born in the wild and woolly jungle and learned to pitch by throwing stones at lions to protect my wife and kiddies. Tell 'em— Oh, hell! I don't care what you tell 'em, but tell 'em plenty." And he'd grin his way out of the circle.

Sometimes, though, he'd sneak away from the gang and go up to the ballroom all alone and sit down and play the piano. And how he could play! Not jazz stuff. Real music—music that seemed to sneak into your blood. Music that was like a man talking to himself.

The first night he played the boys all crowded upstairs to listen. But when he saw 'em he stopped, and they couldn't coax him to play any more. After that, when he sat

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

Courtesy Bristol-Myers Co., Makers of Ipana Tooth Paste.*

The Firm of Eye & Mouth —*Purchasing Agents*

SIGHT and appetite sway most purchases. We would dine only upon the simple necessaries if mouths did not water over the delectable products that meet the eye in print and reality. "Our experience shows that people eat and buy with their eyes," says the delicatessen; and forthwith they put in visual counters and storefronts at the cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. The pocketbook yields when appetite commands.

The growing tide of color in advertising is due to growing recognition among advertisers of the dominant part that eye and mouth appeal plays in focusing attention and desire upon their products. Surveys of returns from color advertising indicate an average 300 per cent greater response over black and white.

Nature is the only manufacturer with an absolute *compulsory* market. Yet how lavishly she uses color to stimulate and increase consumption of her multi-products. Change red tomato ketchup to black and you evoke the law of diminishing response.

COLOR'S relation to eye and mouth appeal is a factor that should have big place in the considerations that shape your advertising campaign. For color's power makes for quick decisions and quick sales—the keynote of today's business.

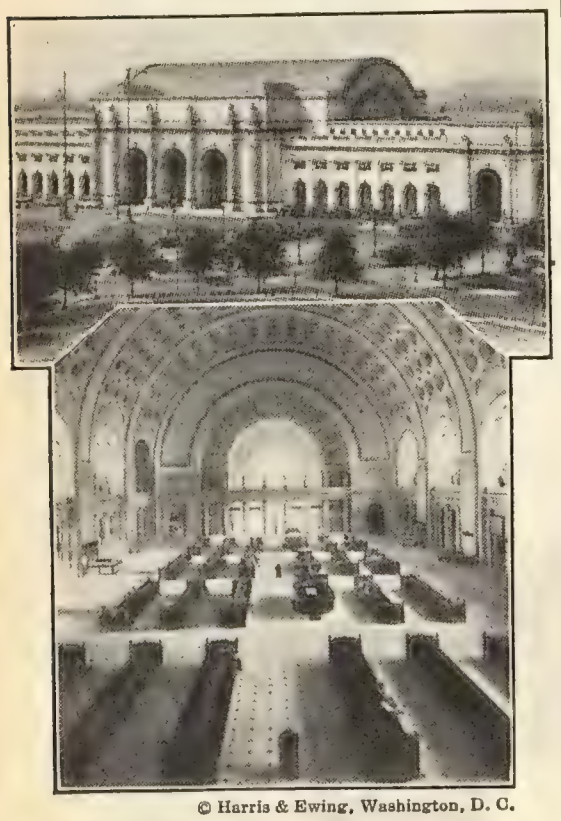
Equally important for your consideration is the fact that LIBERTY gives advertisers the finest four-color printing of any weekly magazine, by using an especially-made *58-pound cover stock*. Paper does make a difference in effects attained through four-color printing.

On LIBERTY's fine paper, LIBERTY's four-color printing gives the utmost effect of *reality* to pictured products, focusing upon these products a greater degree of buying impulse.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

*Black and white reproduction of four-color painting by courtesy of Bristol-Myers Co. Their consistent use of four-color advertising in LIBERTY, played a big part in this company's phenomenal success in building sales volume for new products—and is now an important factor in maintaining and increasing volume of sales.

In Washington's great Union Station . . .



© Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

Outstanding Leaders!

IN milk chocolate bars too, Washington represents the people's choice! Here in the great Union Station Nestlé's and Peter's outsell all others.

It's easy to understand why. Every "first bite" wins a new friend for these deliciously *different* milk chocolate bars.

Nestlé's is distinctive for creaminess — mild, delicately flavored, mellow. It is the creamiest of all milk chocolate bars.

Peter's tastes more decidedly of chocolate—rich and tangy. The richest in chocolate of all milk chocolate bars.

Pure chocolate and fresh milk with all its cream make these delicious bars wonderfully nourishing, too. Ideal for a quick pick-up bite.

Both are sold everywhere in five-and-ten-cent sizes, plain or with toasted almonds. Handy croquettes, also.

Richest in cream

Richest in chocolate

["MAIL-ORDER" MORSE Continued from Page Thirty-six]

down at the piano they'd do their listening from afar and whisper as though they were afraid of disturbing him, or maybe making him quit.

As it got near time for breaking camp and heading north, Lefty would play the piano more and more, and when the boys would talk about the opening of the season he'd get glum and quiet.

"Ever been in New York?" one of the boys asked him.

"Why, yes—er—no—that is, I've been there a few times," Lefty replied; "but I don't—er—I'm not sure if I'll like it much."

THE day before we broke camp we played a practice game with Banny and the Braves, and Lefty pitched the last four innings. What a hand the bugs gave him when the announcer yelled his name. He gave 'em a real treat, too.

Just fourteen men faced him in the four innings. One of them got a hit, another walked, and the rest were easy outs. When the game was over Banny came past our bench.

"That guy's good," he told Hug. "That's no fast ball he's got. It's an explosion. I wish some of these mail-order mystery guys would pick the Braves to do business with sometimes."

We moved northward pretty slowly that year, with a lot of exhibition games in little two-by-twice towns all through the South. Seems like that mystery stuff had gone over big, and whenever Lefty was scheduled to pitch, Mark Roth would have to get up at seven in the morning to start collecting the shekels.

But the nearer we got to New York the more subdued Lefty was. It worried Hug, too.

"What's the matter with you? Sick?" Hug asked him.

"Nope."

"Gettin' tired of baseball?"

"Say, I'm no quitter!"

"Broke?"

"Don't be silly!"

"Well, what the devil is the matter?"

Lefty grinned, the old-time impish grin of the training camp.

"I'll tell you, Hug," he said confidentially. "My hair's falling out and I'm afraid of getting bald!"

And with that he walked off, leaving Hug twiddling his thumbs and grinning sort of sheepishly to himself.

Nothing much happened until we were leaving Atlanta for Asheville. Hug called Lefty over.

"You're pitchin' in Asheville," he said.

Lefty looked quite a bit startled.

She fell for Lefty, all right—and Lefty let her lay where she fell.

"That's no—" "Yeh?" he said, and walked away.

But the next day when we went out to the park there was no Lefty. He didn't show for hitting practice and he was still missing when fielding practice was over. Hug cussed plenty, and sent Hoyt out to warm up. Lefty never showed, and when we went back to the hotel after the game he was still missing. But that night he was down at the train, grinning and smoking cigarettes as though he hadn't a care in the world.

Hug spotted him right away.

"Where you been?"

"Me? Oh, I've been right here."

"Well, what th' blankety blank do you think this is? I told you that you were to pitch in Asheville!"

Lefty grinned. "Gee, Hug, did you say Asheville? I thought you said Nashville."

"You're a liar! You didn't think any such thing. You know damn well I said Asheville. That'll cost you fifty, young fellow, and you'll pitch in Nashville tomorrow. Now, remember, I said Nashville, not Keokuk or Indianapolis." And Hug left in a huff.

Lefty wandered down the car and got into a bridge game.

Pretty soon Joe Dugan comes along and sits down with me.

"Say, Shorty, that guy Lefty ain't so girl-shy as he pretends," says Joe.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, this afternoon, when Hug took me out of the game, I got dressed and started back to the hotel. About halfway there a big roadster passed me, and in it was th' prettiest girl you ever saw. Regular queen. And Lefty sitting right alongside her and chinning to beat the band. He was so busy talking he didn't even see me—but I saw him all right."

Then Joe yells down to Lefty:

"Hey, Lefty, here's a new song for you to try out on your piano."

And Joe starts singing:

"Who were you with today, today—
Oh, who were you with today?"

Lefty colors up something fearful and socks Joe with a newspaper. Then a little bit later he leaves the game flat and comes over by Joe and sits down.

"Boy, she sure was a peach," Joe says. "You certainly pick the good ones when you do pick, Lefty."

Lefty tried to laugh it off and denied that it was him Joe had seen, but Joe won't be fooled, so finally Lefty gets serious.

"Listen, Joe," he begged, "just forget all about it. I can't explain now. But—let me see. I've been with this club five weeks now. In six more weeks, when I've been here three months, I'll explain everything. Until then—well, Joey, mum's the word, eh?"

Of course Joe promised.

LEFTY pitched against Vance in Nashville and beat him three to one, thanks to the Big Fellow, who drove in all our runs with a homer over the center-field wall.

That night he threw a feed for all the boys down at the restaurant, and played the piano afterward. Some of the boys sang a little, too, and even Hug and Charley came in to enjoy the music. Lefty was the life of the party. And when it was time to hit for the train there wasn't a guy in the gang who didn't hate to pull out.

"Gee," Lefty told me, "this has been a great night. I hate to think

that pretty soon I'll be—I mean, I hate to think training is about over and it's time for the season to open."

"Yeh, so do I," I told him. "I always did hate to see the season come around and be bothered with takin' a check every two weeks and havin' to go to the bank with it."

"Hot dog!" says Lefty. "We do get paid for all this, don't we?" And then he laughed as though he had said something funny.

We stopped in Brooklyn for a couple of exhibition games with the Robins, but Lefty wasn't with us. He got excused by Huggins for some reason or other. But when we opened the season up in Boston he was back on the job.

"This is great," he said to me as we were dressing: "playing ball with a big-league ball club. It's the first job I've ever had, Shorty, the very first. I wonder if I'll get a chance to pitch today?"

OF course he didn't. Hoyt pitched the opener and we won in a breeze. And Pennock went out for the second one and stopped 'em dead. During both games the crowd kept yelling for Lefty, and the photographers gathered around like jack rabbits to get shots of him. But Lefty kept in the background, and wouldn't let a photographer come close to him.

Ehmke beat Shawkey three to two in the third game, and Hug announced that Lefty would start the next day.

Lefty came to my room late that night, and it was the first time I had ever seen him nervous.

"Do you think I can do it, Shorty?" he asked. "Gosh, Shorty, I've got to win that first one tomorrow! It means a lot to me, Shorty—more than you know."

Of course I kidded him along and told him it was a breeze, but he only half believed it—and I've got a hunch he didn't sleep much that night.

You should have seen the mob out at that game. Ten thousand cash customers if there was one—and ten thousand in Boston is about a world's record. Of course it was Lefty that brought 'em. They wanted to see what sort of chap this mystery guy was—and, believe me, they saw plenty.

The Red Sox got a run in the first inning. Flaggy hit a half-speeder for a double to Combs, and the next guy sacrificed him to third. Then, when one of Lefty's fast ones got past Schangie, Flaggy came home standin' up.

After that it was just a breeze for Lefty. The Sox took a look at that fast one and faded out of the picture. Half the time they took 'em with their bats on their shoulders, and when they did hit they were rollin' easy ones down the base lines that our boys gobbled up like nothin' at all.

But that pesky Wingfield was having one of his good days too, and our fellows couldn't seem to get started. In the first four innings we filled the bases twice, with two down. Once Flaggy chased back to the flagpole to rob Wardie of a triple, and the other time Witt smacked one that Shanks got on his finger tips for a double play.

I booted one to start the fifth, and while I was still cussin' myself that pesky Wingfield stuck out his bat and got a lucky single past Dugan. Flaggy was up next, and that guy sure can whang that onion in the spring. And of course Lefty had to pick that spot to be foxy and try a slow one. Well, when Bob Meusel got through chasing the ball, two guys had scored, and Flaggy was thumbing his nose on third base. And there went the ball game.

Lefty didn't give them anything to look at all through the rest of the game, and in the ninth he fanned three guys in a row—but the damage was done. Lefty was sore as a boil when he came into the clubhouse, and cussed plenty.

"Just a damned fool," he said; "just a damned fool. If I had kept that fast one in there, instead of trying to get foxy with a slow ball, I could have stopped those guys dead."

And there was no answer to that one. He was right.

THE next day we opened at home against Washington—and what a mob! Even Ed Barrow had to grin when he saw all that coin coming into the box office. Jones started for us and Johnson for them, and for six innings they went along nip and tuck. Then, in the seventh, we got two men on and two out, and Hug sent Bush up to hit for Sam. Bush breezed.

"Get in there and pitch," Hug said to Hoyt.

Hoyt picked up his glove, but Lefty stopped him.

"I'm going to finish this game," he said, and he wasn't grinning either.

The stands were in an uproar.

"We want Lefty! Where's Mail-Order Morse?" the nuts were yelling.

Hug gave Lefty the up-and-down.

"I'm running this ball club," he said.

But Lefty didn't hear him. He was already halfway out to the box. For a minute I thought Hug would go after him and do murder. Then the funny part of it seemed to strike him.

"Oh, the damned fool," he said. "Let him go. We probably can't beat Barney today, anyhow."

Lefty tossed a few to Schangie to warm up, and then told the umps he was ready.

Bucky Harris was up. Lefty cut loose the first one, and we could see it hop from the bench. Clarence Rowland, back of the plate, ducked, then called a strike.

Bucky blinked.

Again Lefty cut loose. Another strike. Talk about speed! Say, Barney in his palmiest days never showed as much stuff as that.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Pictures that Satisfy or a New Film Free"

Cameras were made to be used!

And now the Ansco Guarantee offers a new inducement—

NO matter how long since you've gone in for a real session of picture-taking, you'll get an entirely new thrill out of your camera and a roll of Ansco Speedex, the Guaranteed Film.

Guaranteed? Yes, guaranteed to give you pictures that satisfy you, or a new film free. No stronger assurance of quality, no stronger assurance of results, was ever placed behind a film. For the Ansco Guarantee asks no questions. You will find that the Guarantee Bond in the package says:

"If the results from this film do not suit you, no matter whose fault it is . . . we will send you postpaid a new roll free of charge, together with suggestions of real help to you in obtaining fine results with your camera."

"No matter whose fault it is"—remember that! It's a broad provision, and a generous one. But the film is good enough to support it—for it is Ansco, the original roll film, incorporating new, proved formulas that have taken years of experience to perfect and apply.

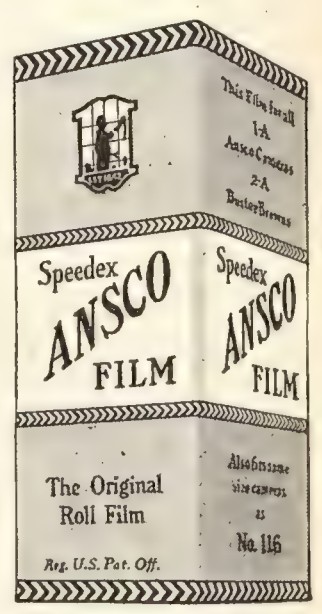
Camera time is here again. Make the most of it with *guaranteed film*. There's a size for every roll-film camera, no matter what the make.

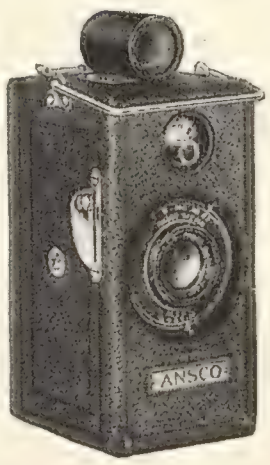
Take your pictures with

ANSCO SPEEDEX

The guaranteed film

TEXT OF ANSCO GUARANTEE: We are so sure of the results you will obtain with this improved Ansco Speedex Film that it is sold with the following guarantee that means just what it says. If the results from this film do not suit you, no matter whose fault it is, fill in your name, etc., on the reverse side and mail with complete set of negatives to Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. By return mail we will send you postpaid a new roll free of charge together with suggestions of real help in obtaining fine results with your camera.





ANSCO Memo CAMERA

This latest convenience in cameras takes 50 still pictures on one 50-cent standard 35 mm. movie film. Ideal for travel or any purpose requiring quick, inexpensive photographic records for notebook, enlarging *or projection*. Prints cost about 1c, positives 2c, each. Simple, light, compact. With direct-vision spyglass finder, F6.3 lens, and suede carrying case, only $20.

AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Please send free descriptive booklet on Ansco Memo Camera.

Name .....

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He went out the door goose-stepping like a German general, with all the gang at his heels.

["MAIL-ORDER" MORSE Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

Bucky fanned. So did Joe Judge. Ditto, Goslin.

Lefty walked back to the bench.

"Nice work, kid," someone said.

Lefty turned like a flash. "Nice work? You're damned right it's nice work! It's got to be nice work."

Then he pointed to a field box over by first base. "See that girl over there in the box? Well, I'm going to show her something. Three months ago she called me a bum. Said I'd never amount to a damn. And my old man backed her up in it. I'll show 'em!"

THE rest of that game is history. The Senators never had a chance. Lefty seemed to get faster every inning. The eighth and the ninth went by without a score. Then the tenth and the eleventh. In the twelfth, Peck booted one, Wardie singled, and Scotty doubled to bring in the winning run.

And as Scotty's hit went safe Lefty turned his back on the mob and dashed to the dressing room. He never spoke a word as he dressed. Finally, when he was ready to leave, he turned to the gang.

"Listen, fellows," he said, "let's harmonize a little, just once more. Come on, gang, whoop 'er up!

"There's a girl in the heart of Maryland—"

And I'm a son of a gun if every guy in the place didn't join in. Then, when they're finished, Lefty turned on his heel and went out without a word.

Charley O'Leary tossed a towel into the corner.

"Nutty, I tell you, nutty as a loon!" he said. "All them left-handers is nutty!"

No one answered.

Joe Dugan was looking out the window. He nudged me in the ribs, and pointed. I looked too. There was Lefty, holding in his arms the prettiest, niftiest, peachiest girl you ever looked at. And grinning—man, he wouldn't have looked any happier if someone had given him the Mint.

"It's the same girl he had in Asheville," Joe whispers.

That ought to be all the story. But it isn't. We were dressing for the game next day and wondering why Lefty hadn't shown, when a kid comes in and hands Hug a special-delivery letter. Hug read it through, then read it again.

For a minute he sat in his chair, his fingers drumming on the arms like they always do when he's thinking. Then he got up and walked over to the bulletin board and stuck the letter up.

Of course we all crowded around the bulletin board.

The letter was written on classy stationery, with a letterhead all embossed and everything, "Pope, Mallory & Pope, Brokers."

Here's what it said:

DEAR HUG: Maybe this letterhead will be explanatory. I'm Pope, Jr. And the little girl who met me outside the clubhouse yesterday is Mrs. Pope, Jr.—now.

I'm sorry to leave you flat—but baseball is no business for me. I'm a salesman. But I had to have a job. I'd been a no-account bum and knew it. And when I asked Ruth to marry me, she told me so. So did Dad.

Dad bet me a hundred thousand that I couldn't go out and get a job on my own hook, and make good. I wasn't sure I could either, but I made up my mind to try. You know the rest.

I won't say anything about my pitching. But I still figure that telegram stunt was a good one.

I'm inclosing a check for $1,000 to cover my training expenses. And I'm hoping I haven't upset your plans too much.

Sincerely,
FRANKLIN MORSE POPE, JR.

P. S. If the newspaper boys still wonder about my baseball experience, tell 'em to look up the Yale records for two years ago. They'll find where a chap named Pope set a new record for strike-outs with twenty-three in one game against Princeton. I'm Pope.

Joe Dugan whistled. "Hot dog!" he said. "I knew I had seen that kid somewhere. Franklin Pope, Jr.! Why, his old man is worth fifty million if he's worth a dime."

"Plumb nutty!" says Charley O'Leary. "Plumb nutty! All them left-handers is cuckoo!"

THE END

Johns-Manville

Hexagonal Shingles on a small cottage

Master of Asbestos

START WITH A PERMANENT ROOF— OR RE-ROOF FOR THE LAST TIME

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingle Roofs are dated on our records—None has ever worn out

A BETTER looking roof—a roof that will never wear out, that will never lose its color, that is permanently fireproof, that ends roofing expense for all time is one of the best investments you can make. It assures you of saving money.

You do not need to buy a new roof or make extensive repairs every few years. Cheap roofs are a false economy. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles cost a few dollars more than paper and asphalt roofs, or other temporary materials, but their first cost is their last. No roof of these shingles has ever worn out. *And you cannot buy a better looking roof at any price.*

Completely Fireproof

As one house owner says—

"I've found that as a rule you get what you pay for. My roof cost me a little more because it's worth more. I could have put on a substitute for a few dollars less. It would have kept the weather out for a few years. Instead, I spent a little more and got a roof that I'll never have to replace and that is completely fireproof. Besides, my roof has beauty and a solid substantial look that flimsy materials just can't give. Altogether I think I made a mighty good buy." Our customer is right. To buy a temporary roof is simply buying more expense in the near future. Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles save you such expense—and the annoyance that goes with it.

This house at White Plains, N. Y., shows one of the many pleasing color arrangements possible with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

It is Easy to Buy These Shingles

Every roofer or contractor, every lumber or building material dealer can supply you Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Not all have stocks, but any of them can easily obtain the shingles from one of our Authorized Distributors. It will pay you to insist on having what you want—to protect your home and to beautify it with the warm, harmonious colors which are demanded by modern taste.

Your Roof is Recorded

Be sure to ask your roofer for the Johns-Manville certificate. This vouches for the genuineness of your roof, and shows the name of the dealer who supplied you with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. A copy of this record is entered at our main office, thus insuring you the protection of our full guarantee.

JOHNS-MANVILLE MASTER OF ASBESTOS

The pioneer developer of Asbestos was Johns-Manville. This strange mineral which can be spun into yarn, woven into fabrics, ground into cement or felted into paper, is now a vital necessity to scores of industries.

It is also closely associated with the everyday life of everybody. Motor cars are controlled at all speeds by Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining and clutch facings. Home heating plants are made more effective by Improved Asbestocel insulation on the pipes. Railway cars are insulated against heat and cold by Johns-Manville. Thus the products of Johns-Manville are of importance to almost every person in the country.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining makes automobiles safer.

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel on heater pipes costs very little, saves coal and insures a warm house.

Acoustical—In offices, auditoriums or other places where there are echoes or where outside noises disturb, Johns-Manville Acoustical Service can easily correct the trouble and greatly reduce echoing.

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THE First and Second, with the Moroccan Division between them, broke the German line west of Soissons.

Leaves *from My* War Diary

Drawings by CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

By GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Breaking Through at Soissons— America Ready to Sweep the Air

(Reading time: 20 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN preceding installments of his personal record of the World War the author described what happened after the famous March, 1918, drive of the Germans; the shelling of Paris; the drive in the Chemin des Dames. The last article pictured the Allied bombing of Fère-en-Tardenois in June, the repulse of the German attack of mid-July by the Third Division on the Marne, and preparations for the Allied counter attack.

PART FOUR

July, 1918 (continued).

ON July 16 we counterattacked the Germans opposite the left flank of the Fifth French Army. Zero hour was at 12 noon, and our whole aviation participated in it. We had some violent combats; just held our own in fine shape. We attack in echelon by flights of five airplanes each, one after the other. The Germans fly in a group of about five airplanes—a fan formation, as they call it, which, when it hits one of our flights, spreads out on both flanks and attempts to get over, under, and on each side of it.

This seems all very well theoretically, but a spirited attack of one flight of five ships of our pursuit throws it into confusion. The succeeding flights, still holding their formation, come in one after another, and the last formed organization wins the fight. I look for the Germans to change to our tactics in a few days.

I went to sleep on the night of July 17 with great hopes for the morrow, when the attack at Soissons was to take place. German aviation, I knew, was concentrated over their main attack, centering at Reims. I had kept any great amount of aërial activity away from the vicinity of Soissons. The only fliers that had been over before were Brereton and Hazlett, who flew clear across the salient. I had preceded them the day before in a single-seater machine. Both of these trips were very hazardous and difficult to perform.

I went to bed thinking that our orders for the morrow were O. K. and that the British brigade at Ormeux and our First Pursuit Group would be available for the fight. At 3:30 in the morning I was awakened by Major Gérard, who was again in great perturbation. The orders had been all mixed up and the British air brigade had been directed to attack in the Reims area, which could not be changed at that time.

This left our First Pursuit Group as the only air organization to cover the front on the day of our most important attack. I told Major Gérard that we could handle the matter, but that the whole group would have to act together, and, in addition, we would put in all our

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY]
Continued from Page Forty-five

observation aviation, to lend what assistance they could.

He agreed to this entirely, and when dawn broke, off went every airplane that we had to clear the air over our comrades on the ground in the most important operation during our participation in the European War, if not in the whole war since the beginning.

Fortunately, the Germans were taken by surprise, and we kept the sky clear while our splendid divisions, the First and Second, with the Moroccan Division between them, broke the German line west of Soissons.

It may seem strange to some that a great soldier like General Ludendorff had denuded that most important part of his line. It is one of the rudiments of military strategy, when one is acting out from the point of a salient, to hold the base of the salient strongly, because if that is broken the enemy gets behind you, which is fatal.

I have been told that General Ludendorff, the German Chief of Staff, counted his troops that were in certain areas according to the number of battalions. A battalion normally has about 1,000 men, of which about 500 or 600 can be depended on to fight on the line. The German battalions, however, were reduced to a strength of from 100 to 200 men in many cases, so that no more than 50 or 100 men were available for duty.

OUR splendid troops have broken the line. Our First and Second divisions are now first-class fighting troops. They have had a great deal of experience and a tremendous amount of training. They can stand the losses and, with adequate leaders, will not fail us. The Forty-second Division is close behind them, and soon there will be others.

I flew over the area during the attack in the afternoon. The Germans began to get a few airplanes over, but it was too late. The next day I noticed a great deal of German movement throughout the salient, and I was sure that a German retreat was to be made.

The attacks kept up at Soissons. I went up to see the condition of the First and Second divisions as they came out of the line. Although very tired, they showed all the characteristics of good troops. They held their formations; there was little straggling. Their equipment was in fair condition; their officers carried themselves in splendid manner.

There was no doubt in my mind now that the Germans were retreating as rapidly as possible, and marching mostly at night so as to get away from our air reconnaissance and attacks.

Our balloons under Major Paegelow were doing especially good work. While the troops on the ground did not know much about using them, Paegelow always had them ready and always up with the troops, and we got a great deal of information from them. As our aviation was so far outnumbered by the Germans, I knew that we would have lots of balloons shot down, and made Paegelow provide two spare balloons immediately behind each one that was on the line.

A French observation balloon detachment operating near Toul.

One of our balloon companies had an observer jump five times in a parachute in one day—three times out of his burning balloon and twice when it looked as if his balloon would surely be burned. I shall recommend him for the D. S. C.

We had been issued only two anti-aircraft machine guns for the balloon companies. Later I obtained four, but now I wanted to get as many as I could. I told Paegelow that he did not have enough machine guns with his balloon companies. He asked me where he should get them, and I told him I did not care where he got them—that I wanted them there by the next day.

Imagine my surprise when I visited one of the balloon companies the next day and counted thirty-two machine guns around the balloon which could put up a terrific barrage. Upon looking at them I saw that they were German Maxims, really better guns than we have, with corrector sights for anti-aircraft fire. Old Paegelow had found and captured a machine-gun depot, and had immediately appropriated all that he could possibly carry away in every kind of vehicle obtainable. These are the kind of men to have on the front.

Part of the answer to the soldiers' ever-present question: "When do we eat?"

I went down to Bombon, General Foch's headquarters. Armengaud was elated. All of the data that we had gathered from the air had proved to be correct. The point of attack as shown by our aërial reconnaissance was exact and we had been able to tell within a few hours when the attack would come.

Now General Foch is going to keep hitting at different points all along the line, so as to keep the Germans occupied at the same time, and, in addition, get together a mass of maneuver which he can hurl at any place required.

We now are sure that the Germans are on the run. They escaped our trap at Soissons because we could not get into the salient quite fast enough. I consider the Battle of Soissons one of the decisive battles of the war. The first was the Battle of the Marne, in which it was determined that the French Republic could not be conquered during the first onslaught; second was the Battle of Tannenberg, in which the Germans destroyed the Russian military power. And now the Battle of Soissons, which has thrown back the German advance at the most critical time in the whole war. From now on there is no question that we can build up sufficient military strength to crush the central empires, unless peace intervenes before.

FOULOIS recently has been coming up frequently and giving all the assistance possible. Patrick is having round-table conferences in Paris. I attended one, and was favorably impressed with what was done. There were some really practical men sitting there.

Dunwoody and Major Satterfield from Buffalo, New York, are doing wonderfully. Satterfield never misses a trick. Their whole principle is to get the stuff that we need to us. When we tell them we want something, they do not say there is something else just as good—they get it. General Pershing is giving us more and more support.

I have just heard of poor Bolling's death and how it occurred. When he had been stripped of all his authority in Paris, he applied for service on the front. We had determined that as soon as he became familiar enough with the work he would be made Chief of Air Service of the Second Army Corps. To perfect himself in the work, Bolling kept up his flying eagerly and obtained permission to go to the British front.

He proceeded there with a small automobile and a chauffeur. During the March offensive, when the Fifth British Army was destroyed by the Germans, Bolling hurried out to the front to see what was going on. The British air force alone was holding up the German advance along the sector of the front by attacking the German

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY] Continued from Page Forty-six

troops on the ground as they came forward and stopping them, which was giving a respite to the fugitives of the British Fifth Army in their retreat.

Hurrying toward what he supposed to be the line still held by the British troops, he ran squarely into an outpost of Germans. They called on him to surrender, but rather than do this he jumped in a shell hole beside the road and defended himself with his pistol. The chauffeur was overpowered and captured. Bolling refused to give himself up, and after shooting several Germans was himself killed.

On July 25 General Foulois sent me the following letter, which rather surprised me. Foulois certainly was trying hard at this time to do everything that he could, and we were supporting him from our end.

France, July 25, 1918.

From: Chief of Air Service, First Army.

To: Commander-in-Chief, American E. F.

Subject: Assignment of Colonel William Mitchell as Chief of Air Service, First Army.

1. I recommend that Colonel William Mitchell, Air Service, be assigned to duty as Chief of Air Service, First Army.

2. In connection with this recommendation, I wish to bring to your attention the most efficient service of Colonel Mitchell during the past month in the organization, battle training, general supervision, and guidance of the Air Service units which have been operating with the Franco-American troops in the Château-Thierry area.

These units had had but a limited amount of tactical training in the quiet sector of the Toul area, when they were ordered to the Château-Thierry area. The unit commanders, although excellent officers, and eager and willing to learn, had had no experience in major tactical offensive operations, such as were encountered immediately upon their arrival in the Château-Thierry area.

Colonel Mitchell, as Commanding Officer of the First Air Brigade, and as the representative of the Chief of Air Service, First Army, was directed to exercise technical supervision over these units, and, if necessary, in emergencies to exercise tactical supervision in order to absolutely insure efficient results. I am glad to say that the technical and tactical supervision exercised over these units by Colonel Mitchell has resulted in a minimum loss of life, a maximum effective use of material available, and a high fighting spirit of morale which will be most beneficial in establishing the standard of efficiency for all new Air Service units now organizing and to be organized in the future.

B. D. FOULOIS,
Brigadier General, S. C.

On July 27 I was formally notified of my appointment as Chief of Air Service of the First Army, to take command of the air troops. I was ready for this, because for over a year I had been working on just what we would do in that eventuality. I moved my headquarters up to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The last days of July were spent in making arrangements for organizing the Air Service of the First Army.

One of the French railroad guns in action during the Soissons fighting.

Although there were many things left to be desired, I felt that our work at Château-Thierry had been remarkable; I mean that of the ground troops as well as the air troops. The Germans are now thrown back, and will have to remain on the defensive because their available reserves for attacking are used up. They still could retire, greatly shorten their front, and again get together a mass of maneuver for striking; but I believe that they will allow us to attack and use ourselves up, if such a thing is possible, before moving to the rear.

This war on the ground—that is, with the armies—is an endless performance. The armies will fight for months, lose hundreds of thousands of men, billions of dollars' worth of equipment, and one or the other will have advanced a mile or two. This isn't war—it is a slaughterhouse!

A camouflaged French battery in the Champagne sector.

The Germans have been getting very active in the Toul sector. They must have strong suspicions that our American Army will begin to operate in that area. The other night they destroyed or damaged twenty-four British airplanes in the airdrome at Ochey.

This place has the usual peacetime arrangement of airplane hangars, set all in a line. Each of them has five or six bombardment airplanes inside of them. The hangars are made of galvanized iron. The sides are heaped up with sandbags to a height of about six or seven feet, to prevent the splinters of bombs getting into them. What happened was as follows:

Each night the British airplanes went over the front on a raid. When they came back they would give a signal with a certain kind of rocket to identify themselves. Then the airdrome would be lighted up and the airplane would land. The British did not change the signal for three nights. The Germans, of course, were watching it all the time.

On the third night a German airplane came over, gave the British signal for landing, the airdrome was lighted up, and the German came right down over the hangars, dropping bombs all along the line.

In some cases the hangars were blown down and the machines entirely destroyed inside of them. In other cases a bomb punctured a small hole through the roof of the hangar, exploded on the ground inside, blew all the linen covering of the wings off of the airplanes, and filled the whole hangar full of holes.

COLONEL MILLING and Major Hall had a narrow escape the other evening not far from Toul. They were going along the road in their automobile, with a chauffeur and a couple of British officers, when a German airplane espied them and fired a few machine-gun bullets at them. They could be very plainly seen at night, as the road is so white.

As they descended a hill the right hind wheel had a puncture, and they stopped beside the road. They lighted a light for just an instant to see how to get the wheel off. But in that instant the German airplane saw them and dropped two small bombs. One exploded in a ditch about ten feet off and did no damage; the other exploded a little closer, and hit virtually every member of the party, mortally wounding the chauffeur, who died the next day.

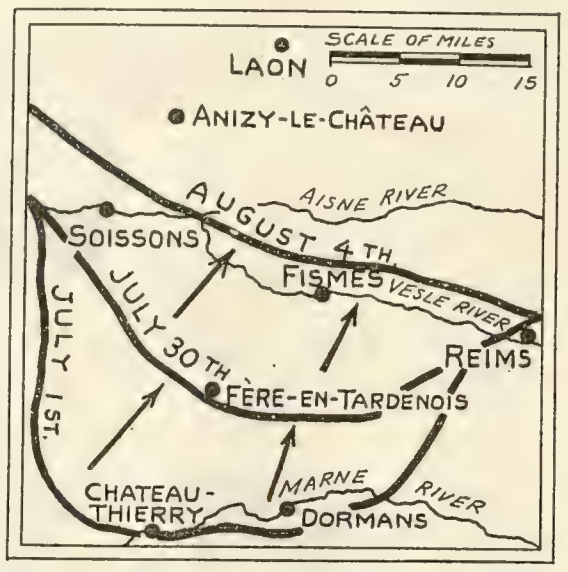
I have just heard that Allan Winslow is reported missing. We have sent Wentworth, a cousin of his, up to see what he can find, because we think he was shot down somewhere near our front line. I am very sorry to lose Winslow. He was the first American to shoot down a German airplane, and has done well with us ever since.

August, 1918.

BEGINNING with the first of August, we rapidly pushed forward our preparations for assembling the greatest air force that the world has ever seen. It was evident that, as soon as we Americans began to act as an independent army, the Germans would concentrate their whole air force on us

for the purpose of demoralizing all our ground troops by seizing and holding dominion of the air over us.

I estimated that, within three days after we attacked, the Germans could concentrate very nearly 2,000 airplanes against us. I therefore decided to assemble a force of 2,000 to cover our initial attack, no matter where it might be. I immediately took up the matter, through Armengaud, with the French, to find out what they could spare. General Foch approved everything that we put forward, in principle, and our work went rapidly on.



Map showing the territory around Soissons where the First and Second divisions went over in 1918.

I now began to get the old staff officers that I had trained together, particularly Colonel T. D. Milling. He is the best Chief of Staff that I have ever seen in any service.

Different commanding officers use their chiefs of staff in different ways. I always have my Chief of Staff co-ordinate the various staff sections and see that the machine functions properly. When I am commanding, I always draw up my own orders for the military operations of the fighting units, and personally check the sending and receipt by the unit commander of their special orders.

When orders are not obeyed, it is usually the commanding officer that is at fault. Either the orders have not been delivered or they are so written that nobody can understand them. I always kept an officer at my headquarters, whose name I will not mention, to whom I had read all the orders. If he could understand them, anybody could. He was not particularly bright, but he was one of the most valuable officers I had for that reason.

On August 4 I drove up to Château-Thierry, along the road on the north side of the Marne. I was tremendously impressed by the looks of Vaux on the ground. Brereton's observation aviation had conducted the artillery shoot against this town. I have never seen greater destruction anywhere. Every house was down; the débris had to be blasted with dynamite out of the road to open it.

As I approached Château-Thierry, I saw some fine infantry coming up the road. Soon I met my old friend McCoy. We stopped to have a few words, and I asked him what organization these fine troops that were passing belonged to and where they had come from. He said they had just come out of the line on the Vesle, and that it was the Sixty-ninth New York, which he had the honor of commanding.

I had some work to do in Château-Thierry. As I came out of a building I heard some trumpets blowing for a march past. I looked across the square, and there was General Degoutte reviewing the Sixty-ninth New York, with McCoy beside him.

This gallant regiment has had a fine history in our great battles, both in the Civil War and this one. They can have no better commanding officer than McCoy. He should have been made a general long ago.

This regiment is composed entirely of Irishmen from the East Side of New York, and always has been.

In our former wars the replacements for it have come from their own section of the city and have also been Irish; but I am told that in this war, replacements come from anywhere they can get them, and that most of the recruits sent up are Jews.

The combination of Irish and Jews seems to be doing pretty well.

OUR officers and men are beginning to get that warrior look which comes only from contact with a strong enemy. It is quickly lost when troops are withdrawn from the front for a considerable period, and comes back again only after hard fighting.

On August 13 I flew my Spad from the Château-Thierry area to Neufchâteau, where I established my headquarters and staff. On the night of my departure the Germans unmercifully bombed the railroad station which was just across from my headquarters at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, practically blew it up, and smashed my fine old house all to pieces. Our staff now began to prepare for the coming of our great air host.

This work fell primarily on Captain Joralemon, my equipment officer. Joralemon is a mining engineer and had one of the high positions in the great copper mines in Sonora in Mexico. He has the greatest job that any air supply officer has ever had, because he has to prepare for the coming of a maximum of 2,000 airplanes of fourteen or fifteen kinds, requiring spare parts for each, supplying them with gasoline and oil, guns

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[LEAVES FROM MY WAR DIARY Continued from Page Forty-nine]

and ammunition of all sorts, bombs of eight or ten sizes and kinds.

Each airdrome has to be thoroughly renovated and repaired, housing provided for all the men and pilots, and Captain Marvel, our signal officer, has to install an entirely independent telephone system and radiotelegraph net to handle our communications.

ARMENGAUD of the French service is a tower of strength to us, and I shall make him my Assistant Chief of Staff for Operations. He smooths everything out between us and the French service. We have two Italian squadrons also. We have arranged with my old friend General Trenchard, the splendid commander of the British Independent Air Force, to co-operate with us with his bombardment force of about 100 ships.

On August 28 I formally assumed command of the Air Service of the First Army. This was the first definite American command which was organized for grand operations in our history. I moved my headquarters up to Ligny-en-Barrois on August 27. Lieutenant Miller had prepared for the movement. We had taken over a public-school building as our headquarters.

I had procured a wonderful relief map of the whole St. Mihiel salient that we were about to attack. It had been made up by the French balloon companies operating in this area, and had been the work of several years. I had gotten the various pieces and put them together.

It occupied a floor space of about twelve by twelve feet. Each hill, wood, road, detached house, large building, railroad, railroad yard, ravine—and in fact every incident of the terrain—was remarkably depicted.

This, combined with my intimate knowledge of the country, derived in the first place from studying it for many years, and

Brigadier General B. D. Foulois.

now from flying over it with both French and American observers with me, made me feel that I knew this part of the world as well as any man living, and better probably than any Frenchman himself.

We were still having a terrible time getting suitable airplanes. Colonel Hall, a motor manufacturer from California and one of the designers of the Liberty motor, has been given the job of technical development in our supply service.

I had met Colonel Hall several months before, when he had been a member of a party of joy riders, but paid little attention to him at that time, as I thought that as soon as he got through with seeing what he wanted, he would go back to the United States and tell about it, the way all the rest of them did. But it was different with Hall. He came here to work, and work he did, with tremendous intelligence and energy.

General Mitchell and one of the Nieuport planes he flew at the front.

MY staff is working well. Colonel De Witt, of G-4 of the Army, is handling the question of the shipment of our supplies in a masterly manner. I think De Witt is probably the ablest officer on the army staff. Nothing ever seems to go wrong with him. That means a lot in this kind of war, where nearly the whole game is a question of the number of pounds of supplies that can be sent up. De Witt's routing along the roads and railroads seems never to miscarry.

General Pershing now is in high spirits. We are getting our American Army together; and our air people—who for a long time have felt that Pershing did not know, or care to know, very much about aviation—are beginning to change their minds, as he is helping us in every way possible.

Major T. D. Milling.

I guess he could not swallow the whole hog to begin with—had to take it easy; but it put us back a good many months. One has to expect that in the organization of a new outfit, and from now on I hope he will do better, and I am sure he will if we deliver the goods.

The closing days of August saw us assembling the greatest army the United States has ever seen, to do battle on European soil. Thousands upon thousands of men fill every road, while all means of transport are bringing the tremendous amount of supplies they require.

French machine gunners in the trenches near Dormans.

September, 1918.

THE 1st of September saw my headquarters permanently organized, and a force of 1,476 airplanes and 20 balloons, under my command, concentrating to join battle with the Germans. Thirty thousand officers and men handle the airplanes. They are disposed on fourteen main flying fields and a great many substations, while three large supply points handle the material for the Americans, the French, the British, and the Italians.

It is the greatest concentration of air power that has ever taken place. It is the first time in history in which an air force, cooperating with an army, is to act according to a broad strategical plan, which contemplates not only facilitating the advance of the ground troops, but spreading fear and consternation into the enemy's line of communications, his replacement system, and the cities and towns behind them which supply our foe with the sinews of war.

Brig. Gen. F. R. McCoy.

General Trenchard of the British Air Force, my old friend of the early days of the war, and one of the greatest figures in the whole European contest, whether on the ground or in the air, has been relieved of command of the air forces acting with the British Army, because of his pronounced views on the subject of how air power should be organized.

He stanchly held that it should be separate from the army and navy and be used as an independent force—which is absolutely right—and accordingly he has been assigned to head the Independent Air Force, an organization designed to bomb the interior cities of Germany, where lie their manufacturing and supply resources.

IN addition to the American, French, and British units, I have some squadrons of Italian bombardment aviation who do all they can in their sphere. Here we are, a force of four nations, acting together with no discord, misunderstanding, jealousy, or attempt to shirk or escape the maximum duty or losses which may be required. Such a thing could not have occurred with ground troops. I say this because the game on the ground is such an old one. The element of novelty and development has ceased to exist in it.

Another thing that lends strength to our association and understanding of each other is the fact that I have had our officers study the methods, ways of doing things, and even personality of the officers composing the air forces that are acting with us. When foreign officers join us I put them right in our organization, give them responsibilities and duties to perform.

Armengaud is one of them. Most of the time when I reconnoiter in my two-seater airplane I put Armengaud in the back seat. He is one of the best observers that I have ever seen—cool, observing, brave, and resourceful. The other French officers that I have at my headquarters have been carefully selected also, and not taken by me on the recommendation of someone else. They were taken only on my approval after I had seen them work.

Most of the officers on our General Staff have no appreciation of what this great air force means. There are some marked exceptions to this. Not one, however, except Major Bowditch, has shown any inclination to go up in the air and see what is going on.

General H. M. Trenchard.

The Battle of St. Mihiel and the glorious part played in it by our air and ground forces will be described by General Mitchell in next week's Liberty.

How We Win Men

To Our New Shaving Cream

A 10-day test at our expense that proves to 85% of those who try it that the claims we make are based on fact

GENTLEMEN:

No man is ever convinced against his will. And extravagant claims fail to impress when the product itself cannot live up to them.

So in introducing our new shaving cream to you we discard bombast and boasting, and rest our case flatly on your decision after you have made a suitable trial of the product itself.

Now we offer you a ten-day test, at our expense. We expect it to prove to you in your own bathroom that this is the finest shaving cream you have ever used. Our whole case rests on *merit alone* convincing you.

We take the risk—not you

If we are right, surely you want to know about it. And, since the big majority of those who make this test become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream, we feel we have a good chance to win you.

Palmolive Shaving Cream is no accident. We started by asking 1000 men what they most desired in a shaving preparation. Then set out to give it to them.

Formula after formula failed in the complete result—129 in all. Then success came. Our great laboratories, skilled for 60 years in soap supremacy, had created another leader.

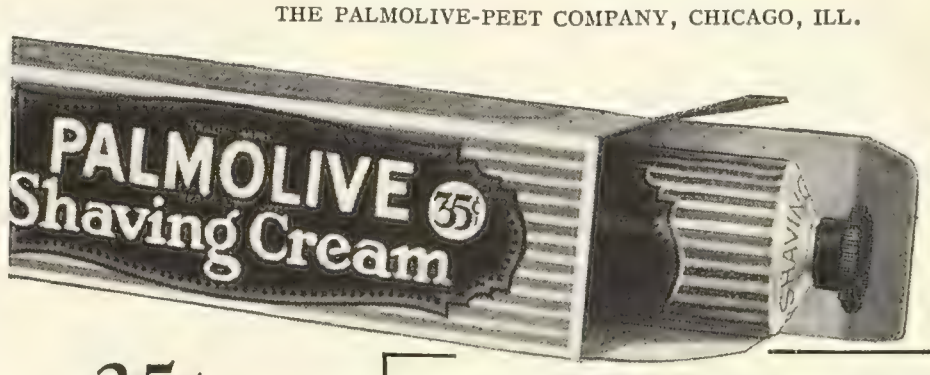
These 5 things you wish

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Won't you mail the coupon, please?

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.



35¢

3930

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 Shaves FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1475, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.
Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

Natural Tint—or the new Colorless with Separate Tint

A polish *crystal bright-- enduring--*

COULD a polish be made so clear and light it would be just a lovely sparkle?

So natural, so enduring it would stay smooth and imperishable a whole week long?

That is the dream Northam Warren had for you. Now he announces his triumph—the entirely new Cutex Liquid Polish.

One look at the new crystal clear bottles shows the difference. The very first touch tells you. It spreads easily. Instantly it is dry, with a soft luster perfect for over a week!

Use separate polish remover to cleanse and dry the nail before applying polish. It makes it smoother, more brilliant—more enduring.

The new formula is in smart little twin bottles, bright as jewels—one for the Polish, one for its Remover. Together 50c. Standard size packages, 35c each.

If you are frightfully impatient to try it—just tear off the coupon and send it with 6 cents for the dearest, shining little sample bottles!

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

The New
CUTEX LIQUID POLISH

I enclose 6c for samples of Cutex Liquid Polish and Remover. (In Canada, Dept. U-4, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal.)

Northam Warren, Dept. U-4
114 West 17th St., New York

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Beauty *via the Russian Route*

By EILEEN BOURNE

EVERYTHING Russian has an inherent appeal to the average American. We like their soups, their music, their embroideries, even their melancholy. And in all these things there is a kind of mystery because they are characteristic of a distant people, the springs of whose life are hidden from us. The same mystery and the same interest have always surrounded the peculiar beauty of the aristocratic Russian woman. We are sensible of it; we wonder how she attains it. But when we inquire about beauty products which claim Russian origin, we are put off with evasive whispers about "strange oils," "unguents," and "secret recipes."

Readers of LIBERTY will therefore feel exceptionally fortunate to be let "in the know," as the English put it, by one of the younger members of the former Court circle of the Czar's régime.

Only her intimates know the dazzling rank of this lovely and delightful young woman, for under the trade name of Marie Nowitsky, now famous on two continents, she is achieving a brilliant success as a designer of gay garments for beach, boudoir, and country club. And yet it is only necessary to see her to realize that she might a beauty tale unfold, for she has that naturally creamy skin just touched with rose which is so typical of the Russian *grande dame*.

"Of course," she begins, with her charming, slow smile, "we had time and service in those days for the perfection of our little tricks. But you American women are so much in earnest about beauty culture that, busy as you are, you'd probably be willing to undertake many of the things we used to do. Certainly it isn't a matter of money. For our recipes were composed of ingredients available to anybody."

For example, the favorite lotion for face and hands used by the great ladies of Russia was made from fresh cucumbers. These were squeezed in a press, the seeds strained out, and the juice preserved in bottles for use in winter. The liquid was found to have both an astringent and a bleaching quality so mild that it softened the tissue at the same time.

Even more startling in its naïveté was the popular method of cleansing the face. You'd never guess the means! They used butter—fresh, unsalted butter—smeared it on in minute quantities and swiftly wiped it off with a soft cloth. Every trace of fat was then removed by an application of the cucumber lotion.

"Nothing is more wholesome for the face," said Marie Nowitsky, "if used the right way. Of course, girls who wished to be very smart substituted a cold cream imported from Paris. But most of us chose the butter way."

Home treatments were supplemented every few weeks by steam baths. These opened up every pore and by stimulating sweating cleansed the surface. Body massage, often with olive or Russian mineral oil, completed this fairly strenuous process.

"But, do you know," continued our informant, "I partly attribute the wholesome clearness of the typical Russian complexion to the water we drank. It has a peculiarly beneficial quality. Indeed, when Catherine the Great traveled down to the Crimea she was so afraid of losing her health and beauty that she took along barrels of the wonderful water of Petrograd. Perhaps it might be worth while for Americans to look into the question of drinking water. I think it has an inherent relation to skin texture."

ANOTHER tradition from Catherine the Great is a recipe which has been handed down in the family of Mme. Nowitsky. According to its dictates she has made a lotion for the hands which keeps them white and soft despite climate or hard water. She says its base is bran.

"It is decidedly a tribute to these simple aids," concluded Marie Nowitsky, "that we succeeded in keeping good complexions in spite of our rather rich and heavy diet. The American diet, with its abundance of fruits and fresh vegetables, is a great advantage to the complexion.

"I believe that what you eat and drink and how you cleanse your face are far more important than all these facial treatments now so much the rage."

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....88

VELVET PENCILS
with the Blue Band

The best 5¢ pencil value

A soft black easy writer

Used by Millions

At all Dealers

SAMPLE OFFER
send $1.00 for 2 dozen

American Pencil Co., 216 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

One Cent a Day Brings $100 a Month

Thousands Taking Advantage of Liberal Insurance Offer. Policy Sent Free for Inspection.

Kansas City, Mo.—Accident insurance at a cost of one cent a day is being featured in a policy issued by the National Protective Insurance Association.

The benefits are $100 a month for 12 months—$1,200 to $1,800 at death. The premium is only $3.65 a year or exactly one cent a day. Of the thousands of applications received many have come from the agents and executives of other insurance companies. The offer is limited to 100,000 policies. Women and children over 10 are eligible. No medical examination is required.

SEND NO MONEY

To secure 10 days' free inspection of policy send no money. Mail to the National Protective Insurance Association, 1261 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., the following information: Name, age, address, beneficiary's name and relationship. After reading the policy you may either return it without obligation or send $3.65 to put policy in force.—(Adv.)

Feel Good

Most ailments start from poor elimination (constipation or semi-constipation). Intestinal poisons sap vitality, undermine health and make life miserable. Tonight try NR—NATURE'S REMEDY—all-vegetable corrective—not an ordinary laxative. See how NR will aid in restoring your appetite and rid you of that heavy, loggy, peplessfeeling. **Mild, safe, purely vegetable, at druggists, only 25c**

FREE Write for sample of NR and our new Memo Radio Log Book
A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 10A, ST. LOUIS, MO.

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

What is LIBERTY Driving At?

An Address Before the Advertising Department

By SHEPPARD BUTLER
Executive Editor of LIBERTY

(Reading time: 10 minutes 31 seconds.)

[This is a transcript of an informal talk to members of LIBERTY'S advertising department in New York. It was made without any idea of its being put on paper, but inasmuch as it may interest some of our general readers as well as members of the staff, it is printed herewith as given.]

OUR Manager of Eastern Advertising has asked me to tell you what is the editorial concept of LIBERTY. I'm afraid I can't do that. Of all the national magazines, LIBERTY is probably the least bound by plans and rules and preconceived notions of what we are setting out to do. We are the youngest of the big magazines. We are not yet four years old, and four years isn't much compared with the two centuries which our good friend the *Saturday Evening Post* claims.

And since I have mentioned the *Post*, I'd like to say, on behalf of the editorial department, that it doesn't make any particular hit with us when people try to make themselves friendly by telling how terrible the old *Post* is getting to be. The *Post* is a pretty successful publishing enterprise. It makes a few pennies and it has a few readers. It is not the disposition of the editorial department to pooh-pooh the people in Philadelphia, and we do not believe LIBERTY will benefit by our doing so.

However, what I started to say was that we are young, we don't know everything, and we are still more or less feeling our way. We try things, and if they go well we keep them. If they don't, we abandon them. I mean, we don't necessarily hesitate because we are not perfectly sure a thing is absolutely right. We try it, and find out whether it is right or not.

We are not imitating anybody, and we are seeking, on the whole, a new kind of audience. That being the case, we make our own rules, and when we like we change them.

Some time ago, for example, we decided that, as far as short fiction was concerned, we would buy nothing but love stories. Presently along came a first-rate story that had no love in it, and we bought it. Then we said, Well, we'll have nothing but stories with an American setting. And we no sooner said that than we found a South Sea Islands story that we thought a world beater, and we bought that. So those rules did not last long.

Photo by Pirie MacDonald
Sheppard Butler.

One thing definitely we are trying to do. We are trying to give the young people of America something to entertain them. Our appeal, as far as possible, is directed to the kind of people represented by the characters in Leslie Thrasher's LIBERTY covers—*Sandy* and *Lil*.

They may not be as young as *Sandy* in years, but they are young in ideas and young in interest—fresh minded and modern. They are not necessarily highly educated, but they are fairly intelligent. They are wise, whether they live in the city or the country, and they know what they like. They don't want to read anything heavy or ponderous, but they don't mind a little serious thinking if it is on a subject in which they are interested.

Best of all, we suspect, they like variety. So we give them, in the same issue, a cross-word or word-golf puzzle and an article on a Presidential candidate, some nonsense about a bootlegger's adventures in Paris, and an editorial on our naval policy. But we take pains to make the article on the Presidential candidate lively enough so that it will not be a bore to read it, and we try to state our naval policy so simply that *Sandy* or *Lil* will see that it is interesting and worth thinking about.

This is the one essential and significant thing about what Mr. MacLean calls our editorial concept. We are not addressing ourselves to thoughtful gentlemen who sit in club windows on Fifth Avenue and read editorials in the *Times*. We are not appealing to the smart, fashionable rich or to the intellectuals and intelligentsia.

We are not the *Atlantic Monthly* or *Vogue* or the *Nation*. If these people like us, so much the better. But our deliberate aim is to make the young people fall for us. If they, as they grow up, become our friends, our future is assured. Or at least we think so.

And right there, I'd say, is the nub of LIBERTY'S advertising problem. In the past, for the most part, the most successful advertising mediums have been either fashionable or ponderous.

The old New York *Herald*, when it was on its last legs, with a circulation dwindling almost to nothing, nevertheless kept a fine volume of advertising—because it was the tradition in New York that smart people read the *Herald*. Then the *Times* came along, building slowly on the theory that you can be just as dull as you like if you print everything, and its advertising piled up slowly but steadily.

I don't know much about advertising, but I am under the impression that advertisers and the agencies are still more or less sold on the idea that the more serious you are, the better

One of the world's most beautiful buildings—the Tribune Tower in Chicago.

you are likely to be as an advertising medium. They like to see their ads alongside something pretty weighty—not only next to reading matter, but next to solid reading matter. I rather suspect that you are frequently up against the argument that LIBERTY is too darned frivolous.

WELL, there is another side to the picture. We are working here under the auspices of a management which, I venture, has been as consistently and conspicuously successful as any editorial management you can name.

When it took control of the Chicago *Tribune* it was a good paper with a good circulation, going along in Chicago and holding its own; but the *Tribune* did not dominate Chicago then. And what happened under the new management? The circulation of the Chicago *Tribune* went up by leaps and bounds. Advertising volume grew amazingly. In a few years the *Tribune* was at the top. And the ideas that

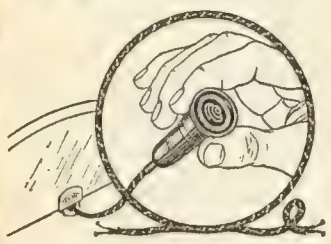
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Have a Light

With an

ELECTRIC CUNO MATCH

The Light That Won't Blow Out



The "Electric Match" will light smokes for everyone in the car, as the cord is long enough to reach the rear seat.

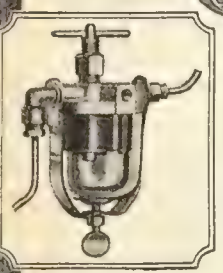
Just pull out—pass around—a red hot glow ready to light cigarette, cigar or pipe. Its small cost means much safer driving for the smoker, no fussing for matches—operates with your hand on the wheel and eyes on the road.

You will be proud to show your "Electric Match" to your friends. It means safety and convenience for you and for them while driving.

Made in several designs, each fits every make of car. From $1.75 to $6.00, two models with emergency utility lamp attachment.

Ask for the genuine "ELECTRIC MATCH" at your nearest dealer in accessories. Write for descriptive folder showing full line.

CUNO AUTO-KLEAN FILTER



This new type filter strains upward through discs. Removes *all* dirt and water. Models for gasoline or oil. Cleaned by a turn of the handle. 100% efficient, never needs replacement. Easy for anyone to install. You need one for your car to eliminate trouble from dirt or water in gasoline. Write for complete descriptive folder.

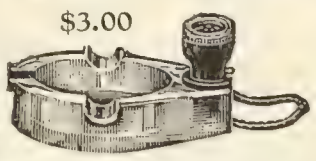
Gasoline type
List Price $3.75

You will want one of these!

Library Model No. 1625 "Electric Match" with ash tray—for your home

Just plug into any 110 volt circuit. Bakelite holder with "Cuno" quick heating and long lasting unit.

$3.00



For home, office or club. Very neat and handy. No hunting for matches. No danger of fire. Price only $3.00 sent postpaid.

AGENTS—Write for special proposition.

All above prices slightly higher in Canada and the Far West.

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORP.
Meriden, Conn.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

"made" the *Tribune* are the ideas being applied to LIBERTY today.

Or perhaps not precisely. The *Tribune* was an old paper, and always retained a lot of its old dignity, blended in with the new things that its competitors called frivolous. But what happened next? This same management came to New York and did the most spectacular thing in the history of American publishing.

On a shoestring, in a corner of the old tumbledown building of the New York *Mail*, it started an imitation of the London *Daily Mirror*. It was frankly an imitation: there was no concealment about that. It was tabloid size and it was filled with lots of pictures, brief, simple news stories, and features of the kind stenographers and garage mechanics like. There never was a paper like it in the United States.

The old-timers smiled and wondered how long it would last. You know how long it lasted. It is going now. The New York *Daily News* has the largest newspaper circulation in the United States, and a volume of advertising such as to make it one of the half dozen most profitable newspapers in America.

THIS same management, as you know, has established a daily paper in France and another for the passengers on various ocean liners. It has supplied itself with most of the paper it consumes from its own forests and mills.

Its paper mill in Thorold, Ontario, is probably the most successful single mill in the world. It makes about 75 per cent of all the paper used by the Chicago *Tribune*, and its capacity is now being doubled. The paper on which LIBERTY is printed—three-quarters of it—is also made in our own mill. This, at North Tonawanda, New York, is one of the newest and most modern of all book-paper factories. In addition to paper for LIBERTY, it makes that used on the ocean liners and in the rotogravure sections of the Chicago *Tribune* and the New York *Sunday News*.

From the spruce forests of Canada to the newspaper delivered at a breakfast table on the top floor of the highest apartment building in New York or Chicago, the process is complete.

And of course you know this same management has built what is not only by far the most beautiful publishing house in the world, but also probably the most beautiful building of any kind in America—the Tribune Tower in Chicago.

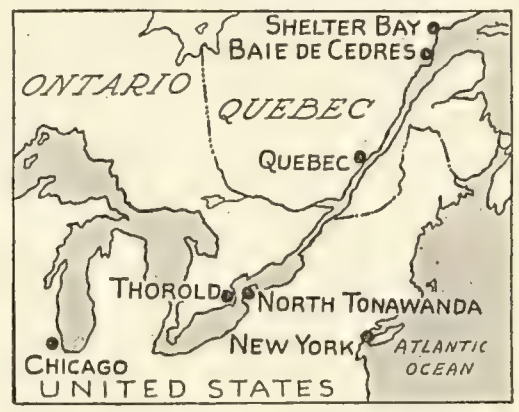
If anyone has any doubts as to the rightness and soundness of what this management is doing with LIBERTY, I'd say let him think for a moment of what this management has done with its other enterprises—for instance, with the New York *Daily News*. If an advertiser tells you LIBERTY is too frivolous, I'd set him to thinking about the advertisers who said they would never buy space in the *Daily News*.

The *Daily News* set out to be different, and LIBERTY is setting out to be different. The *Daily News* upset a lot of advertising tradition with its slogan, "Tell it to Sweeney." LIBERTY is not asking you to go counter to advertising tradition in quite that degree, but it is asking you to invite advertisers to gamble on the future rather than on the past, and to gamble with a management that has made a sound success of turning away from the past.

Now, as to the notion that we are bad boys in the editorial department. What about sex, Mr. MacLean asked me yesterday. Well, I don't know—what *about* sex?

The greatest American audiences that you can find gathered together day after day are those in the movie theaters. And if I have not got a false impression, those audiences don't mind a little sex. Far from not minding it, they demand it.

And the people in the movie audiences are exactly the kind of people LIBERTY is trying to reach



The map shows: Thorold, Ontario, where nearly all the paper used by the Chicago Tribune is made; North Tonawanda, N. Y., where 75 per cent of Liberty's paper is made; Shelter Bay and Baie de Cedres, Quebec, where the wood used in the mills is cut.

—plain, average, intelligent American people, neither rich nor poor for the most part, but with a sprinkling of the great and the wealthy and all the other kinds.

If an advertiser tells you he can't sell a car or an expensive perfume through LIBERTY because we are not highbrow enough, or because we had a story with sex in it, ask him to tell you how many cars were parked outside his neighborhood movie theater last night—and how many of them had chauffeurs sitting in them.

THERE is another thing about this bad boy business. When I started reporting on the Chicago *Tribune*, more years ago than I like to think about, I was sent one day to cover a woman's club meeting. My family had read the Chicago *Tribune* for years. We regarded it, virtually, about the same as the Bible. It could do no wrong.

I got a big shock at this meeting. One of the speakers got up and ripped the tar out of the *Tribune*. Said it was wrong about everything. I went back rather frightened, and thought I'd better not say anything about it. But I did, and to my astonishment was told to go ahead and write what the woman said.

Presently I learned that the *Tribune* was glad to print these things. On the editorial page we printed letters, and just as many of them were knocks as were boosts. And I found, as the years went by, that the more space we gave to people who disagreed with us, the more our circulation grew.

That again was breaking away from tradition. In the old days papers didn't do that. They attacked those who disagreed with them, but the disagreers hadn't much chance in their columns.

Letting people disagree with you, we found, was fun for all concerned. Chicagoans liked it. They bought the *Tribune* to see what they could disagree with, or what it was being panned for. Much of the *Tribune's* circulation today is among people who think they are its enemies.

The psychology of irritation! It has not been widely used, but it is good psychology. The love for an argument is an almost universal human attribute.

So, deliberately, we do not try to please everybody. We know that is not possible, and we suspect that, even if it were possible, it would not be the best way to success. We print a Vox Pop page each week and let the knockers say what they please. And I rather think there are no more eager purchasers of LIBERTY than those who buy it in the hope they can find something to write to Vox Pop about.

PEOPLE like LIBERTY, or if they don't like it, they read it anyway. We are not having any circulation troubles, unless you count the trouble people have in finding it on the news stands the day after publication. Whether advertisers like LIBERTY or not is up to you.

We are not doing things in an old-fashioned way; we are trying to give the largest possible number of readers what they want. We believe that is a better way, in the long run, than to grant such requests as one I had the other day asking if I would please guarantee that there would be a golf article in a certain issue to run alongside an eighth-page ad of a golf stick.

That request, of course, did not come from any of you. It came from an old agency friend, who was honestly grieved, I suppose, that I didn't do as he asked. It would have been a friendly thing to do, but it would have been a very bad thing for LIBERTY, in our opinion. We believe that we produce a better advertising medium when we try to attract a possible 4,000,000 readers than when we yield to the temptation to please an advertiser of a golf stick.

We would like to have you understand this. If you think we are not helping you as much as we might sometimes, bear in mind that it is our job, as we see it, to build circulation and pass that on to you to sell—and that building circulation means addressing ourselves to the largest possible number of readers. So *we* think of our million and a half customers and leave it to *you* to think of the advertiser. We know that yours is the more difficult job. It is considerably easier to sell a copy of LIBERTY for five cents than it is to sell twelve pages in LIBERTY for $50,000. And if there is anything we can do to help you sell those pages, we are here to do it. More power to you!

THE END

The Eighteenth Hole

Sandy's Business Twosome

A Chapter of Golf in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"SNIFF that April ozone, Jenkins!" said Jim Brown, a star client of Sandy's firm. And he inhaled the balmy air of an exclusive golf links.

Sandy sniffed. Then he took a mean swing at a lonely dandelion, knocking its head off. He looked at the hilly horizon with the city's smoke rising beyond, and gave a passing thought to the poor birds back in his office.

"Ideal day for golf, Mr. Brown," he replied. "No wind, no beginners following us, and I bet you'll do it in seventy-two."

This was entirely blarney, which he hoped Brown would swallow.

"A *hundred* and seventy-two, more like it," Mr. Brown laughed. "I haven't played since last September. Many hazards? I don't want to make a fool of myself."

"Oh, now don't think of hazards," Sandy told him, adding to himself:

"Think of business—and who knows but that you'll sign another nifty contract for trucks before the afternoon's over?"

Sandy was putting on good golf front, not bothering to mention that he'd played upon a municipal links—arising at 5 o'clock Sunday mornings in order to drive his ball by eight-thirty. That had been when he was playing for exercise and pleasure. Now, thanks to his boss, who had entered golf-club expenses for Sandy on his April budget sheet, he was playing for business, usually two afternoons each week!

"Sandy won't have a business breakdown this spring, that's a cinch," the other fellows in the office had remarked each balmy day as he chucked office routine for the sporty routine of the Greenfield Golf Club. And the stenographers had been almost blinded by his wild haberdashery ideas in golf socks!

The boss himself laughed up his sleeve. Sandy's country club expenses were already paying good dividends for the firm. From a links greenhorn whose pet strokes had been magnetically drawn to each bunker and lured into every sand trap—not to mention the tricky little two-foot-wide brook—he had graduated into a real golf enthusiast.

"Nifty, nifty!" Jim Brown was saying as his opponent's ball rolled nonchalantly upon the fifteenth green. And then he said, "Curses, curses!" because his own rolled into disgrace. Par was five and he'd already taken nine. He was peeved.

Sandy knew enough to keep the score rather even, so he played his sixteenth-hole approach putt eight feet shy at the expense of his sportsman's conscience.

Brown felt better and even hummed Funiculi, Funicula as he gripped his putter. For a wonder, he holed out in par! Having designs upon his good humor for business reasons, Sandy made complimentary remarks (with strings attached) about his play.

"My Waterloo, or yours?" Brown laughed on the eighteenth hole. And he addressed the ball confidently. Sandy winked at it from the little bench.

"Mine, of course!" Sandy replied. "And a birdie for you, Bobby Jones!" Then he kept quiet—knowing gallery etiquette.

"Don't kid me for an eagle," Brown said, beginning to swing, chewing gum furiously.

Quite a while later he was still swinging at the elusive pill at his feet, fanning the April ozone.

"Oh, glory! Oh, glory me!" Sandy kept giggling to himself. "The fatal eighteenth hole!"

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Her Middle Name Is Nonchalance

Mary Margaret fell out of bed in the night. Her mother picked her up, putting her back in the bed without apparently awaking her. Next morning her mother asked if she knew she fell out of bed. Looking very wise, she said, "Well, I heard *something* drop, and kinda thought it was *me*."—Mrs. E. E. Kern, 123 Main St., Three Rivers, Mich.

But Not for Love

Dorothy was invited to dinner at her grandma's. She had had a second helping of something she particularly liked and was urged to have more. She hesitated a moment and then replied, with a decided shake of the head:

"No, I can't. Mamma is making eyes at me."—Ida C. Juttin, 45 Pleasant Ave., Oshkosh, Wis.

What's the verdict of

your type

of smoker?

$4,000 CASH PRIZES

What are you?

...pack-an-hour smoker, or pack-a-month?

...heavy Turkish or mild Virginia?

...tobacco-fan or nervous-habit?

What do you think of Spud, the menthol-cooled cigarette?

* * *

Is your first puff a moist-cool surprise?

Does the coolness then taper off, resolving into solid tobacco enjoyment?

Does your throat get moister and smoother with each succeeding Spud ...instead of drier and raspier?

* * *

Again, is Spud your tonic when you're all smoked out...your life-saver, when you come down with a cold?

* * *

Never before have smokers been so intrigued with a cigarette. Never so many stand-patters trying a new idea. Never so many arguments as to what a cigarette is and does. And, with it all, Spud is topping the 20-cent sellers in section after section.

* * *

Since Spud began its meteoric career a year ago, we have been hearing many echoes of the great Spud controversy. Now we want direct reports. Won't you please write us your opinion? Tell us what kind of a smoker you are...how Spud fits in with your smoking likes and habits.

Just write a letter of 300 words or less on "What I think of Spud Cigarettes". $4,000 cash prizes will be given for the best letters as follows:

1st Prize		$1000
2nd Prize		500
3rd Prize		250
4th Prize		100
Next 5 Prizes	$50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes	20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes	10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes	5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes	2 each	800

559 Prizes in all, totaling $4000

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Advertising & Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial Director of several business papers and special writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1—Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing what you think of Spud Cigarettes. 2—Use one side of paper only. Put name and address on manuscript. 3—Address envelope to P. O. Box 2374, Louisville, Kentucky. 4—Envelope must be postmarked before midnight June 30, 1928. 5—No communications acknowledged. No manuscripts returned. 6—In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for. 7—Contestants agree to accept decision of judges as final. 8—Employees of Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company are not eligible.

AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky., *Largest Independent Cigarette Manufacturer*

SPUD

menthol-cooled

CIGARETTES

20 for 20¢

IF you do not now use Spud, you may have a sample (free) by addressing the manufacturer. If Spud Cigarettes are not obtainable near you, and you wish a supply for yourself or your friends, send stamps, check or money order for single package of 20 (20¢) or tin of 100 ($1.00); please name dealer.

FREE BOOKLET

It gives entertainingly, the story of Spud Cigarettes and what people have said about them. Use coupon.

Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

PLEASE send free booklet, "Welcome, little stranger".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

If you wish SPUD CIGARETTES, check below;
☐ Sample ☐ Package of 20 (Enclose 20¢)
☐ Tin of 100 (Enclose $1.00)

4—Ly

*Name of Dealer*_____

Show Girl

Jimmy Bumps Into Trouble With Dixie's Show

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by JOHN H. STRIEBEL

JUST when you think he's kind of falling for you, he starts talking about something else.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 53 seconds.)

[WHO'S WHO, AND WHY: Jimmy Doyle, a reporter, has written a musical comedy to star Dixie Dugan. He loves her.

Jack Milton, a wealthy broker, is to finance the piece because he also loves her.

Denny Kerrigan, a greeting-card salesman on the road, was Dixie's first love, but she has given him the cold shoulder.

Messrs. Kibbitzer and Eppus are going to produce the show. Now we'll let you go on with the story.

But bear in mind that Alvarez Romano, who once stabbed Jack when the latter tried to get fresh with Dixie, is lurking somewhere in the background, as well as Sunshine, Dixie's girl friend, who once danced in the same night club with her. Also there's Dixie's sister Nita, but that's enough now. Let's go!]

PART EIGHT

FROM the *Evening Tab*, September 17, Theater Notes Column:

A plaintive whinny has come in from the Kibbitzer & Eppus office anent the alleged scarcity of girls who can sing, dance, and switch a mean *gluteus maximus* for the edification and solace of the wearied gentlemen of commerce.

Girls with the above qualifications are asked to report on the stage of the Alhambra Theater at 11 o'clock tomorrow, as rehearsals are now under way for The Girl from Woolworth's. This is a new opus by a new face in the theater. His name is Jimmy Doyle of the *Evening Tab* staff.

Among the featured players appears the name of Dixie Dugan, who will be recalled as the little night-club dancer from the Jollity who became involved in a stabbing fray which grew out of a party in the bachelor apartments of Jack Milton, the wealthy broker. Although several investigations were conducted, it seems the only answer the police could get from anyone present was that they were waiting for a street car.

It is rumored that The Girl from Woolworth's opens in Atlantic City for a week and then comes into the Globe.

Muncie, Indiana, Sept. 18.

DIXIE DARLING:

I see in the papers you are going into a new show, so I suppose your career is going along all right and you have forgotten all about me. It is just as well, I suppose, because I am learning to forget you, as you told me to. I'm all wrapped up in my work now and getting along wonderful. We are making a big drive on box assortments of Christmas cards, twelve assorted in a box with envelopes retailing at fifty cents. This is our Ye Glade Tidings seller, and a big department store in Terre Haute ordered a thousand—which gives you an idea. They're going to have a fellow dressed up as Santa Claus at a counter selling these. And I wrote one of the sentiments myself, which I think isn't bad at all. It goes:

Christmas ain't a season,
Christmas ain't a day;
Christmas ain't a reason
For giving things away;
Christmas ain't a buying
Or selling in the mart:
Christmas is a happiness—
And you're the biggest part!

The buyer for Fibbledibbers', Ye Quainte Little Nooke, here in Muncie, told me she thinks that's the best sentiment she ever saw. I think she's just a little bit goofy about me; but then, you've never been in Muncie, so you can't imagine the scarcity of males. Anything that walks upright and combs its hair and is seen in town not more than twice a year can throw the females into a panic.

We have a motto in our line which I was going to send you because it expresses just what I have been thinking since I saw you in New York and you told me you thought more of having a career than you did of me. But then I decided not to send it, although I think I'll quote you a few lines just to show you what it is like. It retails $1.50 with plain moldings, 45 and 5, 40 and 10 discount.

It's headed After a While I May Not Care—No. 4M11:

After a while I may not care
That the sunlight glimmers in your hair,
And the dear delight of summer's skies
Is deep in the depths of your lovely eyes.
And after a while it may be true
That my heart don't ache for the sight of you,
And I can forget your slow, sweet smile—
After a while!

Of course, you've got brown eyes, but the idea is just the same. I wish you would write to me. I don't see why we can't be friends. Though, of course, you don't have to unless you want to. But I never did anything to you that I can remember. You can suit yourself. Still, I would like to hear from you.

I am sending you my route list for the next two weeks, but if you should lose it you can send your letter to the main office in Minneapolis and they will forward it to me. Sincerely yours,

DENNY.

But that isn't my song and it doesn't fit in the book.

Sept. 19.

SCENE: Office of Kibbitzer & Eppus. (*Seated at twin desks are Mr. Kibbitzer and Mr. Eppus. Jimmy Doyle, the trusting young author of The Girl from Woolworth's, has been called in to talk over a few changes in the show now in rehearsal.*)

KIBBITZER: Mr. Eppus and I have been talking over your scrip, Mr. Doyle, and we think it's all right.

DOYLE: (*Beaming.*) Gee, I'm glad to hear that.

KIBBITZER: Don't we, Mr. Eppus?

EPPUS: Absolutely.

KIBBITZER: But we think it ought to be changed a little bit. I don't suppose you'd mind just a few changes?

DOYLE: Well, it's been thought out pretty carefully, Mr. Kibbitzer, and of course I'd be glad to do anything that's necessary, but don't you think—

EPPUS: (*Showing his fangs for just a flash.*) Of course we think! What do you think we do in this show business? Guess? Let me tell you—

KIBBITZER: (*Soothingly.*) It's like this, Mr. Doyle. Mr. Eppus and I have been talking over your scrip and we think the title's wrong. The Girl from Woolworth's is—well, kind of—cheap. This is going to be a swell production, with the orchestra scaled at five-fifty and at least two big sets and swell costumes. And how are we going to make Woolworth's look five-fifty from the front? So we thought we'd change it to The Girl from Tiffany's.

ALREADY I've been a clerk, model, señorita, and now I'm a cowgirl.

DOYLE: (*Aghast.*) But that changes the whole idea. I have to rewrite the whole thing.

KIBBITZER: Oh, no. You might have to change two or three scenes in the first act, and change the characters around a bit. We have to throw the boarding house out, anyway. We thought that scene could be played on the deck of a steamer going to Europe. (*To Eppus.*) Remember that set from the first act of Ah, There, Paris, that closed in Newark last fall? We can get that for a song and repaint it.

DOYLE: But, my God, man, the boarding house is where all the heart interest is! We got to show this girl—how poor she is, and where she came from, and all the friends she has.

EPPUS: Can't she have friends on a liner? She can have more friends on a liner than in a boarding house. And they'd be sweller, too. And a boat gives us a chance to use a sailor chorus with a moonlight effect. And we can use those two ripple machines for the water. Have you any idea how much those ripple machines cost? Besides, who the hell wants to pay five-fifty to look at a cheap boarding house?

KIBBITZER: You see, you've got to be practical about the show business. It's all very well for you smart fellows to write a show, but we're the poor fellows who have to put it on.

DOYLE: (*Bitterly.*) I suppose if you got Romeo and Juliet you wouldn't produce it unless you could buy a balcony cheap.

EPPUS: Romeo and Juliet? I seen that once. There wasn't a hundred dollars in the house.

KIBBITZER: That kind of play don't make any money. You got to stick to things people understand.

DOYLE: Any other little changes?

EPPUS: Well, you got to get a first-act finale. You got it all wrong. The girl is happy and having a good time. Why, if we opened in New York with that kind of a first-act finale, the Cain's Warehouse man would be backstage measuring up the scenery. No, sir; you got to have her crying—see? Her heart's broken. That's the secret of successful musical shows—knowing just when to break the little girlie's heart. Yes, sir, she's crying. The young buyer has gone off to France thinking she has stolen the necklace.

DOYLE: What young buyer? I never heard of *him* before.

EPPUS: Well, he's in. What the hell do you think we got Bobbie Watson for?

DOYLE: I didn't know you'd hired him.

KIBBITZER: Well, we didn't exactly hire him. We got him in a trade for one-third interest in The Mad Honeymoon and the vitaphone rights to the subway scene in The Yes Girl. Besides, he's a swell light comedian, and you haven't got a light-comedian part in the book.

DOYLE: And may I ask where you got the necklace? Or is that any of my business?

EPPUS: Oh, we put it in. You've always got to have a necklace. But we've got a real novelty this time. For years they've had nothing but pearl necklaces; but Kibbitzer and I talked it over, and I got the idea of the diamond necklace.

KIBBITZER: You got it?

EPPUS: (*Defensively.*) Well, we got it together. Anyway, the girl's crying, and just when their hearts are breaking out front, forty or fifty young débutantes run in singing Let's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A shave, a shower and Glo-Co every day!

THE smartly groomed man never neglects his hair during the morning toilet ritual. He realizes that people notice one's hair first. Tousled locks, stubborn cow-licks, flying wisps of hair—all are tamed by Glo-Co, the *liquid* hair dressing.

Glo-Co is not to be confused with "slick-downs" which mat the hair and give an artificial "shine." The new Glo-Co, now for sale at drug stores, department stores and barber shops, is a *tonic* as well as a dressing. It fights dandruff, conditions the scalp, keeps the hair silken and lustrous. Its new, fresh fragrance appeals to men of taste, who naturally avoid strong scents. If you cannot get Glo-Co at your favorite department store, barber shop or drug store, send fifty cents for a full-size bottle to Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles. Same price in Canada, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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RIDER AGENTS WANTED to ride and exhibit sample. Make big money. Many models $21.50 up.
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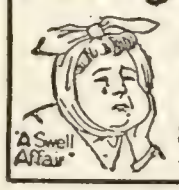
Why Suffer?



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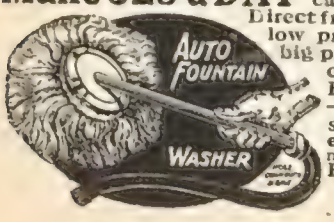

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ST. PAUL GOLD REFINING CO.
12 East Seventh St., St. Paul, Minn.

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

Be Happy, the hit song, and the curtain comes down on her dancing and laughing.

DOYLE: Say, what show are you talking about? I never wrote any song Let's Be Happy. I thought I was writing the lyrics for this show?

KIBBITZER: Well, we got two or three songs we're putting in. (*Sings to Eppus.*)

Oh, let's be happy,
Each girl and chappie,
Let's be happy now—

How does the rest of that go?

EPPUS: (*Singing a bit off key.*)

Behind the clouds so gray

KIBBITZER: (*Joining in.*)

Little Mister Sun is chasing
All the blue away.

DOYLE: (*Almost tearfully.*) But that isn't my song and it doesn't fit in the book!

KIBBITZER: (*Still singing.*)

So let's be happy,
For somewhere for every chappie
There's a little girl like you.

What did you say?

EPPUS: What do you know about the show business? What shows did you ever produce?

KIBBITZER: (*The old oil.*) Now, now, we're all agreed. We're not going to have any trouble. Mr. Doyle, here, is a sensible author. He's not like those crazy authors who scream murder if you change a line. He's got a swell scrip here, and all we've got to do is make a few little changes and everything will work out just swell.

By the way, Mr. Doyle, we can buy the Tampico Marimba Band cheap. Couldn't we write the band in somewhere? I thought somewhere in the second act this boat could stop off at Mexico and the band would be on a *hacienda* or something. Mexican stuff is always good. Look at Rio Rita.

EPPUS: (*Sourly.*) Well, this ain't Rio Rita.

DOYLE: I guess you're no Ziegfeld, either.

KIBBITZER: Ziegfeld is lucky, that's all. If he went down with the Titanic he'd come up with Abie's Irish Rose.

27 RE CF 5
LC INDIANAPOLIS IND 955A
SEP 19
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE
BKLYN NY
DID YOU GET MY LETTER DENNY—
LINCOLN HOTEL

12 NK PB 1
MJ BKLYN NY 141P
SEP 19

WELL, that's what a female gets for having deese, dem, and doze.

DENNIS KERRIGAN
LINCOLN HOTEL INDIANAPOLIS IND
WHY DIXIE

62 SB LR 2 NITE
CK INDIANAPOLIS IND
8P SEP 19
DIXIE DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE BKLYN NY
NEVER MIND DENNY

28 NA RO 1
MX BKLYN NY 12M SEP 20
DENNIS KERRIGAN
LINCOLN HOTEL INDIANAPOLIS IND
SKILLABOOTCH DIXIE

Sept. 21.

SUNSHINE DARLING:

You're sure lucky to be all set hoofing in the Scandals, with nothing more to worry you than runs in your stockings. They've got me going around down here like a waltzing mouse these days.

Jack Milton tells me he's going to have me starred. He says they have to do what he says because he's putting up most of the sugar; but Kibbitzer acts as though the first thing they're going to do after they raise the curtain next week in Atlantic City is throw my trunk out in the alley.

Kibbitzer isn't carrying any banners for me no way nohow, since he made one of those Ah, there, little girlie, passes at me and I wasn't having any. Just another big brother! Well, that's what a female gets for having deese, dem, and doze. What?

Meanwhile they're running my poor Jimmy out of gas. He is get-

ting collywobbles and pink eye and he screams when you look at him.

You see, he started out with a real cute book for this show, but they've changed it around so much already he can't remember what it used to be. And every day at rehearsal they change it some more.

The first change was from The Girl from Woolworth's to The Girl from Tiffany's. Then they changed it to The Girl from Child's. Then Kibbitzer found a lot of Mexican costumes he could buy cheap, so they changed it to The Girl from the Rio Grande. Now it's been changed again and it's called Get Your Girl, and it's supposed to be up in the great Northwest.

Jimmy has rewritten all the rôles half a dozen times in as many dialects. And already I've been a clerk, a French model, a Mexican señorita, and now they've changed me all over again and I'm a cowgirl. Jimmy says if he ever does another musical comedy he won't write an original book to begin with, at all. He'll just copy The Merry Widow and sell them that, for by the time they get finished rehearsing it will be entirely different.

The only trouble with that, Jimmy says, is that a producer like Kibbitzer wouldn't buy The Merry Widow. He'd be sure to say it wouldn't have a chance.

Oh, I was going to tell you, Jimmy wrote me the cutest little song. It goes with a scene that, thank Heaven, is still in, where this boy and I have the last word in small apartments. It's just a piano, but it's a trick piece of furniture out of which you get everything—a bed, a table, and the keys are knives and forks, and the pedals are golf sticks, and there's a little ice box with one slice of bread and one egg.

And we're supposed to be happy, now that we're out of that cramped hotel room and have a home of

I guess I gotta learn a new technique to get Jimmy.

our own where we can have a family and where we can entertain buyers from Milwaukee and everything. It's called In Our Little Two-by-Four.

Here is the way the first verse goes:

Wide-open spaces
Are silly places,
Dear.
Full of home owners,
Building and loaners
Queer.
We never knew what a home-loving heart meant
Till we had lived in a co-op apartment,
Cuddled together
Sweetly,
Neatly.

And this is the chorus:

We've a cat that folds into a kitten
In our little two-by-four;
Our Great Dane collapses to a poodle,
Which is quite a charming chore;
We've a duplex first and second mortgage
That we keep behind the door;
We can laugh, and well the banker knows it,
There's no room in which he could foreclose it;
Soon a folding stork will maybe
Bring a disappearing baby
To our cunning little two-by-four.

But I think the second chorus is even cuter:

Oh, we keep our telescopic baby
In our little two-by-four,
She collapses in her folding cradle
When we open up the door.
She is trained to crawl upon the ceiling
When we have to use the floor.
Of our space she fits in but a fraction—
All her little joints are double-action.
Raised on milk condensed in cans, so
She will always fit our plans, so
We are happy in our two-by-four.

And right here I would like to

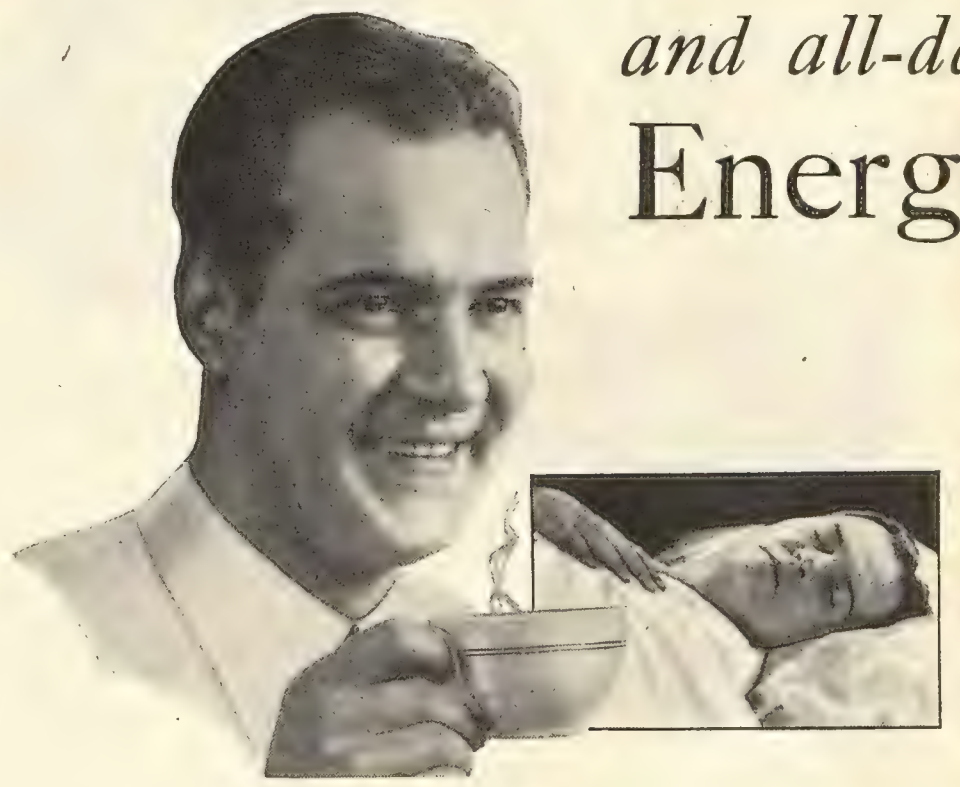
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The New Way to

Sound Sleep

and all-day

Energy



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Drugs never give you the kind of sleep you need. While they may put you to sleep, they always leave you logy, when you awaken.

That is why doctors, almost universally, recommend this unique food-beverage that overcomes sleeplessness without drugs. It is called Ovaltine. It brings instant, all-night sleep. And as you sleep its special food-properties quickly restore your tired mind and body—build up new vitality and tireless energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test so that you can prove all we claim for this wonderful product. Accept this test. Then note particularly how well you feel the next day.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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"Ovaltine quiets my nerves and gives me a grand night's sleep. It is the best thing I ever took for wakefulness at night."
Geo. Knell, Jr.,
Moorestown, N.J.

"Couldn't sleep much this winter until I began to take Ovaltine. Then I began to sleep all night. Didn't wake up until morning and felt much refreshed, like a new man."
Phillip Koehn,
Rothiemay, Mont.

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180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

(*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(One package to a person)

THIS SMART LUGGAGE
··for half the money

There's a style and size of Naugahyde hand luggage for every need. $6 to $15

HERE is a club bag and a woman's hat box you instinctively compare with costly imported luggage. Durable construction; rich-grained lustrous surface; tasteful fittings.

This luggage is made of Naugahyde—a remarkably durable material produced only by the United States Rubber Company.

You get at least double the service you can get from any other luggage at the same price, and Naugahyde has a unique quality no leather can give you. It's *waterproof*.

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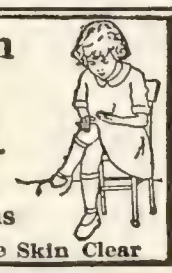

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Makes Trousers Hang Straight
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Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
THE T. GARTER CO.
Dept. K South Bend, Ind.

In next week's Liberty

GLENNA COLLETT

has an interesting and colorful article on golf called

In Defense of Caddies

[SHOW GIRL Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

rise in my large white cravat and tell you Jimmy is just what the doctor ordered to be taken after each meal. Most of the time he pays no attention to me, and, believe it or not, I get more kick out of that than being pawed by a lot of these catch-as-catch-can taxi wrestlers.

But when he does pay attention to me—well, you see, he's got a low, soft voice, and he never quite finishes his sentences. Just kind of leaves them up in the air and looks at you—and ooh, sotch a geeseflesh!

And just when you think he's kind of falling for you, he starts talking about something else, as though you were a million miles away. Well, I tell you, he just has me looping the loop. He doesn't even get jealous. Can you feature that?

I guess I gotta learn a new technique to get Jimmy, 'cause I do so want him. I do so.

Well, nightie night.

DIXIE.

NOTICE

All members of the company of Get Your Girl will leave at 2:30 P. M. Sunday from the Penn Station for Atlantic City.

Full Dress Rehearsal Sunday night. Curtain 8:30.

FROM the Atlantic City *Daily Breeze*, September 28, 1927:

GET YOUR GIRL IS HOT, SAYS EPPUS

Tomorrow evening at the Apollo Theater, Kibbitzer and Oppus will present the première of their latest and greatest musical comedy, Get Your Girl.

Dixie Dugan, the night-club dancer who recently had the jury weeping in a thrilling Broadway murder trial, is being featured in this elaborate extravaganza from the pen of clever Jimmy Doyle, New York *Evening Tab* scribe, with music, tra la, by Con Conrad, dances, hey hey, by Sammy Lee, and scenic effects, and how, by Herman Roses.

Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn have contributed interpolated numbers to this brilliant orgy of song, dance, and splendor, which Mr. Ippus, in an interview early this afternoon, claimed will be the most stupendous attraction to open in Atlantic City since the Follies.

Mr. Eppum believes he has discovered a new American prima donna in the pretty person of Trixie Dugan.

It is the initial venture into musical comedy for the young journalist Jimmy Boyle, but Mr. Uppus insisted it most certainly resembles the work of a seasoned veteran who thoroughly understands the many ins as well as the many outs of superior musical-comedy production.

Dixie Hogan is to be capably supported by an enormous and high-salaried cast of exceptionally talented artists, which, asserted Mr. Ettus, would run high up into the hundreds, if the time were taken to count them.

Dress rehearsal at 8:30! And HOW! Whether or not you've ever seen one—or heard one, rather—you'll get a bag of chuckles in the next installment of Show Girl.

The Plea *of a* Dare-Devil

THE following letter, intended for Vox Pop, but too long for that page, comes to us on stationery inscribed "Du Berrier's Flying Circus—featuring Dare-Devil Hal Du Berrier." Mr. Du Berrier writes so interestingly that we have told him we will be glad to consider an article by him if he cares to send it in.

DEAR SIRS:

Your Richthofen series was fine; he was a dare-devil of the war and a gentleman. That he was an enemy is of no importance now. Let us admire and regard him only as the idol of a flying circus, doing that which he did for an ideal; sustaining his life by the lightness with which he held it, diving bravely and dying gloriously out of the sky.

Your Roy Brown articles were not so good. Perhaps the story of Luke would be more pleasing had we not read the others. It is like three volumes of Cabell too close together. The public is not tired of aviation; they are tired of foreign maps and such depressing matter.

I am a professional dare-devil, and a barnstormer. Those who revolve with me in our small social orbit are less often considered gentlemen than "hoodlums" and "racketeers," but we can tell you stories of bravery and humor and sacrifice that would make you a better story than the Baron or Brown or Luke have ever dared to dream. Why don't you let us tell our tale, sing our song?

You have written now of the fighting man; and our clan is as old as his. We are the gladiators, fighting for pleasure; drinking or dying or daring to please the mob or a single woman.

Our legends are unequalled, and yet uncounted and untold. We have not always been dare-devil fools; we are poets and dreamers and idealists too.

Some of us are dare-devils because we are brave—and some because we are cursed with a dream that makes living as detestable as dying; that makes us follow the ballyhoo and the crowd's applause, playing a hoodlum's part in a rabble's drama.

Will you donate a page to peace, and the mercenary dare-devils of pleasure?

HAL DU BERRIER.

BALLYHOOEY!

MR. GENE TUNNEY quarrels terribly with Mr. Rickard—and the next week they sign contracts for another prize fight.

Pictures by
R. B. FULLER

The Gentle Art of Building Boxing Bouts on Bunk

An Article by

WESTBROOK PEGLER

(Reading time: 10 minutes 31 seconds.)

THERE are times when one is almost willing to believe that the gentlemen who sponsor public entertainments, especially sport shows, and more especially prize fights, are not strictly sincere with press and public. I realize that this is a very serious thing to say about a fine body of men, and I will apologize if I do them wrong—as I hope I do.

There was an incident about three years ago that looks very suspicious to me now.

Mr. Tex Rickard was having a prize fight at the new Madison Square Garden, and it was announced that Jack Dempsey, who was then heavyweight champion of the world, would attend and take a bow from the ring.

And, just as Dempsey started down the aisle to the ring, there began such a booing and caterwauling as you never have heard in all your born days. You would have thought that everybody in town was booing Jack Dempsey and cheering Harry Wills, the large, gravy-colored Negro who always wanted to fight Dempsey but was prevented from doing anything of the kind by the New York Prize Fight Commission for reasons that are neither here nor there.

The demonstration began with one booming cry of "Boo!" A cynic might have thought this cry was a signal, because instantly about fifty other voices yelled "Boo!" But I was not a cynic then.

At that time the public did not know that the Prize Fight Commission had forbidden Dempsey to fight Wills. So people naturally thought Dempsey was afraid, and when the booing got under way, everybody in the Garden yelled "Boo!" and "Yea! Wills!"

"Well," I thought, "this certainly is a great, spontaneous explosion of sporting contempt for a champion, proving that the people in the mass are fair-minded and not to be deceived."

But some time ago Dempsey, now an ex-champion, went to the Garden to take a sort of hack-driver's holiday watching some other fellows having a fight. He had an inconspicuous seat and he sat there unnoticed until that interval of fussy solemnity just before the main event. What happened then was just uncanny. Somebody with a big, bellering voice suddenly jumped up and yelled, "There's Dempsey! Yea! Dempsey!" And instantly about fifty other

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LiftCornsOff!

Don't suffer another day! Drop a little "Freezone" on any corn and instantly it stops hurting and soon the corn comes right off. Doesn't hurt one bit.

"Freezone" ends every kind of corn, hard and soft, and foot calluses, without soreness or irritation. Get a bottle today at your druggist.

So Easy to Lose Fat

A great number of slender women are telling this story to others. They have done so for two decades. Now you see the results in every circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

The story is this: "I took Marmola prescription tablets—four a day. No abnormal exercise or diet was required. New beauty came, new health and vitality. I ceased them when my weight came down to normal. Now I take Marmola only when I start to gain again."

Marmola contains a scientific discovery, based on wide research and thousands of experiments. Men thus found a substance which in the body turns food into fuel and energy, rather than into fat.

Marmola supplies that substance, plus other helps. The complete prescription is in every box, also the reasons for results. Thus you may know just why the good comes, and have no fear of harm.

Marmola has for 20 years brought priceless benefits to people over-fat. Those people have told the results to others, and the use has spread. Millions of boxes have been used to contribute to the slender figures of today.

Go try it for a little time and watch how the fat disappears. Then tell others about it, in kindness to your friends. It means a great deal to many. Go order before you forget it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[BALLYHOOEY! Continued from Page Sixty-one]

people jumped up and yelled "Yea! Dempsey!" too.

Well, you know how crowds act. In thirty seconds half the people in the Garden were up, yelling for Dempsey to get into the ring and take a bow; and by the time he entered the ring, with his face all of a grin, the whole attendance of about 15,000 was up, and the little soiled flags on the ventilation blowers up near the roof were being blown right back into the shafts by a gale of cheers that only Lindbergh has ever heard the like of.

THAT evening we locked him in the dressing room until time for the main event.

I saw Mr. Rickard after the fights, and he was much cheered, as he was thinking of putting Dempsey back in with Gene Tunney, and was curious to know just how popular Dempsey might be.

WELL, the next day I happened to be talking with Mr. Mike Jacobs, the box-office man who works for Mr. Rickard. That is, he isn't exactly a box-office man, but he stimulates the sale of tickets by starting rumors that it is practically impossible to get any.

Mr. Jacobs used to be a professional claquer. That is, he used to travel around the country for one of the big theatrical firms, stimulating applause for plays that didn't draw much applause through natural causes. He was more important than any actor in any troupe that he ever served, because the actors couldn't make the public applaud and Mike was there solely because he could.

He would do this by planting people in small, scattered groups in the balcony, and at judicious moments he would smack his palms briskly together, and at this signal they would spank their palms together too.

This would lead other people to believe that the show was not very bad, so the applause would become general.

Well, I happened to know that Mr. Jacobs knew something about the impulses of crowds, so I asked him how he accounted for that spontaneous denunciation of Dempsey three years ago; and he laughed rudely, right in my face. He told me that that demonstration wasn't spontaneous at all.

He said a man named Lew Raymond, who owned an interest in Harry Wills and wished to compel the Prize Fight Commission to sanction a Dempsey match in compliance with a great popular demand, had deliberately created that popular demand by planting about fifty coarse characters in the Garden gallery on free tickets and touching them off with the first "Boo!"

"Give me about half a dozen smart fellows to cue them off at the psychological moment, and I will make a Tammany crowd cheer this Hefflefinger of Alabama for you," Mr. Jacobs said.

Now, I have a very keen insight, so I said, "Yes, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised to hear that you started all that cheering for Dempsey the other night, because I happen to know that Mr. Rickard wants to build up Dempsey's popularity and you work for Mr. Rickard and you have done such things before."

I DON'T like to believe this of Mr. Rickard and Mr. Jacobs, but my faith is not what it used to be.

Anyway, how can one have full confidence in a gentleman who would deliberately have an elderly English lady locked up on Ellis Island for five days without food, merely to arouse public interest in a show produced for financial gain under the guise of a cherished cause, as Mr. Jacobs once did?

That was back in 1913, on the occasion of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst's trip to the United States. Mrs. Pankhurst had only recently emerged from her greatest hunger strike in England, and a wireless message from the ship on which she was coming to America stated that she was still snapping outside the beef locker between meals.

With his own lips Mr. Jacobs admitted the sordid details which I am about to relate. He said that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere

Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

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The HARDY UTILI-T-CART Serve-All

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Write for valuable free booklet describing the HARDY Serve-All

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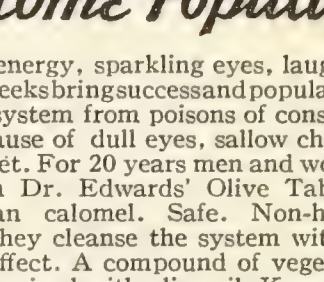

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Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. They cleanse the system without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Known by their olive color. They'll give you glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

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You may be getting along all right, *but*—have you won the really *big* success you wanted?

Most people struggle blindly for success. Hard work and ability have little or nothing to do with it. People who work the hardest usually get the least, while those who "take it easy" generally get the most.

Amazing Discovery!

An amazing discovery in Mental Science has been made by Leland Wells Pollock, A.B., L.L.B., a Harvard-trained lawyer. It *proves* that any normal man or woman can *quickly win astounding success* by following certain simple Principles.

No new studies. No hard work. No denials. Simply go on as you are now going and let success *automatically come to you.*

Free! The whole story is told in two thrilling manuscripts. They're yours FREE. Send the Coupon NOW.

You Can:

—increase your income;
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—win friends, love and companionship;
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They Say:

"Thanks to you my whole life is now sunshine and roses."—H.P.N., Washington, Pa.

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"I can never thank you enough for what you have done for me."—E. O. H., Portland, Ore.

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Millions use Lucky Tiger. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks skin troubles. At Barbers and Druggists.
LUCKY TIGER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

he and Mr. Charlie Harvey, a gentleman commonly associated with prize fighters, called on Mrs. August Belmont, the American sponsor of Mrs. Pankhurst's tour, and having assured her of their personal regularity in the issue of votes for ladies, offered to take the opening show at the old Madison Square Garden off her hands. They offered to pay the suffrage organization a lump sum if they were allowed to present Mrs. Pankhurst at the Garden and retain any profit that might accrue.

Mrs. Belmont agreed, and the Messrs. Jacobs and Harvey decided that, in order to attract the utmost attention, they must contrive to have Mrs. Pankhurst give a performance of her unique specialty, the hunger strike, on American soil. Realizing, however, that the lady was still hungry, they surmised that she might be unwilling to fast unless she were arrested.

OF course, this happened a long time ago, and I trust that Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Harvey are better men by now; but the fact remains that they went down to the ship-news reporters' room, invited some of the reporters and some immigration inspectors to an adjacent *weinstube,* and there hatched a plan to have Mrs. Pankhurst detained at Ellis Island on the ground that she was a menace to the peace and quiet of New York City.

After five days' detention, such was their scheme, Mrs. Pankhurst was to be allowed to land, photographers were to snap her in the act of eating a live tomcat without so much as a dash of chutney, and the enterprise was to roll to a climax and a fine profit at the Garden.

"But," said Mr. Jacobs, "as soon as she started to starve on Ellis Island, the Department of Labor down in Washington decided that maybe she really was a menace, and they weren't going to let her land at all. Mr. Harvey and I had severe headaches for three days, but we finally got Mr. Frank O'Neill, the boxing commissioner at that time, who was some kind of lawyer, to go down to Washington and explain.

"So they let Mrs. Pankhurst come ashore, and we allowed the ladies who were interested in the suffrage racket to come and listen to her speech for the modest fee of five and ten dollars a head. We did quite nicely in the end. Mr. Harvey and I made about ten thousand dollars."

I ask you, is this any way to do?

I ask you if Mr. Jacobs was sincere the time he had five sets of tickets printed for a drama that was failing on Broadway, placed pairs of the tickets in hundreds of envelopes bearing such scribbled names as "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Cohen," and "Mr. Kelly," and then walked around town, slyly dropping the envelopes in the subway, in theater lobbies, and on the streets?

Such is the fascination of the free ticket that there were five claimants for most of the seats that night, and no less than three

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now *more attractive* in a larger variety of pleasing colors—yet the price remains the same. Manufactured in our new daylight factory at Indianapolis.
Deubener's Shopping Bag, Indianapolis, Indiana
A Dime for a Deubener—Everywhere!

All The Skinny Man Gets Is Sympathy

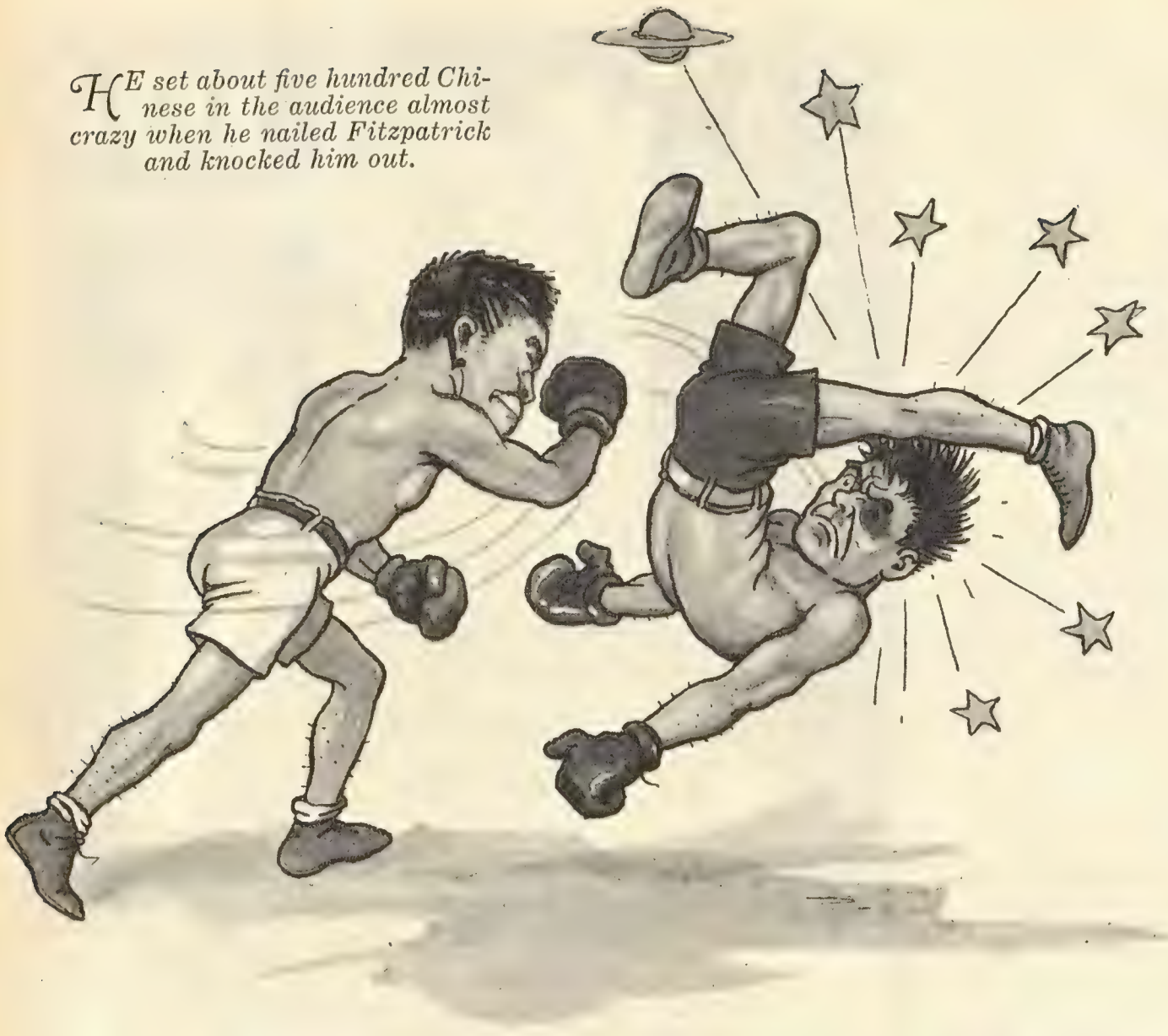
The girl who is "always the bridesmaid but never the bride" has nothing on the thin weak fellow who sees himself continually passed up for the manly-looking chap who radiates virile health and strength.

Pretty tough on the skinny man all right—but that's the way of the world—he only looks half the man he really is and that's all he will get credit for being until he wakes up and begins to put some firm flesh on his bones.

That's easy enough to do—as many a fellow with a well-knit figure, pep and personality can tell you—and here's the best way to do it. Just read this iron-clad guarantee: McCoy takes all the risk: If after taking 4 sixty cent boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes any thin underweight man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health your druggist will refund your money.

The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any good druggist.

McCOY'S TABLETS



HE set about five hundred Chinese in the audience almost crazy when he nailed Fitzpatrick and knocked him out.

[BALLYHOOEY! Continued from Page Sixty-three]

claimants for any of them, and the confusion became so disorderly that the police found it necessary to step in—all of which eventuated in newspaper stories to the effect that the failing attraction was so popular as to be greatly oversold.

"You see," Mr. Jacobs said, "none of the people would admit that they had found their tickets. They all claimed to have bought them and demanded their seats. It was terrible, I assure you. But legitimate business picked up the next night and the show had a nice run. All it needed was stimulation."

DO you think Mr. James J. Johnston, the manager of prize fighters, was in earnest, or merely seeking publicity for an enterprise, that time just after William Jennings Bryan's resignation from the Cabinet, when he telegraphed Mr. Bryan an offer of $250 to come to New York and expound his peaceful principles before the serious thinkers of the St. Nicholas Social, Ethical, and Physical Culture Society?

Mr. Johnston did not inform Mr. Bryan that his organization was merely a fight club, or that the principal exercise of the meeting would consist of ten slashing rounds or less between the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Al Palzer, and the Hon. Chairman of the Committee on Ideals, Mr. Frank Moran. And, after Mr. Bryan had courteously declined, owing to a previous engagement, but suggested a later date, was it necessary for Mr. Johnston to confide the correspondence to all the newspapers?

It was not. In fact, there need be no doubt that Mr. Johnston was shamelessly insincere. For even now this incorrigible trifler will laugh brazenly as he relates with what relish the newspaper humorists of the day seized upon the incident, poking coarse jests at Mr. Bryan and arousing such widespread interest that the house was packed by the time he arose to say:

"I am sure all our members will share my regret that the great intellectual treat which your president had planned to present this evening will not be available, as Mr. William Jennings Bryan wires that he is unable to be with us, but wishes us success in our work."

It would demolish a stalwart's faith to give a full recital of the many infidelities which Mr. Johnston has practiced upon the public, but I feel it my duty to expose the man a little further.

To this end I will relate the episode of Ah Chung, the Chinese prize fighter, using Mr. Johnston's own words against him.

"When I was president of the St. Nicholas Society," he states, "Mr. Eddie Keevin called me up and asked me could I use a Chinese fighter. So I said, 'Can he fight?' And Mr. Keevin said, 'Yes, he can fight pretty good.'

"So I matched him with a boy by the name of Johnny Fitzpatrick and told Mr. Keevin to send the Chinese boy around. The sport writers thought this was very interesting indeed. Upon my word, they gave it so much space that they quite took my breath away. So I decided I would create a little atmosphere. I went down to a Chinese printer in Pell Street and had him print a lot of handbills and stick them on the walls around Chinatown—all about Ah Chung fighting an Irishman at the St. Nicholas Social, Ethical, and So-Forth Society.

"Well, my dear sir, on the day of the match I went around to the club in the morning, and a young Italian boy was sitting on the steps. And he said, 'Are you Mr. Johnston?' And I said, 'Yes.' So he said, 'I am Eddie Keevin's fighter.'

"I was quite startled," Mr. Johnston states, "because here I had been telling my public about a Chinese fighter, and this boy was just a nice looking Italian. So I said to my brother Charlie: 'Quick, Charlie, take this boy down to Mott Street right away and get him a suit of those Chinese pajamas and some sandals and one of those round cheese-box caps, and we will yellow his face with actor's make-up and paint slanting eyebrows on to him.'

"Well, that evening we locked him in the dressing room until time for the main event. Finally we put him in the ring, and he set about five hundred Chinese in the audience almost crazy when he nailed Fitzpatrick one on the kisser and knocked him out."

"MR. JOHNSTON," I said, "when you realized that you had been misled, why didn't you spread the word that the fighter was not Chinese?"

"Oh, I would have done so, but the boy told me himself that his mother's grandfather was Chinese. I thought it all out. My announcements didn't say the fighter was all Chinese, and, moreover, I didn't want to disappoint the spectators."

I leave it to you: Was Mr. Johnston sincere?

These are times that try men's faith.

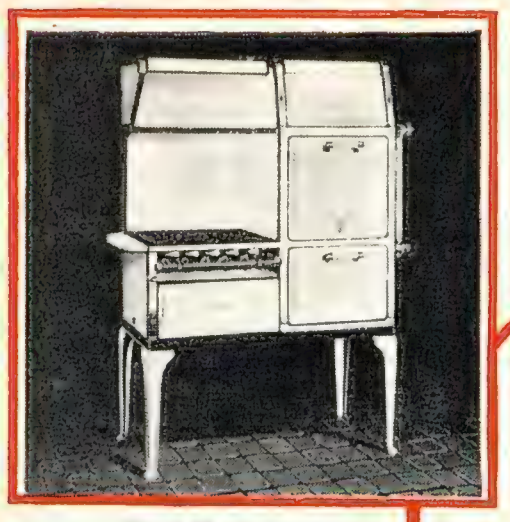
Mr. Gene Tunney quarrels terribly with Mr. Rickard, and the next week there are pictures in the papers showing Mr. Tunney and Mr. Rickard signing contracts for another prize fight.

How can one know what to believe?

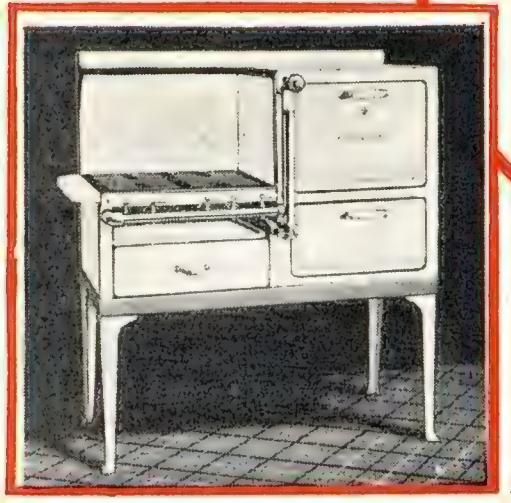
THE END

In thirty seconds half the people in the Garden were yelling for the ex-champ to take a bow, and when he entered the ring he faced a gale of cheers that only Lindbergh has ever heard the like of.

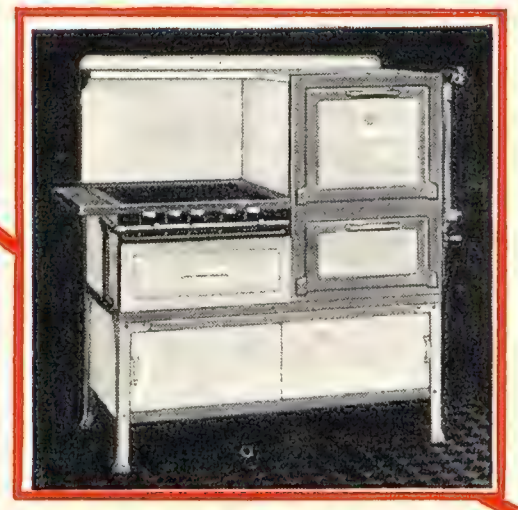
A Great Institution & is back of every RED WHEEL Gas Range



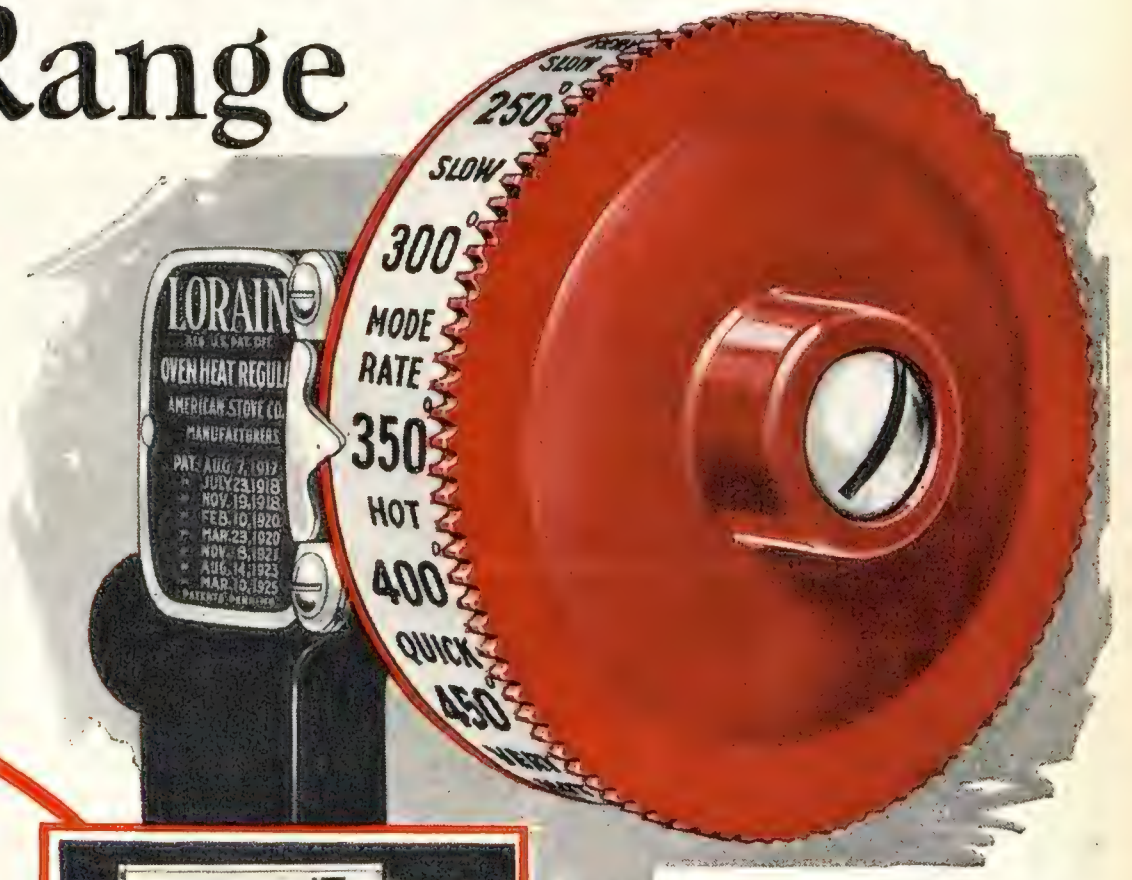
CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.



RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

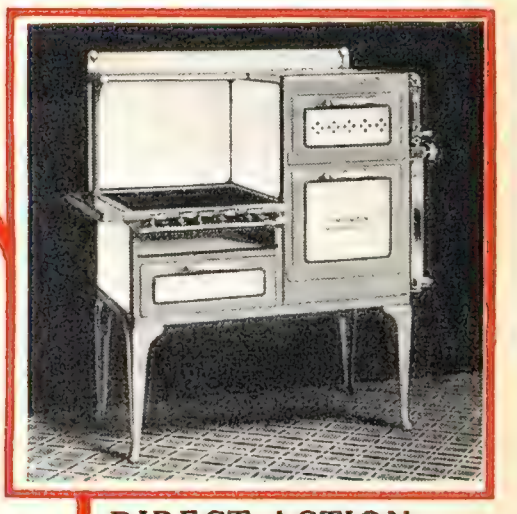


DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.



DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, O.

NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.

FOR NEARLY A HALF-CENTURY the six great stove manufacturing plants that comprise American Stove Company have been building stoves to cook the meals of America's millions.

Since the day of its birth the great factories and foundries of American Stove Company located at St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Lorain, O., Bedford, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., have never been closed, 'though wars, fires, floods and panics have come and gone.

This fact alone should inspire the confidence of every buyer. But there are other reasons why you can buy a Red Wheel Gas Range with the most complete confidence.

The men who build Red Wheel Gas Ranges have spent most of their working lives at the task. The mechanical equipment employed by American Stove Company is the most modern and efficient procurable.

In one of the finest Research Laboratories in the World the efficiency, durability, safety and satisfactory performance of every new model of Red Wheel Gas Range are proved.

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Lorain equipped Gas Range.

An expensively equipped Research Kitchen is maintained for the benefit of owners and prospective buyers of Red Wheel Gas Ranges (see coupon).

When you buy your next gas range *make sure* that it is one of the six famous makes equipped with the Lorain (Red Wheel) Regulator (see illustrations). For Lorain is the *original* oven heat control, invented, built and unconditionally guaranteed by American Stove Company.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

829 Chouteau Avenue :: :: :: :: St. Louis, Mo.

LORAIN

American Stove Co., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipes for Tarts and Fanchonnettes. (*Print* name and address plainly.)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Lib.—4-21-28

Maybe Janey got nervous. Anyway, she fell right into my soup.

It's HARD *to be a* Lady

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes 18 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Lita had a birthday party. Lita's the one that can't eat. Lita's the one her mother wishes was like me. If she knew all, maybe she wouldn't be so rash, Mom says.

Lita's del-i-ket. Not like the Sick One that was here visiting. That one could eat candy. She ate it all day. She ate it all by herself. She wouldn't give me and Mary any. That's why she had no ap-pe-tight at the table.

Lita's a dif-fer-ent del-i-ket. She doesn't want to eat candy or fig cakes or peanuts or anything. She's awfully white in the face. She is also very tiny. I can put my arms all around her. I can lift her. And she's older than me. She jumps when she hears noises. She cries when the bell rings. She can't run fast. I wish she could. Some days she can't run at all. She can only sit.

It's ter-rible to sit. I know. I had to sit yesterday. I had to sit with my face to the wall. I think it was all day I had to sit. Only Mom said, after I sat all day, "Now your five minutes are up."

Anyway, her mamma said she must give Lita a birthday party. She cried when she said it to Mom. She cried awful big tears. She said she didn't know how many birthdays she'd have Lita for. Mom got red in the eyes and wet on the face. I started to cry too. I asked Mom what we were all crying for. She said, "You run along, honey." So I run along. Mary said, "What are you crying for?" I said, "I don't know." So she said, "Here, you can have my all-day sucker."

Well, the party wasn't that day. It wasn't the next. I don't know what day it was. Only it was the day the party was. When we got there Lita's mamma wasn't crying. She was smiling and laughing. And Lita was jumping around the floor. Everybody said how cu-u-te she looked. And Lita's mamma said I looked how cu-u-te too. And Mary. And all the girls and boys, which I couldn't count how many was.

I didn't stay long enough, I guess. And if it was anybody else but Lita I wouldn't care if they never did have any more birthdays ever. I don't like birthday parties. Not the way they turn out.

Maybe the parties is all right. It's the manners you have to take that spoil everything. They did for me.

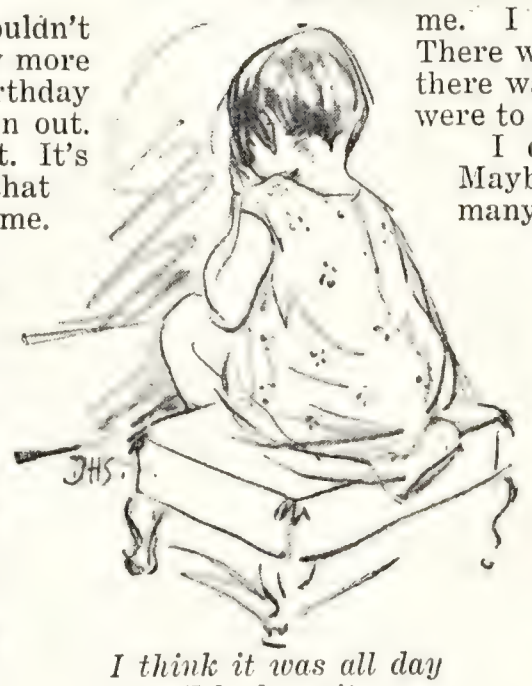
It all started this way. Mom gave me some extra lessons on table manners for the party. She's always trying to teach them. But they spoil my eating. I can't eat nearly so fast with them. But she says, "You've gotta learn them, so you might as well learn them right now. Then, when you go to parties, you'll know how to act like a lady."

When Lita's mamma asked me to the party I asked her if I could bring Janey. She said, Yes; she'd love to have Janey too. Mom said Janey wasn't a nice enough doll to take to a party. I said I'd make her nice. I'd teach her manners. Then people would think her a lady. She doesn't look like one. Not very much, I mean. She's full of mends and holes.

Her dress doesn't come to her knees like a lady's should. And she's awful loose. You can fold her up any way. She isn't stiff like a lady. So I guess she isn't one. I mean I guess she wasn't one until I teached her.

I made her sit in the high chair. I got a pillow and put it on another chair for me.

First, I made her say grace. Mom says that is more im-port-ant than being a lady. And she thinks being a lady more im-port-ant than anything else. More than the food, I think she thinks. No matter how hungry I am, she won't let me put the whole piece of bread in my mouth at once. Anyway, she says we mustn't forget to be thankful for bread and milk and carrots and spinach. Only I never say, "God bless the spinach." I can't.



I think it was all day I had to sit.

Janey lis-ten-ed when I told her she should be thankful. She hasn't any ears. But she hears everything I tell her. She couldn't say grace. She hasn't any teeth to talk with. She never did have any. I guess she never will have any. She's not cutting anything yet. And she's as old as me. But she looked thankful without her teeth, just the same.

Janey's arms were on the table. She's so loose she flops. I had to tell her not to do that at a party.

I showed her how to hold her spoon. And not to use the left hand like I do when nobody's looking. And not to take too much on her spoon at once. And to chew slowly and not to talk with her mouth full. And not to say, "Gimme some more."

Janey just sat and looked at me with one eye. Because that's all the eyes she's got. The other one fell out one day. We couldn't ever find it again. But we didn't need it. I told her I'd see for her if she needed another eye.

WELL, anyway, Janey learned her manners in time for the party. When we got there all the boys and girls were washed and had their hair curled. I mean the boys were washed and the girls were curled. Some were dancing to music. Some were just running around. That's what I did. I runned around right out into the dining room. There was a big table. It was beau-ti-ful.

I said, "I'm hungry. So is Janey." A boy who looked like *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in his suit said, "Where did you get the dirty doll?" I said, "She is not dirty." He said, "She *is* a dirty doll. I'm going to put her in the ash can." He went to grab her and I went to shove him away.

He fell on the floor and bumped his head. But he didn't say I had a dirty doll any more.

Lita's mamma said, "It's time to eat, children." She told me to leave Janey on the sofa till we got through eating. I said, "Janey knows her manners." So I took her right with me. I sat her up beside my place. There was a plate of soup at it. Also, there was a basket of candy which we were to carry home with us.

I don't know how it happened. Maybe Janey got nervous with so many watching her trying to be a lady. Anyway, she fell right into my soup. She knocked the candy basket into it too. Everybody got splashed and the tablecloth and my new yellow dress and Lita's new pink dress with the blue bow-knots on it.

Lita's mamma took Janey out of the soup. She said, "We'll have to make her eat in the kitchen. She doesn't know how to behave."

That made me feel awful bad, because I taught Janey all the manners she knew. So I thought I should go and eat in the kitchen with her. But Lita's mamma said no and I said yes. When it looked as if they were going to sep-a-rate us, I grabbed Janey and ran home. Lita's mamma came running after me. We only lived next door.

Mom said I wasn't a lady to act like that at Lita's party, and I should go right back again and leave Janey at home. Then there was what Daddy calls a scene. I guess I wasn't a lady either, the way I acted. Anyway, I was put to bed and told I couldn't go to any more parties until I learned nicer manners.

But how can you tell when your manners are nice enough to go to a party? I teached Janey, and she fell into the soup. Mom teaches me, and maybe I'll fall into the soup too.

What made me feel worst, I missed the prize for pinning on the donkey's tail.

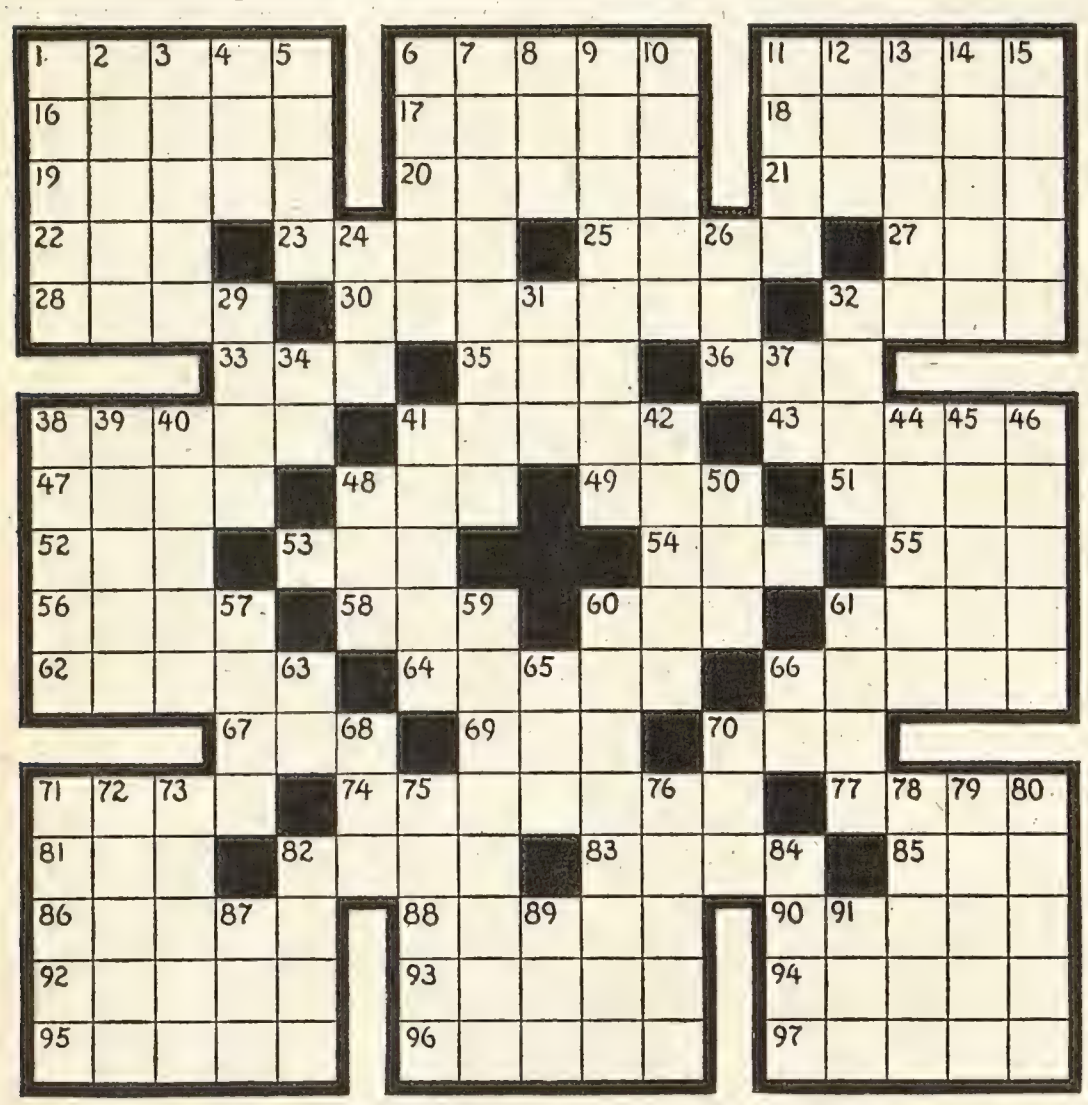
We hadn't played it yet.

Next week Toni has her first try at the perpetual feminine pastime—vamping. Don't miss it.

BROKEN-SQUARE

PUZZLE

FOR the benefit of those who have failed to note the announcements made heretofore, and who still favor us with contributions, let us say again that LIBERTY has discontinued the purchase of cross-word puzzles.



HORIZONTAL

1 Heating device
6 Binding strips
11 Forest mentioned in As You Like It
16 Series of things drawn along
17 Worship
18 Watered silk fabric
19 Ventilated
20 Measure of weight
21 Rends
22 Teamster's word of command
23 A store
25 Departs
27 No
28 Whirlpool
30 Man's name
32 Fruiting spikes of grain
33 Devour
35 An eternity
36 Bear young
38 Vapor
41 Released
43 Ingredient of the castor-oil bean
47 Give heed
48 Pronoun
49 Cardinal number
51 Defy
52 Cereal grass
53 A kind of sweet bread
54 Reap
55 Crude
56 Employed
58 Joined
60 Amid
61 Apportion
62 Meaning
64 A charge
66 One of the Apostles
67 Grassland
69 Humanity in general
70 Suffer illness
71 Violent passion
74 Opposes manfully
77 Love to excess
81 Evil
82 Carry
83 Trial
85 Noisy quarrel
86 Semitransparent dress material
88 Coronet
90 Lessen
92 Terminated
93 Anæsthetic
94 Headdress of church dignitaries
95 Requires
96 Former English gold coins
97 Stalks

VERTICAL

1 Platform
2 Essayed
3 Rowed
4 Strive for superiority
5 Purposes in view
6 Pork
7 Adjusting devices
8 Neither
9 Large South American lizard
10 Surgical device for inducing discharge
11 Territorial divisions of Denmark
12 Spawn
13 Roman goddess of the hunt
14 Deviation from accuracy
15 Snuggeries
24 Head covering
26 Gaze persistently
29 Division of time
31 Garden tool
32 Character in Idylls of the King
34 Exist
37 Area ten meters square
38 Yell
39 Annoy
40 Corroded
41 Mulcted
42 Abdicate
44 Mark to denote an insert
45 Angry
46 Fresher
48 Buzzing sound
50 Drowse
57 Issue in small quantities
59 Rashness
60 Musical vagabond
61 A pinochle term
63 Note of the scale
65 The cry of a sheep
66 Letter of the Greek alphabet
68 A man's nickname
70 Beast of burden
71 Torn apart
72 Single
73 Move with ease
75 Classifier
76 Rips
78 Declaim
79 Emblem of a savage clan
80 Pitchers
82 Small cultivated plots
84 Scotch caps
87 Conducted
89 Exclamation
91 Boring tool

Answer to last week's puzzle

Improved No. 100 $6.50

Always look for this Blue and Gold tag—it is on every genuine White-Cross Product.

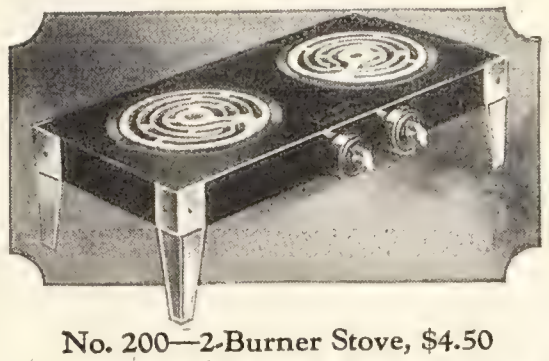
What Thousands are Saying about this New Double Duty Stove!

WOMEN everywhere are amazed at the new White-Cross Electric Stove which heats quick as a wink—brings water to a boil as quick as gas! So remarkable an advance is it over previous electric cooking that soon 100,000 women will be experiencing its benefits—not one woman in a hundred can afford to be without this new Double Duty Stove. And it costs only $6.50!

The only stove of its kind with a double capacity element, which produces the necessary heat for heavy boiling or cooking. One burner operates at ten amperes—1100 watts—which is *double* the capacity of the ordinary electric stove or hot-plate on the market today! As great an improvement over the old electric stove as electric cooking was over the methods of 1900.

It is 18 inches long, finished in lustrous, triple-baked, black enamel, nickel trimmed. Burners operate independently or together by rotary four-station switch. No. 100, Improved, Complete $6.50.

Ask your dealer NOW about this Double Duty Electric Stove. No other electric stove at ten times its price could possibly interest you. once you learn of its unequaled efficiency. More than 20,000 of the better stores sell them. See yours—or write us for interesting information.

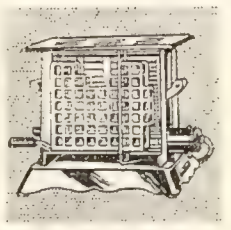


No. 200—2-Burner Stove, $4.50

A quarter million women are now using the White-Cross Electric Stove shown above. Guaranteed Nichrome heating elements. Burners operate independently or together, 5 Amperes each. In sparkling triple-baked black enamel, nickel legs, 18 inches long.

No. 156
Waffle Iron, $8.80

Makes full size waffles without grease or smoke. Three other styles, $6.80 to $10.



No. 229—Reversible Toaster, $5.00

Toasts two extra large slices at same time without handling. No springs or hinges. Cushioned legs prevent scratching or marring table.

No. 281
Percolator, $4.40

The 4 cup size, ideal for the small family, with the new patented Spray Type Fountain Pump. Very low price.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
3212-3250 West Lake Street Chicago, Illinois

WHITE TRADE MARK CROSS

Write today for interesting White-Cross Brochure on electric cooking and name of your nearest dealer.

Manufacturers of complete line of electric appliances and stoves. Prices slightly higher in the Far West and Canada.

Vox Pop

"Yours for the Revolution"

WHARTON, N. J.—Rank, red socialism, that's what it is—I refer to your editorial "That Reservoir of Labor." The State Department will surely have you under surveillance.

If it weren't for the recurring cycles of unemployment, how could we run our business? They enable us to replace our expensive older employees with young men and girls, who will "start" at practically "nothing a month" because we feed them a good line about big advancement "later on."

Heavens! If the policies you advocate were carried out and unemployment relieved, we might have to offer these people a decent living to get them to come with us. Think what such a revolutionary idea means, in its logical conclusion! For one thing, if women—the great mass of them—could earn a decent living decently, what would our directors' sons do for entertainment these long nights!—Signature illegible.

Music Hath Charms

TORONTO, CAN.—Your darn magazine should be dumped into the ash can! I just got another licking for

reading LIBERTY on the music rack while "practicing" piano.

I must be an awful sap to read this magazine, and yet I get it every week, thus throwing away five cents. Your stories are rotten, your articles worse, your editorials are— Oh, well, I have to practice piano again.—*E. F.*

Listen, Nova Scotia!

STAUNTON, VA.—I note that Mr. Ed. McKensie of Nova Scotia said in a letter to Vox Pop: "You Yanks were only in the war for five minutes and you are doing more yelping than people who were in it for years. Don't ever forget you never saw the *real* German soldier. He was mopped up before you Yanks finished writing notes."

Mr. McKensie should realize that Uncle Sam is a fast worker and five minutes was all that was necessary to show the other side what to do and how to turn the trick.

If it hadn't been for Uncle Sam's five minutes, the Kaiser's address would now be Buckingham Palace, London.

I have an idea that's just five minutes more than they will ever get again out of Uncle Sam in the next war.—*Vox Mom.*

WATERTOWN, S. D.—Replying to Ed. McKensie in Vox Pop:

Yes, you British met some real Germans in '14-'15 and it was a shame the way they mopped you up. Fact is, they would have had you whipped had not the Yanks come over for "five minutes" to save your hide.—*L. E. Rowe.*

READING, PA.—Ed. McKensie from Canada, shake hands, old boy! At least one of our former opponents gives the German soldier the credit he deserves. Yes, sir; the Americans never met the real German soldiers. They were dead, wounded, and crippled. The bulk of the German army was gone long before the first American soldier put his foot on French soil.

What they met was a half-starved, worn-out army, with not even enough guns and ammunition. Surely the Americans decided the war, but mainly with their money, tanks, guns, and munitions. Any one-and-a-half-million army, added to those of the English, French, Belgians, and Italians, could decide the war at that time, in 1918.

Yet the Americans claim the victory for themselves, consider themselves as the best soldiers in the world, and pretend that nobody can lick the Americans. They should have been over there in 1914-15.

I don't want to belittle the American soldier—he did the best he could—but he was not of the quality of the English and the French and he had not the necessary experience.—*Walter Lentz—A German Officer.*

EASTON, PA.—In a recent issue I read what Mr. Ed. McKensie thinks of us "Yanks." Well, Mr. McKensie, in those five minutes we did what you were *trying* to do for years. We can do it again!—*Claude Dolson.*

BOSTON, MASS.—As a native-born Canadian and as an original member of the Mad Fourth, C. E. F., I strenuously object to the tone and text of Ed. McKensie's letter to Vox Pop. It shows an ignorance of war and the Americans. Any veteran of the C. E. F. will give full credit to any man or unit that showed the guts and push to carry on, and the Americans—both as individuals and units—did that.

Time means nothing. Many a man did as much in five minutes as some in five years.

Speaking from actual experience, I found the Germans just as real in 1918 as in 1915. Our casualty lists will also prove that statement.—*Ypres to Mons.*

But They Buy Us in Boston!

LAWRENCE, MASS.—I, "Bushey" Graham, do hereby proclaim your magazine as being rotten and a public nuisance. You may get away with such rot in New York, but you'd never get away with it here in Lawrence, because this city is full of brains.—*"Bushey" Graham.*

It Does Get to Be a Habit

DENVER, COLO.—I am a devoted cover-to-cover reader of your magazine, and I think it's hard to beat.

But I insist that you give us a page called "Developing Will Power"—the object being to enable those caustic anti-LIBERTY Vox Poppers to walk by the magazine stands without buying a copy. Their self-respect is at stake.—*Harley N. Beery.*

Dog Gone!

NORFOLK, VA.—Just as soon as I had read "The Manassa Mauler" to my Boston bulldog, he went out and licked a poodle and a hound dog.—*T. M. O.*

O, Maybe Not Six

GLENDALE, L. I.—In constant and ever increasing amazement and disgust, I watch the pictures used on your front cover.

Must we be condemned to follow the lives of *Sandy* and *Lil*, and probably their six children, through to the very end, and then see the funeral? If that is the case, kindly have them suffer a horrible death as soon as possible—preferably an auto smash or a train wreck, wherein the whole family is completely wiped out.—*H. Sloan.*

Ouch!

WELCH, W. VA.—LIBERTY! (shades of Patrick Henry) A We(a)kly for Everybody: growing weaker and weaker week by week.—*H. S. W.*

What?—What?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—By the way, where does Mabel McElliott Clarke get this stuff about women of thirty-five being ready for the ash can? In her story "Chimera" she has *Alexandra Blake*, of those venerable years, go back to washing babies and soaking prunes because she was too aged and infirm to write a good story or to vamp an editor. What are we women of thirty-five supposed to do, anyhow? Reach out with our crutches and turn on the gas?

Your magazine is the worst ever. I always use it to light my furnace. When worse stories are written, LIBERTY will print them. I must go, now, and put my prunes to soak.—*Mildred H. Kinkead.*

P. S. The story of "Chimera" is splendidly done. The characters are clearly drawn, and the whole story is done with excellent restraint and co-ordination. I congratulate you on acquiring this writer.

Pick a Nice Blind Man

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I am a young girl twenty-nine years old, and my parents forbid me to keep company with fellows who read LIBERTY, as they say it is too spicy for a young girl's mind.

What should I do?—*Mazie Hoopering.*

It Does Seem Like a Miracle

AUDUBON, N. J.—May I take this opportunity of congratulating LIBERTY on performing a miracle?

The issue dated March 3, 1928, offered $25 for all accepted letters from its readers—subject: "Are Women People?"

Now enters the miracle. If, as I have been informed by a note from your office, LIBERTY is published *five* weeks in advance, how is it possible that letters were published in the issue dated March 10, 1928—*one week* after the offer appeared?—*Harry Horne.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE—LIBERTY for February 4, 1928, contained an offer of twenty-five dollars for letters on "Are Women People?" which, perhaps, Mr. Horne didn't notice. But he writes a neat letter.]

Brain and Heart Food

ROSLINDALE, MASS.—Have just finished reading "The Balloon Buster of Arizona," by Norman S. Hall. It

was great! My husband and I fairly devoured that story. Please publish more like it.

What a career that boy had while it lasted—and what a glorious death!—*A Doughboy's Wife.*

Racing Lil's Stork

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—*Sandy* and *Lil* are doubly interesting to us because we resemble them physically and financially. Hope *Sandy* lands the Big Job, even as Wifie and I.

If the stork pays them a visit before he does us we shall be greatly disappointed.—*Mr. & Mrs.*

PRISCILLA AND JOHN ALDEN

"All the world loves a lover." In his celebrated poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish" Longfellow relates the romantic story of "Priscilla, the Puritan maiden" and John Alden. The artist here pictures a tryst of the youthful lovers rudely disturbed by the arrow, of a hostile Indian, which found lodgement in the entwined hearts carved in the bark of the tree by the devoted Alden.

(Additional copies of this and other pictures of our Puritan series will be mailed free upon request to Dept. B, The Cudahy Packing Company, Chicago.)

Cudahy's

Puritan Bacon

"First in the Land"

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Making the Most of the Egg Harvest

By ETHEL SOMERS

MAKING use of the abundance of eggs in season is a true economy. As a food for human consumption, eggs rank in value just below milk and the leafy vegetables. Because of their high nutritive value, eggs are early put into the diet of babies, for properly cooked eggs are very easily digested.

Low-temperature cookery is essential to success, even for the so-called hard-cooked egg. Eggs become firm and hard when still well under the boiling temperature. From 160° to 180° F. should be the maximum range. When heated above this point, eggs become tough in proportion to the excess heat.

Under no circumstances should eggs ever be boiled. If one has not learned to control the gas flame it is safer to cook eggs over water in a double boiler. Even in this the careless cook may err, when making soft custards, by allowing the water in the bottom to boil, which in turn overheats the custard mixture and causes it to curdle in fine lumps rather than to become uniformly thick and velvety.

If by accident this should happen, a partial remedy is to remove the custard from the hot water and beat vigorously. This explains why some cooks get a much thicker custard product from the same recipe than others. Every bit of egg that curdles loses its power to thicken the milk being cooked. Both baked custard and soft custard involve low-temperature cookery. A more detailed explanation of the principles involved in baking is given in the directions for making Custard Pie.

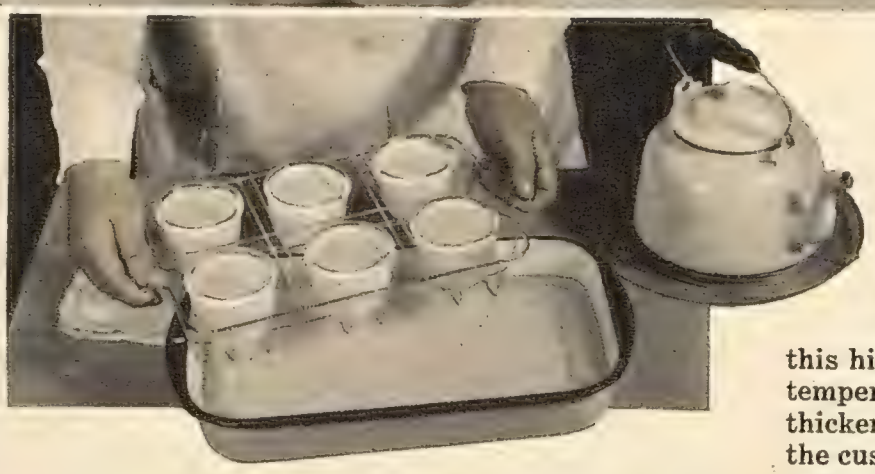
Whether eggs are used as a thickening or a leavening agent, they are a valuable building food, particularly for children. Those who object to plainly cooked eggs may enjoy an eggnog, a baked custard, or even sponge or angel-food cake. Because all of the valuable food materials are contained in eggs, the housewife should make a particular study of cooking them and in this season of plenty should practice economy through increased use.

This is the beginning of the season when it may be a profitable venture to store eggs in water glass. A choice egg, if properly stored in April, will be more palatable in November than poorly handled fresh eggs of that month. The quality of eggs coming out of storage depends more upon their condition when put into storage than on the length of time that has elapsed. Selection of eggs for storing should depend upon easily made though accurate tests for freshness.

If you would be economical in your spring menus, serve eggs often at this season and, if possible, provide for storing some.

Preserving Eggs by Means of Water-Glass Solution

Select clean fresh eggs and provide crocks, kegs, or jars, preferably with tightly fitting covers. This covering prevents loss through evaporation and eliminates the need for close watching during storage as well as the replacing of water as it evaporates. Thoroughly scald or sterilize the jar to remove any bacteria which might cause spoilage. Pack the clean though unwashed selected eggs into the jar and pour in the following solution, well mixed: 1 part water glass to 10 parts boiled water which has been cooled.



(Above) Eggs preserved in water glass are as wholesome as fresh eggs, though not quite their equal in flavor.
(Below) Placing the cups in water achieves the low temperature that is the secret of custard baking.

If permanently hard water is all that is available in your locality, boiling will not make it soft, and therefore distilled water should be used. Most hard water is what is known as temporarily hard water, and during the boiling the calcium settles in layers in the teakettle, and the water after boiling is soft.

THERE is probably no other food that provides such a variety of appetizing, palatable dishes as the egg. And few are so quickly prepared. LIBERTY'S three cookbooks show you how to make the most of eggs in both plain and fancy dishes, such as vegetable omelet, soft custard, floating island, goldenrod eggs, sponge cake, angel-food cake, tapioca cream, cream filling, a variety of cream pies, cream puffs, mock sponge cake, popovers, snow pudding, sunshine cake, Spanish omelet, fruited eggnogs, egg lemonade, etc. Each book costs only 10¢—all three for 25¢. Get your cookbooks *now*. Use the coupon, please.

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Store in a cool place, preferably covered to eliminate close watching. A quart of water glass will make sufficient solution, when combined with the 10 parts of boiled soft water, to cover twelve dozen eggs.

Custard Pie

2 cups milk
½ cup sugar
1/16 teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 eggs, or 4, if the eggs are small or cheap enough to warrant their use

BEAT the eggs only *slightly*, as air bubbles will produce holes in the finished product. Add the sugar, salt, milk, and flavorings. Mix until well blended. Prepare a pie crust with a high and well fluted rim, on a thin (therefore one quick to heat) pie pan. Flour the crust *lightly* and have the oven heated to 425° F. Carry the floured pie shell to the oven rack and pour in the custard, filling it to the brim because the custard will shrink as it bakes. Close the oven and continue the 425° F. temperature for 10 to 15 minutes, which will be sufficient to properly crust over the pie shell and prevent soaking.

Watch the pie rather closely during this time to make sure that the custard does not become hot enough to boil. If the milk and eggs were ice cold, a custard pie can stand this high temperature 10 to 15 minutes before the temperature becomes anywhere near hot enough to thicken or spoil. Once the crust is coated (or if the custard mixture shows signs of too much heat) reduce the temperature quickly to 350° F. Continue to bake for 30 to 40 minutes longer, depending upon the thickness of the pie being baked. This reduction in oven temperature may be made by opening the oven door for a moment or two.

At this time the custard should be well browned and stiff enough so that a silver knife inserted in the center will come out clean. Lastly, cool gradually. A quick cooling may cause a non-soaked crust to become soaked because the custard tends to whey or separate if quickly cooled. Open the oven door and let the pie cool therein for a time and after that remove to a cooling rack.

COCONUT CUSTARD PIE may be made from the plain custard recipe by adding ½ cup of coconut to the mixture.

CUP CUSTARD may be prepared according to the directions for Custard Pie, except that only 2 eggs are necessary in the recipe, and the sugar may or may not be reduced to ¼ cup, according to sweetness desired. Pour the mixed custard through a sieve into the baking dishes—the thicker the baking dish the better, because a heavy glass or earthenware baking cup protects the custard from the heat of the oven. Set in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven of 350° F. for 40 to 60 minutes, depending on the depth of the custard in the cup.

BREAD-PUDDING CUSTARD may be made by using the 2 eggs to 2 cups of milk proportion, with the ½ cup of sugar, and adding 1 cup of dry broken or crumbed bread. This may be varied by topping with meringue or jelly.

FROZEN CUSTARD may be made by freezing a chocolate or plain soft custard mixture, or, if a very rich product is desired, such as the French creams, the recipe for Cup Custard may be cooked over hot—not boiling—water, and frozen upon cooling. Since flavoring is lost during freezing, use ½ tablespoon vanilla and ½ cup sugar.

She Who Sleeps

Barry Brings His Dream Girl Home

A Serial by

SAX ROHMER

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

(Reading time: 24 minutes 45 seconds.)

BARRY CUMBERLAND learned to love a girl he had helped rescue from a tomb!

The whole astonishing occurrence was the culmination of his father's pursuit of Egyptology. For John Cumberland had bought from Danbazzar, a dealer, the strangest papyrus ever sold. It gave an account of the entombment of a beautiful captive princess, Zalithea, after she had been subjected to a process which would preserve indefinitely both her body and her life.

She could be restored to consciousness, so the papyrus stated, through the administering of a drink made from a specified formula.

Mr. Cumberland immediately decided on an expedition to Egypt to test the document's truth. He took with him his friend, Professor Blackwell, Barry, and Danbazzar, who had previously discovered the tomb's location.

Arrived in the desert, excavation was secretly begun. One faithful native, Hassan es-Sugra, assisted, while another—the spying Achmed Tawwab, eager for hush money—tried to block the game. At last the tomb was opened and Zalithea was freed from mummy wrappings. Revived by the drink, she opened wondering eyes.

To Barry, the sight of her was a double amazement. She was the image of someone he had seen in America, under strange circumstances.

Driving at dusk, a flash of lightning had illuminated a house, a high balcony, and a girl standing upon it, dressed like an Egyptian princess. Startled, Barry lost control of the car, had a smash, and wakened in a hospital.

When he recovered he found the house again, but no trace of the girl. After he had told of catching fleeting glimpses of her in the city crowds, his pal, Jim Sakers, and his aunt, "Micky" Colonna, were convinced that he was suffering from hallucinations.

But Zalithea was no hallucination. She was a willful beauty who made her wants known forcefully to Danbazzar, who could speak her ancient language haltingly.

He provided her with a native woman, Safîyeh, to act as her maid and, to satisfy the authorities, procured a properly signed paper stating that she was a sheik's daughter. Mr. Cumberland managed to provide French gowns and the Princess made a sensation at the Luxor hotels.

PART EIGHT

THAT uncomfortable sense of unreality, a sort of veil through which he saw and heard imperfectly, descended upon Barry during the early stages of dinner. The irrigation man and his friend sat quite near and were at no pains to hide their admiration of Zalithea.

In fact, it gradually became apparent that the beautiful unknown was being widely discussed. Barry wondered if the story of the sheik's daughter had spread further than they supposed. He began to cast off the Old Man of the Sea astride his shoulders—to disregard the inner voice which whispered—whispered—"Yes, she looks young and lovely. But you saw her in the tomb. You *know* she is the oldest woman who has ever lived."

A high-pitched feminine voice intruded upon his thoughts:

"I really *must* just say how d'you do!"

John Cumberland started and looked over his shoulder. A very smart, hard-faced woman was making for their table.

"Holy Mike!" said he. "Mrs. Uffington!"

"What!" Barry muttered, and glanced in the same direction. "Good Lord! All New York will have the story now!"

Indeed, it was the famous Mrs. Uffington, most intrepid of lion hunters; according to Jim Sakers, "The uncrowned Pope of Park Avenue."

BARRY was murderously pale. "Get out!" he said. "Get out while I can remember you're in my house."

She swooped down upon them. Zalithea fixed a stare of cold hostility upon the face of the newcomer.

"My dear John Cumberland!" Mrs. Uffington cried. "And if it isn't our very own Professor and Barry!"

They rose to greet her—without enthusiasm.

SHE ran on vivaciously: "John Cumberland, I know all about you! *What* will Micky Colonna say? But, my dear—she's lovely! I can't believe she's a colored girl—can't believe it!"

"Princess Zalithea is a member of a very old and distinguished family," said Barry coldly. "Allow me to present you." He bowed to the girl. "Mrs. Dudley Uffington."

Zalithea did not move. Her unwavering stare never left Mrs. Uffington's face. It had an oddly quelling effect.

"She's rather queer, isn't she?" asked the lady, in a lower tone.

"She doesn't speak English," Professor Blackwell explained.

"No! I was forgetting. But of course I have heard all about it. Do you know who told me? Mr. Ahmed Tawwab—such a charming man, for an Egyptian. He is looking in later, and I must really *insist* that you and your delightful—protégée—join us for coffee. I shall expect you!"

And she was off.

Zalithea, through half-closed eyes, watched the retreating figure.

Any plans they may have had to evade the subsequent meeting were frustrated by the energetic Mrs. Uffington. She had a table waiting, with coffee, liqueurs, and cigarettes, outside, after dinner. She swept them to it. And as they entered the palm-screened alcove in which it was situated, Mr. Tawwab rose to greet them, bowing deeply. He was accompanied by a lean, square-jawed man having small, fierce eyes, a bristling mustache, and very large, prominent teeth. He resembled a mad horse.

He was presented as Captain Quick.

Zalithea, trailing a light wrap, seated herself disdainfully on the very edge of a tall chair, staring straight into the eyes of the two men in turn as they were introduced, but giving not the slightest sign of acknowledgment. Mr. Tawwab appraised her critically and ravenously. Captain Quick burst at once into a shouted conversation.

"This is amazing!" he cried. "Positively! Never would have believed you come from the Senussi country! Never! Was down there in 'nineteen. What's your part?"

Mr. Tawwab exchanged a swift, malicious glance with Mrs. Uffington. John Cumberland looked helplessly at Barry. Zalithea stared at the speaker as though she had not heard him. It was Professor Blackwell, husky in his embarrassment, who explained:

"Our friend does not speak English, sir."

"Oh, damn it! What a fool I am!" yelled Captain Quick. "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I know the lingo—"

Zalithea stood up, leaving her wrap on the arm of the chair.

"Bahree!" she said—and pointed to it.

Then, without so much as a glance at any of the party, she walked slowly, languidly, out of the alcove.

"Excuse me!" Barry mumbled.

He had flushed to the roots of his hair. Grabbing the wrap, he ran after the girl.

He came up with her at the entrance, but she did not pause or glance aside. Side by side they walked on through the scented night. He placed the wrap over her shoulders. She was following her favorite route—that to the ancient *shadoof*.

And so presently, in silence, they were alone beside the Nile. Zalithea paused, resting against a crumbling wall and staring out over the whispering water. A boatman began to play a reed pipe. He played that age-old melody which surely the boatmen of Seti knew. Barry glanced at Zalithea. She was listening—intently.

Her lips were slightly parted, her lashes drooped. She looked beautiful. But—perhaps because of the Egyptian night and the music of the reed—she seemed unearthly.

A cold hand clutched his heart. Princess Zalithea! He was alone with a ghost!

What was she thinking? Whom was she remembering? Did the music bring dreams of happiness—of love?

Zalithea sighed shudderingly. Turning, she put her hand in his.

Her hand was warm. The little slender fingers clung tremulously. At their touch, his ghostly imaginings fled. She was real, a girl of flesh and blood; a living, lovely testimony to the wisdom of a past science.

In silence, as they had come, they walked back; like two children, hand in hand. And standing in the entrance to the hotel were Mr. Tawwab and Danbazzar.

"I am most indebted to His Excellency," boomed the latter's great voice, "for this offer of his service. But the lady has been intrusted to me by her father, and I have just left the American consul—"

"Ah," murmured Mr. Tawwab—his sly eyes lighting up as he saw the slender approaching figure—"you have seen him tonight?"

"Sure," said Danbazzar. "All's clear. A few formalities in the morning, that's all."

"But," Mr. Tawwab interpolated gently, "as the young lady belongs to El Kasr, you tell me, this matter does not concern your consul. El Kasr is in the *mudiriyah* of Minia!"

"I've seen the Mudir of Minia, sir!" Danbazzar replied. "I arrived in Minia last night. That's where I've come from. Believe me, I know the ropes of your country, Mr. Tawwab, although I'm greatly obliged to you. Our consul has got to give me a visé for the United States, that's all. I've arranged the rest."

Zalithea passed into the hotel, Barry following. From a hidden bench a slim, black-robed figure arose, bowing low.

"*Lêltak sa'îda, effendi,*" said a soft voice.

Barry started, peering into the shadows; then:

"*Lêltak sa'îda, Hassan es-Sugra!*" he replied.

II

A MONTH later, to a day, Barry, from the boat deck of the Berengaria, pointed out Ambrose Light to Zalithea. She clutched his arm to steady herself in the high wind, nestling, furry, very close to him. As he looked down at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHE WHO SLEEPS
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

her he found himself thinking not of the camp in the *wadi*, nor even of the tomb; not of the ancient wonders of Egypt, nor even of those few delightful days in Paris and the later joy of taking Zalithea around London.

He found himself thinking of Hassan es-Sugra.

Hassan had seen the party off at Luxor, bringing a great bundle of flowers for Zalithea. Where everyone else was hurrying and bustling, Hassan had walked calmly up and down the platform with Barry. His eyes, which were so like the eyes of a gazelle, had been sad. But his words, softly intoned yet laden with some deep significance, had remained with Barry like the haunting memory of a song:

"One day, sir, you will come again to Egypt. Some of your friends now will not be your friends then. You will learn to forgive me if I have failed you in anything and come and tell me so. For in the end understanding will be. There is one thing, sir, I have to say to you: They tell me the lady is of El Kasr. It is not so. I cannot say where she is of. But this I know—she is not of Egypt. She is very sad at heart. If, one day, she tells you why, be not angry with her—"

Then the train had moved out. Barry's last impression of Luxor was that of the graceful, black-robed figure of Hassan es-Sugra, his hand raised to his forehead in a parting salute.

"Be not angry with her—"

HE looked down at the bewitching face half hidden in fur. Sea breezes had whipped a delicious color into the soft cheeks—down which big tears were falling!

"Zalithea!" he cried. "My dear! What is it?"

She looked up at him quickly, blinking tears away; then:

"Sorree," she whispered.

This word, "sorry," she had acquired in London, but he knew that she employed it in the sense of "sad." He squeezed her arm reassuringly.

He had long since decided that her courage was miraculous—unfaltering.

Now he tried to imagine what supreme dread—what rankling doubt—what sorrow for some long lost one—had broken it.

Once, and once only, he had tried to ask her what he longed so ardently to know: if she remembered ever having met him before. By some unsuspected law of preordination alone could he hope to explain his visions of her.

He thought he had made her understand. But instead of answering she had turned her back and walked away!

Suddenly Zalithea's mood changed. She clapped her hands gleefully, grasping Barry's arm and pointing to the skyline of New York.

"Fo-ah *me?*" she asked.

Barry nodded, laughing.

THEY speedily had evidence of Mrs. Uffington's activity. She was not prepared to lose the credit of discovering a beautiful Oriental princess who had been adopted by an American millionaire! Every ship reporter in the city was primed; camera men were there in flocks.

And Zalithea imperiously declined to see any of them! She banned Aunt Micky as well, until Danbazzar made it clear that Aunt Micky was John Cumberland's sister. She received her, then, graciously. Aunt Micky was stupefied.

Side by side they walked on through the scented night. He placed the wrap over her shoulders.

"She's a beauty, young Cumberland," she confided to Barry. "But who the devil *is* she?"

"The daughter of one of the minor rulers out there, Micky!"

"But she's not black! She's whiter than I am! Young Cumberland—you have a secret eye! It's the right. I'll get the truth out of John!"

When Zalithea finally went ashore she was so heavily veiled that not a glimpse of her features could be obtained.

But a ship reporter whose imagination cannot penetrate a few yards of drapery is not worthy of his hire. "Veiled Princess for Cumberland Collection," was one good headline. "Daughter of Persian Pasha Says New York Like Paradise," another declared. "Harem Beauty Brought by Berengaria," was the line which appealed to Jim. But Barry's indignation was aroused by "Cumberland Cleopatra Here!"

A suite of rooms had been prepared, by John Cumberland's orders, in the furnishing of which, while a definite Egyptian note had been struck, the total leaned to modernity. For Zalithea he had conceived a curious affection. She was his child in a sense not hitherto comprehended in human relations; and she was the embodiment of that second great passion of his life—Egyptology.

A certain shrinking from her—involuntary, superstitious — of which for a time he had been conscious, left him utterly, in the sunshine of her warm humanity.

BARRY'S attitude occasioned him many anxious hours. That the boy should lose his heart to this beautiful mystery was no matter for wonder. Zalithea would have inflamed any man of his age, not made of wood or stone, with whom she was thrown into contact.

Furthermore, that the meeting of these two was preordained, John Cumberland found it hard to doubt. He knew that Barry thought so; and he did not blame him. For what other explanation could there be of those strange pre-glimpses which he had had of her?

From the big armchair in which he was seated in the library, he looked up at a wall painting from Medinet Habu. Quite clearly he recalled that he had been seated here, looking at that very painting, on the night that Danbazzar arrived; on the night that he had first set eyes upon the papyrus!

The library door opened, although there had been no knock, and Zalithea stole in.

John Cumberland jumped up and placed an armchair for her. Jim and Jack were coming on after a theater, Danbazzar and Aunt Micky having joined them there.

Zalithea was wearing a frock which had been bought for her in Paris. She wore it exquisitely. It was a semi-Oriental creation, simple enough; but it set off her dark, lithe beauty to perfection. She rested one slender hand on the chair back for a moment, smiling inscrutably at John Cumberland.

Then she crossed to the Bubastite throne and seated herself.

"Yes?" she asked naïvely, her head tilted aside.

And John Cumberland knew that it would be quite useless to say no, therefore:

"Yes, Zalithea," he agreed, "if you're comfortable."

She listened in her intent fashion; then:

"Zal'ith-*eeah* you-ah-addorahble!" she corrected.

John Cumberland sat down. Apparently Zalithea thought that this was the name by which she was known nowadays. He strongly suspected the identity of the tutor who had led her into this error.

Burton Holmes photo

"You're learning the wrong thing too quickly, young lady!" said John Cumberland. "Do you know where you are, yet?"

"Ah-addorahble!"

"I mean where you live. I tried to teach you yesterday. Your home?"

Zalithea wrinkled her smooth forehead.

"Darling," she replied.

"I know you're a darling," John Cumberland admitted; "but I think I shall have to take your education in hand myself. I'm afraid I have been neglecting you."

Zalithea, from the throne of the Bubastite king, smiled regally.

A considerable disturbance in the lobby now proclaimed the return of the theater party. Barry opened the library door, and:

"Hullo!" he cried. "You're in there! I've been hunting all over for you. Here's the gang."

Headed by the Countess Colonna, the party entered. Jack Lorrimer was frankly nervous—an unusual condition—but highly curious. She had not yet met the mysterious Cumberland guest. Jim followed in with Danbazzar, an imposing figure distinguished from the rest alike by his great height and by the slight eccentricity of dress which he affected.

"Zalithea," said John Cumberland, beckoning to Jack, "I want you to know Jack Lorrimer, my niece, and"— he drew Jim forward—"Mr. Sakers."

Zalithea, beyond a slight smile, offered no sort of acknowledgment. Jack Lorrimer was very pretty (what Jim termed "A-1 at Cupid's"); and Barry, like many another, had often wondered where the dividing line lay between prettiness and beauty. Tonight he knew that Zalithea was beautiful.

JIM'S reaction to the lovely, cold vision on the throne was good to study.

"Delighted!" he said. "Been counting the hours until—no, of course you don't know what I'm talking about! . . . Cooler this evening, I fancy. . . . Wrong again! How's Egypt looking these days? . . . Let me out, somebody!"

Danbazzar spoke to Zalithea. She replied briefly. He turned to Jim.

"She says you talk too much!" he translated.

Barry laughed delightedly, and Professor Blackwell, who had just come in, endeavored to console poor Jim.

"She is a young lady of very definite ideas," he said, groping with one large, bony hand for a dress tie which, having become unknotted, had evidently dropped off somewhere. "For instance, she has a settled belief that I'm funny!"

"Please, Mr. Danbazzar," whispered Jack, "ask her if she likes me!"

Danbazzar, whom nothing annoyed more than to be addressed as "mister," conversed briefly, and unintelligibly, with Zalithea; then:

"She is a little undecided," he announced. "She has got hold of the idea that you're a dancing girl and wants to know when you are going to begin!"

III

DANBAZZAR, in these days, was constantly at the Cumberland home. Next to Barry, it was evident that Zalithea preferred his society to that of anybody else.

With Danbazzar as interpreter, John Cumberland had begun his ambitious work. The first and second sections of the book came within scope of his personal knowledge. He believed that they were now comparatively valueless without the third. Therefore, beyond arranging his bulky notes, he had done little in this direction. His interest was with Zalithea's story, and this she surrendered only in provoking fragments, imperfectly understood by Danbazzar.

For instance, urged on one occasion to describe Pharaoh's court, she became unusually voluble. Danbazzar looked puzzled, thought over what she had said for some time, and then:

"It sounds to me," he confessed, "uncommonly like back stage at the Metropolitan Opera House!"

And a day was to come when those words should recur to Barry Cumberland.

Social invitations hailed upon them, but they learned, from painful experience, to consult Zalithea, via Danbazzar, before accepting proffered hospitality.

And they knew that social embarrassment would almost inevitably follow if Zalithea were urged against her will. This knowledge had come as the result of a disaster at the apartment of a prominent member of Washington's diplomatic set who was entertaining in New York.

Zalithea reluctantly had agreed to go. She had looked radiant. She was the sensation of a brilliant gathering. Then Mrs. Uffington had arrived. As that gushing lady crossed with extended hands:

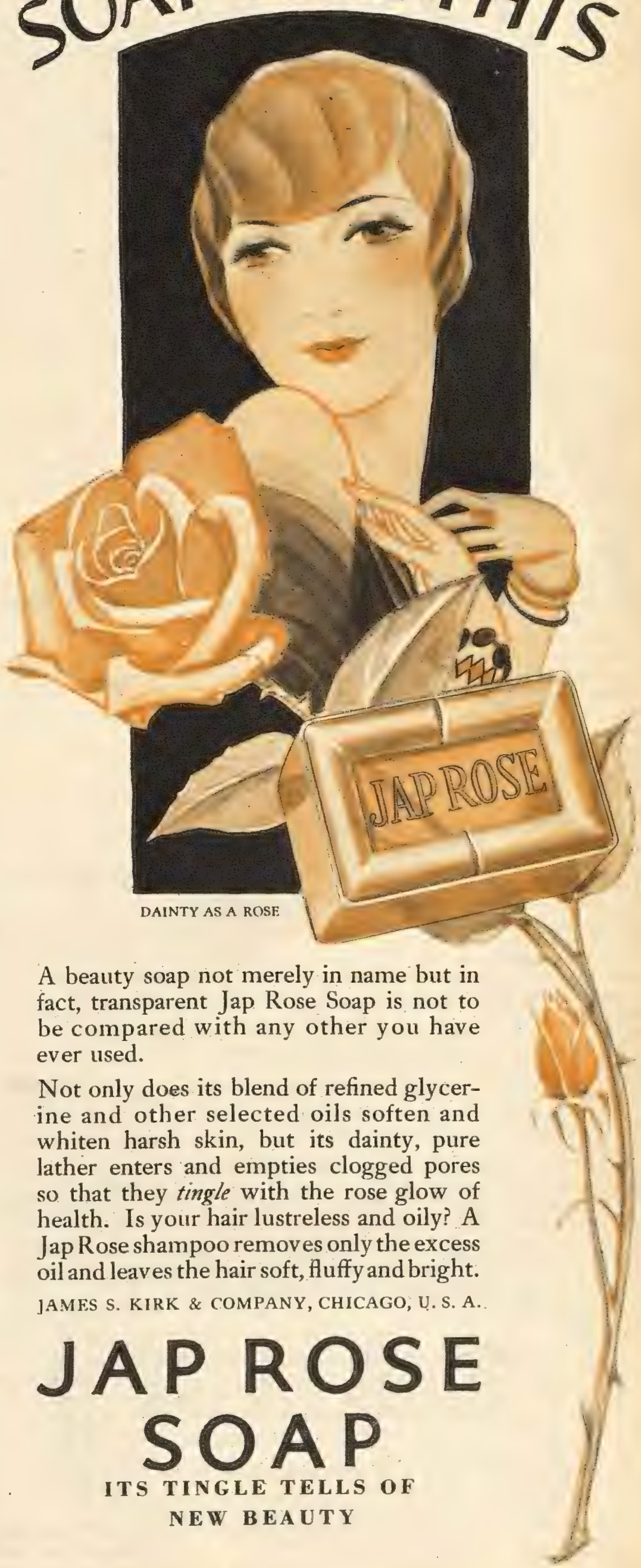
"Bahree," Zalithea had said, in her imperious way.

Ignoring Mrs. Uffington, ignoring everybody, she had glided, a slender, stately figure, out of the room—and out of the building!

Barry had been furiously angry

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No Other Beauty SOAP LIKE THIS



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[SHE WHO SLEEPS Continued from Page Seventy-five]

with her—and had been unable to conceal his anger. Unmoved, apparently, as an ivory statue, she had sat beside him in the car, while he had poured out the vials of his wrath. Perhaps she had understood, perhaps she had not.

But when he saw her face, as they alighted before the door of his home, he would have given much for power to recall those words. Her beautiful eyes were glassy, like those of a tortured animal. Then, as she turned to run up the steps, he saw the long repressed tears gathering under the dark fringe of her lashes. . . .

BARRY knew no sleep that night. He paced the big library knowing—if he had ever doubted it—that the happiness of this girl meant more to him than the opinion of every hostess in America; than any friendship; than anything in life.

Invitations to the Cumberland home were eagerly sought for. It came to be regarded as a sort of mark of distinction to be honestly able to say that Princess Zalithea had consented to know one. What guided her in her selections and rejections, John Cumberland could never make out.

Slowly, provokingly slowly, Zalithea was learning English. There was no lack of voluntary (male) tutors. In fact, by painful degrees, the fact dawned upon Barry that he had to count not only with that intangible dread, his knowledge of the true age of Zalithea, but also with more than one rival.

"There's something I want to know, young Cumberland," said Aunt Micky, on a certain afternoon when Barry was lounging in her private sanctum. "When is Zalithea going home?"

Barry sat up with a jerk.

"Don't get excited," she went on. "It's a perfectly reasonable question. And as I can't talk to the girl, and your father won't talk to *me*, I'm asking *you*. Have we adopted her?"

Barry laughed to hide his embarrassment. "I suppose, in a way, we are responsible for her," he answered evasively. "What does Dad say?"

"Nothing!" Micky replied promptly. "That is, nothing sensible. He told me, only yesterday, that her history was so strange I should never be able to believe it." She took a fresh cigarette from the box. "He's very likely right," she added.

"Now, Micky," Barry protested, "something has upset you. What is it?"

"It isn't one thing; it's several."

"Tell me one of them."

"In the first place, who is this girl? And where, exactly, does the man Danbazzar come in?"

Again Barry hesitated. It was hateful to lie to Aunt Micky. Hitherto, by skillful evasion, he had dodged the necessity. He determined to endeavor to do so again.

"Well," he replied, "Danbazzar is the only one of the party who knows her language. He knows—all about her father, too."

Aunt Micky stared at him hard; then:

"*I've* been in Egypt, young lad," she said, "and although I never went so far, I know where the desert Arabs live—and what they look like. This girl isn't one! Also—when Dr. Davidson called, why did old Blackwell hurry him away without his seeing Zalithea?"

"I don't know, Micky."

"But *I* do! Because Dr. Davidson has just come back from a journey through Zalithea's home country, among the Senussi Arabs! She's a little impostor and the whole gang of you are backing her up."

"She isn't an impostor," Barry retorted hotly. "No! I didn't mean to be abrupt, but you don't understand, Micky. It's the rest of us who are impostors!"

Aunt Micky shaded her unflinching gray eyes with one upraised hand, a mark of disapproval; then:

"Liars! All the lot of you!" she commented.

THE interview left Barry in a very unsettled frame of mind. He simply could not foresee the future otherwise than through a storm cloud. As he came down into the lobby, Zalithea was just crossing. She was going out to dinner and a theater with a party which included Monty Edwards, a moneyed undesirable whom Barry detested. She disliked parties, but loved theaters, they had discovered.

She was dressed already, and made a sweet picture against a background depicting the wars of Rameses II.

"Zalithea," he said, "you are adorable."

She paused, looking sideways at Barry. Her smile maddened him.

"You like?" she asked naïvely.

"Yes."

"Bahree-geeve me-er-kiss," she invited.

He felt a hot flush rising to his forehead. Truly his sins had found him out! At some time he had murmured those words, and Zalithea, who seemed so slow to learn many things, had seized upon them mysteriously. Perhaps the syllables chanced to resemble those of her own language.

Burton Holmes photo

"I shall have to, one day!" he said. "I shan't be able to help myself!"

The maddest impulses surged up in his brain. Her eyes were beckoning to him. But she was helpless — their guest — to be guarded and protected.

He laughed—quite mirthlessly—turned, and walked across to the library. He never glanced back.

Jim Sakers was calling for him later. They were dining at a club and doing nothing in particular. Barry was looking forward to the

evening with great interest, because he had determined, guardedly, to voice his difficulties to his friend, and to get the opinion of this honest, worldly soul.

Of Zalithea he purposely saw no more. He heard the others arrive and heard the car drive off. A few minutes later Jim arrived. At a corner table, placed before a high oak settle, they presently found themselves in one of the Bohemian clubs of which Jim was a member. And Barry began by outlining the position which Zalithea occupied in the Cumberland home.

"I gather," said Jim, "that your former flaming passion for the balcony princess has now been transferred to the Egyptian princess?"

"Don't be silly," Barry returned irritably. "I'm serious. Can't you understand that that was a vision of the girl I was going to meet?"

"No," Jim admitted, "I can't. I have seen Mr. Brown's house and I have interviewed Mr. Brown's housekeeper. There's nothing visionary about either. Why should there be about Mr. Brown's balcony?"

"I don't know; but there is. It's utterly impossible that I should have seen Zalithea there. It's utterly impossible that I should have seen her on Fifth Avenue."

"You saw her twin sister."

"Her twin sister, if she had had one, would have been dead long ago—"

HE broke off. He had said more than he had intended to say. Jim stared curiously.

He listened, without facetious comment, while Barry hesitantly outlined a hypothetical case. He spoke of a famous physician of the East who had discovered a method of prolonging life for several hundreds of years. He could not bring himself to speak of *thousands!* He asked him if he should expect the offspring of a marriage between such a subject and an ordinary mortal to be normal.

But Jim was merely bewildered.

"Are you hinting that Zalithea's mother is three hundred years old?" he demanded incredulously. "Is *this* the skeleton in the cupboard?"

His tone was sufficient for Barry. Jim would never understand. How could he be expected to understand? He was glad he had been no more definite; and he clutched at this straw gratefully.

"So we were led to believe," he replied.

Jim's stare became that of a man hypnotized; but finally:

"Does your father believe this?" he asked. "And old Blackwell, and Danbazzar — do they believe it?"

"Yes," said Barry. "*You* would have believed it if you had been there."

But he knew, now, that he could look for guidance to no man who had not entered the tomb of She Who Sleeps.

IV

BARRY returned home comparatively early. Never, in the loneliest hours he had known in the desert, had he experienced anything quite like his mood of tonight.

He had fallen in love with a shadow—a mirage; the shadow had materialized; and now the substance was less real than the shadow.

The whole thing seemed to have gone out of tune. The Zalithea he pictured as he walked along, the Zalithea who went to theaters and parties—was this the sleeping Princess they had delivered from an Egyptian tomb?

In short, where had delusion begun? Where did delusion end?

The tired man smoking a soiled cigar lolled on the corner as Barry approached his home. He touched his hat as Barry went in and took out his key. John Cumberland kept early hours; and, except when entertaining, his household was abed by midnight. Barry did not expect to find anyone up.

On the tray in the lobby he discovered two letters. Neither was important, but he switched on the light above the table and glanced at them.

As he stood there, thrilling in the stillness of the big house, came a soft cry!

Barry dropped the letter and turned, standing stock-still, with clenched hands.

He stared across at the closed door of the library. It was from there the cry had come. All was silent, however, as he stepped quickly in that direction. But, as he reached the door, in a strangled voice:

"Bahree!" he heard; then, in a coarse, laughing tone:

"Don't be so silly!"

Zalithea was in the library—with Monty Edwards!

Barry flung the door open and walked in.

Across by the big, carved mantelpiece, with its overpowering decoration from the wall of Medinet Habu, Edwards had the girl in his arms. He was a thickset, coarse-grained type, whose boisterous good humor served as a cloak for a rather nasty animalism. At the wrong age for a man of his character he had acquired control of a fortune little less than that of John Cumberland.

Zalithea's lithe body was bent back like a bow as she strove to avoid his lips. Edwards, holding her fast, stooped lower and lower to the alluring, forbidden red mouth.

By what cunning strategy he had contrived to be left alone with her, Barry neither knew nor cared. It was the colossal outrage of the thing that struck him dumb. The affront to him, to his father, was gross enough. But the affront to

[CONT'D ON PAGE SEVENTY-NINE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

this delicate, guarded treasure of some long forgotten court was beyond computation.

To his imaginative mind it appeared that Monty Edwards had disgraced irrevocably the name of American hospitality.

So swiftly did he act, in his white-hot anger, that Edwards, hastily releasing the girl, allowed her to sink down upon the carpet. He turned in a flash—and Barry stood before him, dumb with hate.

Edwards' high color fled. He spoke huskily:

"Hullo, Barry! Don't get mad. It was only fun."

Barry was murderously pale. For ten—fifteen—twenty beats of the library clock, he stood quivering; then:

"Get out!" he said. "Get out while I can remember you're in my house."

Monty Edwards bandied no words with the speaker. He knew when a man was seeing red. Head lowered and lips unsteady, he passed Barry and walked out of the library.

ZALITHEA stood up, breathing quickly. But Barry never moved, never stirred a muscle of his tensed body, until the closing of the front door told him that Monty Edwards had left the house. Then he turned to Zalithea.

She was dressed as he had seen her earlier in the evening. She was pale, but more utterly desirable than any other woman in all the wide world. Her long, dark eyes were fixed upon him in a sort of wonder—questioningly—doubtingly. He unclenched his fists. No word was spoken. But Zalithea stepped forward as if bidden.

His arms went around her like steel bands. He uttered a queer, pent-up cry. He kissed her lips breathlessly, her hair, her eyes, her smooth, creamy neck. He was in the throes of a veritable madness. His long repressed passion swept him away.

When, at last, he released her, she fell back, raised her hands to her eyes for a moment; then, giving him one long look of indescribable intensity—as though she would imprint his image indelibly upon her mind—she ran out of the room.

Standing as she had left him, he heard the light patter of her footsteps as she raced upstairs.

Somewhere, above, a door closed softly.

And to that sound Barry found himself listening with a strained intensity. It seemed in some way to be an answer to a question—to a subconscious question which his mind was incapable of framing. Exhausted by the fiercest emotions he had ever known, he dropped into a big, padded rest chair in which, evidently, Monty Edwards had been sitting. A still smoldering cigar lay in the little Oriental tray attached to the chair-arm.

Mentally, he was depressed. But his heart was singing. His former experiences might have led him to doubt Zalithea's sentiments. But he could not forget that she had returned his kisses.

. . . . .

For an hour Barry waited, hoping, yet not expecting, that Zalithea would come back. He lived again through the strange days and nights he had known since that evening when Fate had steered the Rolls into a private road —and he had seen a vision of Zalithea.

A month later, Barry, from the boat deck of the Berengaria, pointed out Ambrose Light to Zalithea.

Imagination led him on. Walking in spirit with gods and Pharaohs beckoning secretly from moon-touched walls, he fell asleep.

Through the shades, morning light was competing with the electric lamps when soft footsteps sounded on the thickly carpeted stairs. Barry slept on. The footsteps crept lower and lower—and Zalithea stood peeping in at the doorway.

SHE turned swiftly at sight of the sleeper, her fingers raised to her lips. Old Safîyeh's wrinkled face appeared in the lamplight. Then Zalithea looked again at Barry, his ruffled curly head resting on one shoulder. She watched him longingly, as a woman watches a sleeping child. Once she stole forward, but hesitated and went back. Very softly she drew the door partly to.

The man on duty at the corner saw the two women come out and walk away. He was not surprised. They frequently went for a walk in the early hours of the morning, although he could not recall that they had ever set out quite so early before.

As the front door closed, Barry moved. The movement rasped his neck against his collar—and he awoke. Cramped, stale, heavy-headed, he stared about him. Swiftly memory reasserted itself.

He stood up, stretching his cramped limbs. Then he crossed and switched off the lights. The library clock registered half-past five. He went upstairs, pausing outside Zalithea's door and listening intently. He could detect no sound. He passed on, mounted to the floor above, and went to bed.

His next awakening was a tragic one.

John Cumberland burst into his room with:

"Barry! Barry! Zalithea has disappeared!"

"What?"

Barry sprang out of bed, his eyes wide in sudden fear. John Cumberland's face was pale.

"She and Safîyeh went out at half-past five this morning. They have not returned."

What hidden motive lay behind Zalithea's disappearance? Follow Barry's endeavor to throw light on this mystery, in next week's installment.

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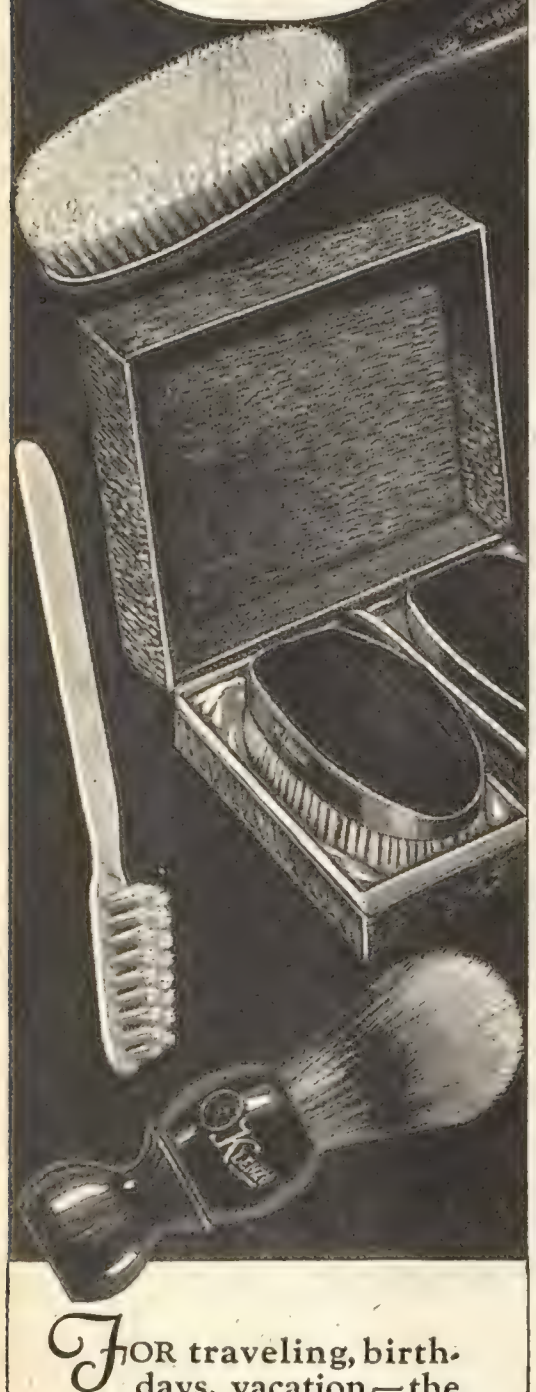

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WORD GOLF, the game of converting one word into another by strokes or stages, is as simple as it is interesting and instructive.

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Here are the rules: At each stage of the conversion the word used may differ from its predecessor by but one letter, and the positions of the remaining letters may not be disturbed. No obsolete or foreign-language words may be used in your construction, and you should also avoid others too unusual to be reasonably familiar to the average solver.

Expert WORD GOLFERS frequently are able to better the number of strokes allotted in the diagrams. This is a part of the game and there's a big kick in it. Pit your knowledge of words against that of the constructors when you solve this week's group of WORD-GOLF holes. You may be able to make some of them in one or two under par. It will be interesting, also, to compare your solutions with those which will be printed next week, noting how, in some instances, you may have played the hole in the stated number of strokes, while using words different from those employed by the author of the problem.

Mail original problems to

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

PLANT	PLUMP	SMART	MILK	WHIP	FOOT
PLANK	SLUMP	START	MILD	SHIP	FORT
BLANK	SLUMS	STARE	MOLD	SHIN	FORD
BLAND	SLURS	STALE	COLD	SHUN	WORD
BLOND	SPURS	STYLE	CORD	SPUN	WARD
BLOOD	SPARS		CURD	SPUR	YARD
BLOOM	SPARE				

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—The income tax.
2—Uruguay; Liberia; Ecuador; Australia.
3—A beetle.
4—Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe.
5—The practice of legal plural marriage by women.
6—Tennis and polo.
7—Deck drains.
8—It is derived from *alpha* and *beta*, the first two letters of the Greek alphabet.
9—Into the Land of Nod.
10—The former is a mathematical curve; the latter a figure of speech.
11—In low-pressure areas.
12—A free state.
13—From chicle, a gum obtained from the sapodilla tree.
14—The Philippine insurrection against the United States authority (1898-1901).
15—The breastbone. The collar bone.
16—Robert Bridges.
17—Lucullus.
18—Japan.
19—Integral and differential.
20—The Mediterranean Sea and the Gulf of Suez.

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Mme. Jeanne Lanvin

Couturiers Yield Reluctantly to FEMINIZED STYLES

Captain Molyneux

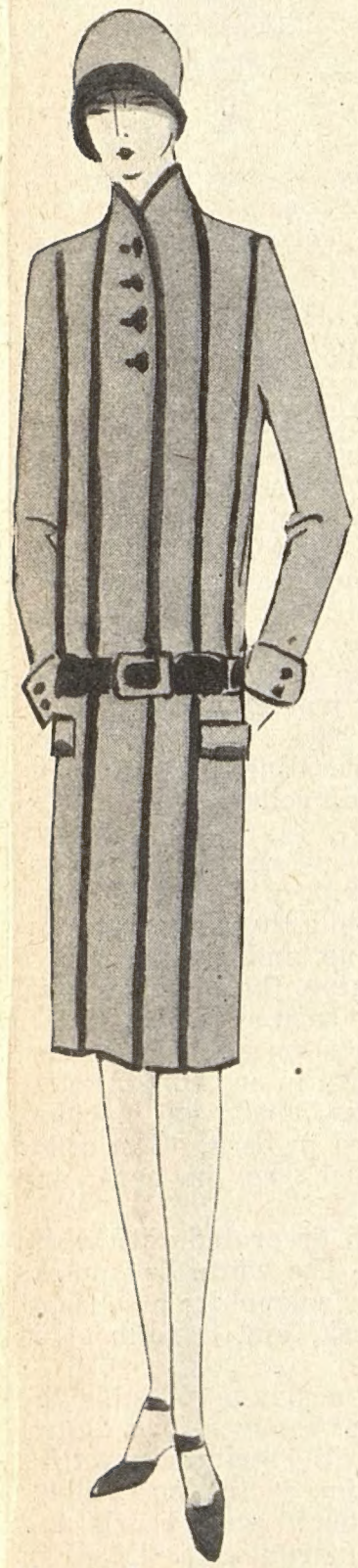
By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IN analyzing the subject of the fashions, what should you say the various great French designers have contributed to the new mode?

With only the shadow of a change in the superficial and surface details of the present models, there yet is a very profound revolution in the styles. It is a movement denoting that a cycle is closing and a new era evolving in the manner of dress. As we have been mentioning for more than a year, the eternal feminine has been stealthily creeping into our fashions, and now it is manifesting itself openly and full blown. What, then, have the great designers contributed to this change, and what do they think of it at heart?

The good looking and suave young M. Patou, who did more than his share in establishing the sports motif and the boyish silhouette—is he in sympathy with the new point of view?

And the tawny-haired Mme. Chanel, who wears rich jewels and has dukes in her train, and who almost by waving her hand establishes a style—will she accept the new feminine mode? She it was who put the whole feminine world into jumpers, not only for day but for evening wear. And doubtless now she will contribute her share to a fashion exactly the reverse of this.



Mme. Lanvin contributes this coat in gray flannel bound with leather.

The very cultivated and agreeable M. Molyneux, who is married to an heiress, and has a country place outside of Paris that kings might envy, where he entertains English nobility and others of high political as well as social standing; who in war wears a British uniform and in peace an aviation costume, when he flies from his place in Biarritz in his own airplane to his place on the Riviera—what does he in his more serious moments contribute to our new fashions? This often repeated question is important, since these fashions will probably be some seven years in running their course.

In the center of this page are two models that incorporate the notions of M. Molyneux as to what the everyday styles of the immediate future should be. It is strange that an Englishman should make an art of designing French costuming; and, being English, he is probably pleased at the revival of anything out of the reign of Queen Victoria (except, perhaps, the furniture!).

The left-hand Molyneux model is interesting for showing the old angularity combined with the new softness. The cape, you will notice, is angular and almost straight, without a flare to it. Although it abides by the edict that we shall be collarless, it is soft in line. The material contributes a great deal to this softness. It is the new wool georgette used a great deal in the Molyneux collections.

Both the cape and the skirt give the impression of a wide box plait down the front. A lapover skirt, or one with the look of having a wide box plait down the front of it, is new and popular. This costume is trimmed with bands of the material. The model is in green, which is extremely well received at the moment.

Molyneux designed the two models above. The left-hand costume is in green wool.

Louiseboulanger's expression of the new mode is illustrated at the right.

The dress beside it also shows a phase of M. Molyneux and his concession to incoming styles. Perhaps the skirt is the important part of the frock to consider. It is gored, as we have said many new skirts would be; but it does not flare and it is not full. It falls almost as straight as a plaited skirt, you will notice, and in the back it hangs straight.

The frock is in two tones of blue angora, which is material that would give a sense of softness to any dress; and it retains the unornamented V-shaped neckline.

THE contributions of Louiseboulanger are among the most interesting in the season's new styles. Here is one of her prettiest dresses. And it is just that —"pretty," to employ a word that has almost gone out of use during the long period now closing, when to be pretty was unfashionable.

Perhaps the significant message of this dress is that one is going to be permitted to try to look pretty once again. To quote the artist's description of this lovely costume:

"The Louiseboulanger print dress in blues and greens has an interesting bodice, which gets its effect by being draped over a tunic —or a chemisette— of the same material. The skirt has all of its fullness gathered to one side, and is supplemented round the bottom of this side by a ruffled inset going from a point slightly to the right of the left knee and above it to an equidistant point in the back."

The sketch at the extreme left shows a coat by another of the great dictators of French fashions.

Mme. Lanvin! We all know the name. How has this great couturière conformed to the new style? It would almost seem, from a passing glance at her model, as if she had not acknowledged it. On analysis, however, the coat, while it has a great deal of the old severe chic, is at least softened by the material used, which is pale gray flannel, bound with ciré leather, and rendered attractive by the jaunty sense of youth that it gives.

Perhaps this comes from that unusual cut of the neckline, which, though without separate revers or seam attaching such a thing, gives the impression of carrying a high collar. It is one of those things that look as if they "came easy"; and this very attribute gives the garment a softness and a femininity which the old coats of the type did not have.

New Capes Appear on the Coast of Fashion

By BETTINA BEDWELL

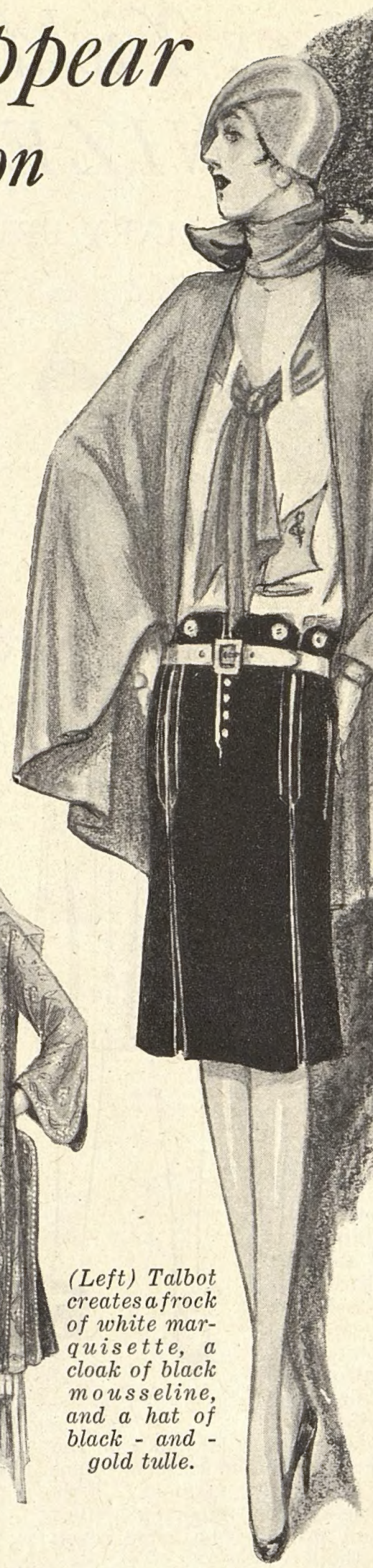
Paris, March 25.

IS the cape to be or not to be the wrap of fashion this season? That is the question which absorbs Paris. Half of the Paris couture are in favor of the beauty of usefulness as exemplified by the coat, which leaves the arms free. The other half sponsor the usefulness of beauty occupied with itself alone, empty arms draping the cape in lines of chic.

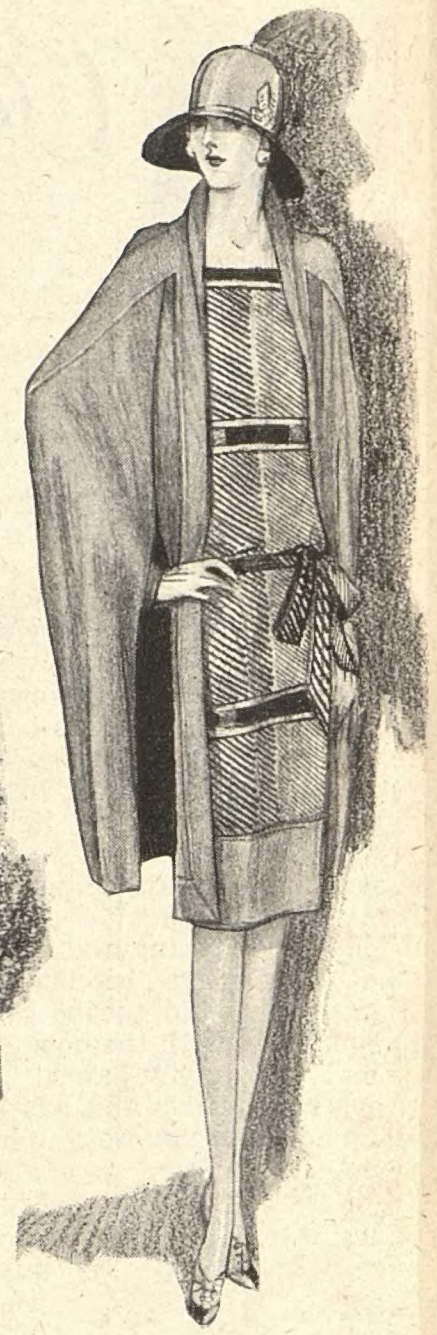
Women are settling this colloquy by wearing the cape and the coat both. Those who are in advance in the mode-making squad are favoring the new cape, which has a more graceful silhouette than any mere coat can achieve. No other wrap suits so well the extremely fluid and feminine line which is the heart of fashion this season. And no other wrap has quite the *esprit* of novelty that is to be found in the new capes which Paris offers. But the cape does require wearing, the answer to this being that when it is worn well it has a sirenlike charm which is excessively ingratiating.

(Right) Martial et Armand make a sports cape of sapphire blue kasha with a clever scarf collar.

(Left) A Worth cape swathed in white fox and held firmly over the hips.



(Left) Talbot creates a frock of white marquisette, a cloak of black mousseline, and a hat of black - and - gold tulle.



Molyneux's version of the smart cape is of navy blue wool georgette, with an alluring shoulder yoke and winged sides.

There are many kinds of new capes appearing on the coast of fashion. There are capes for sports; capes that replace the jacket of the tailleur; capes for cool days and for hot; capes luxurious and capes simple; and capes galore for the evening. Paris offers us capes which may be attached snugly at the neckline, and capes draped around the hips, also capes which are mere wings from a fitted shoulderline, and cape coats too.

Paris is also showing capes the most novel, which demand special draping to be right in line and replete with distinction. One of these capes is shown in our first sketch. It is the creation of Worth, who is one of the originators of the cape vogue and one of the strongest advocates of capeline cachet.

M. Jean Charles Worth, who designs the models of this great house, believes that through the cape woman may inherit beauty of line no matter what her natural handicaps may be. This cape in its natural state is a simple three-quarter-length cape made of a supple rose-beige woolen material. The luxurious collar of white fox extends down the front closing, and ends in long rabbit-ear points.

Much of the cachet of this newest of capes depends on the way in which it is worn. It is caught up and held snugly around the hips as illustrated, the ends of the fox scarf being knotted or held in the hands as shown. Worn thus, the plaited skirt of rose-beige transparent wool crêpe, with its intriguing little plaited apron tunic in front, is shown in its entirety. The pink and white striped crêpe blouse, with its turnover collar and ties, is barely glimpsed at the front.

Paris prefers the summer cape made of diaphanous woolen, particularly for the street; and the cape of black or navy blue transparent crêpe worn with a simple plain or printed frock makes one of the most practical and least burdensome of wraps. Our illustration in the right-hand corner shows one of these summer-cape ensembles from Paris. It is a creation by Molyneux.

Molyneux makes this cape of navy blue wool georgette, the cape being hung from an unusual yoke and placed over a straight coat foundation. The bands which are placed around the hem and up the sides of the front closing, are cut in one with the yoke, which extends to the elbows at the sides and is cut just to the shoulders across the back. The band that circles the neckline turns over and forms a small collar.

THE frock worn with this cape has a skirt of navy blue crêpe georgette and a three-quarter tunic of navy blue and white printed crêpe de Chine, the same material forming the sash at the waist.

Naturally, the cape when it appears on a sports ensemble is a much more jaunty affair. It is usually of the type shown in our third sketch, a sports ensemble from Martial et Armand. This cape is cut circular, with a smooth shoulderline and a hemline dipped in back. The collar is a scarf made of the same sapphire blue kasha as the cape, and knotted at the back of the neck.

The skirt is of blue kasha, with a pantaloon top, decorated with white buttons and extending to the normal waistline. The white belt marks a lower line. The white crêpe de Chine blouse has a sapphire blue tie of chiffon passing through tabs at front and back, and a sailboat is embroidered in blue at the side front.

There are also coats which are cut to have as nearly as possible the fluid lines of the cape, and such a coat is shown on our second figure. This ensemble for informal evening wear is one of the striking novelties brought out by Paris this season. It is the creation of Suzanne Talbot. The coat of black mousseline de soie is embroidered with pearls and gold thread, and is worn over a frock of white marquisette plaited in box plaits arranged in diagonal bands that give an effect as purely Greek as the draperies of Praxiteles. The tiny evening hat Talbot makes of black tulle embroidered with gold, and she covers it with a flowing tulle veil.

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A girl with Ruth's disposition is bound to have loads of friends

A GIRL with Ruth's disposition is bound to have loads of friends, of course. But since we have had the Automatic Victrola, she seems more popular than ever. There's always a crowd of her friends at our house, dancing and singing and having a general good time. Her father says they can turn the place inside out if they want (not that they *do*)—he wants to see them happy.

I agree with him. If a girl can't be happy in her own home, she's going to seek happiness outside of it. And, goodness knows, Will and I enjoy their music and monkey-shines as much as they do. If you could have seen that Miller boy the other night, pretending to conduct Paul Whiteman's orchestra, and Jim Hanna tooting a make-believe saxophone, you'd have laughed, too.

The Automatic Victrola is wonderful for dancing. You know, it changes its own records. It plays a complete symphony right through, too. You just sit and listen, or go right on playing cards. It's really wonderful.

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